1. OBVIATES:
PREDICATE, SHOW ADULT
2004 -2006

Le monstre

Déjà en 1989, des mères pourchassaient le pervers dans la rue

Casque de tir sur les oreilles, il vide ses deux 357 Magnum et ses deux 9 mm, recharge, recommence...

DE NOTRE ENVOYE SPECIAL ARNAUD BIZOT

Il est allé dans un pub pour ne pas pleurer devant sa fille, Barbara. Il est à Dunblane depuis deux jours. Ils sont venus tout de suite, lui et sa femme. Ce sont des gens de Birmingham. Il est assis au bar. Il boit une bière et il pleure. Il s'appelle Peter. C'est le grand-père de Charlotte Dunn, 5 ans.

Il dit, dans les larmes, que son gendre devait quitter Dunblane pour son travail dans quinze jours. Qu'il avait déjà déménagé plein de choses. Il dit que Charlotte était triste de partir parce qu'elle avait sa meilleure amie à

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Nancy Grace:

"OK, Beth, I've got on my seat belt and my crash helmet. I'm ready... for whatever you're going to say. OK, girls; seven to eight to sixteen – are they sitting there naked or are they being assaulted?"

Beth Karas:

"Uh... they're being assaulted in the video. In the still photos – and I'm not talking about the animation, I'm talking about the thirteen still photos – they saw twelve and then they saw another one on a different CD. Uh... the girls are basically standing. Standing there or sitting. Not in particularly provocative poses but also not looking like they were into what was happening to them either. They're naked. Uh... one... the very first image is the image that the jury saw during opening statements because it's a girl who has remarkably similar characteristics to Danielle Van Dam. About the same age, naked, blonde hair hanging down, sitting cross-legged, facing a camera. But others show girls standing, leaning, knees bent but nothing... um... really raunchy. Like a... a sexual attack or legs spread or something like that. Nonetheless they're all naked and they're all underage. One photo has four girls in it. Two teens who look to be fourteen to sixteen and two girls who look to be more like Danielle's age or maybe eight or nine years old even. All just standing, outside on grass, the trees behind them, just standing together uh... naked. So... I mean, clearly for the gratification of people who just want to see alot of pre-pubescent or young teens going through puberty – to see their naked bodies.

"The animated pictures – drawings – were a little raunchier. Uh... and these are, as I said, a girl, who looks to be eight or nine years old, in pigtails. Um... various poses, but with legs spread. Front exposure, rear exposure, penetration – I couldn't tell with what though. Um... from the drawing.

"And then the most disturbing of all, not that any of it isn't disturbing. It all is. Uh... the video clips. And these were very quick. And I was writing and watching and trying to observe everything happening while this was happening because we'll probably never have the opportunity to see them again and there were a few different girls in these video clips. Uh... one... the first one is... a girl in pigtails and a plaid skirt – like a little school girl who's maybe twelve, thirteen years old, at least from what I could see. Sometimes girls are older than they appear. Maybe the reverse. And she's on the ground struggling... struggling with someone who's pulling at her underwear. And then in the next video clip – I think it's the same

girl – there is an attempt to... um... to have... to, you know, rape her. It appears to be a non-consensual scene. Staged or not, I don't know. She's of an age where she's incapable of consent in any event.

"And then we move into... a... a video where there's audio. Where there's screaming. Which to me sounded very real. And um... one is an asian girl who looked to be about twelve or fourteen who's struggling with two people. One person holding her down, from above her head – from her shoulders. She's on the ground, it appears to be outside, and another person who's attempting to have sex with her and that person is between her legs. And then another segment of – I think it's the same asian girl – uh... and this is... she's being held down and the person is then penetrating her with his hands, he performs oral sex on her and then – I didn't see this part because I had probably looked at the jury at that point and was writing – but my cameraman tells me he then saw a man ejaculate on her face. That was in that segment which is not in the notes that I have sent in the memo to you. And then the final video is of a girl who looks to be about Danielle Van Dam's age... um... and she's also crying out. This does not... to me it seemed very real, she's seven or eight years old and she's being... being penetrated from behind by what appears to be an adult man. The vid... the camera angle is from the front of the girl but you can see that she's sort-of... leaning over, she's crying out, and you can see that there's someone behind her but you never see the face of any of these people. Except the girls."

County Commissioner Brian Fairgrieve's views on Thomas Hamilton as he considered that he should not be a member of the scout movement

"While unable to give concrete evidence against this man I feel that too many 'incidents' relate to him such that I am far from happy about his having any association with Scouts. He has displayed irresponsible acts on outdoor activities by taking young 'favorite' Scouts for weekends during the winter and sleeping in his van, the excuse for these outings being hill-walking expeditions. The lack of precautions for such outdoor activities displays either irresponsibility or an ulterior motive for sleeping with the boys… His personality displays evidence of a persecution complex coupled with rather grandiose delusions of his own abilities. As a doctor, and with my clinical acumen only, I am suspicious of his moral intentions towards boys."

The Public Inquiry into the Shootings at Dunblane Primary School on 13 March 1996 by The Hon Lord Cullen

"The only evidence which the Inquiry heard as to any act of indecency on the part of Thomas Hamilton comprised two incidents. Firstly, one witness gave evidence at the Inquiry that about 1979–80 when he was 12 years of age he attended the Dunblane Rovers at the Duckburn Centre on one occasion. At one point Thomas Hamilton sat down close beside him and rubbed him on the inside of his leg, asking him why he wanted to be one of his boys and join the club. The boy pulled away from him and said that he was just interested in firing weapons, which they had done earlier. The boy told his father that he did not like the way Thomas Hamilton had touched and spoken to him but he went back to the club the next week. However, Thomas Hamilton said that he was not mature enough and would not let him in. Secondly, another person, whose statement was read to the Inquiry, stated that when he was about 12 years of age (in 1985) he attended Thomas Hamilton's club at Bannockburn. In the summer he was one of a party of eight boys who went to Loch Lomond with him and stayed in his cabin cruiser. He described an occasion when Thomas Hamilton in his cabin touched him between his legs and on his private parts; told him to lie face down on a bed where he started to push his fingers into his rectum and stroked his back. Thomas Hamilton's shorts were off and his penis was erect. He then told him to face the side of the cabin and ran his hand up and down his back while breathing heavily. Up to that point Thomas Hamilton was striking him from time to time with a telescopic pointer. He then told him that he could go. The witness did not report this incident to anyone else. I do not have difficulty in accepting the evidence in regard to the first of these incidents. The second is in a rather different position. The witness was unwilling to be identified and accordingly his evidence was available only in written form.

Thus he could not be cross-examined and I had no opportunity of observing his demeanour for myself. Further Mr Bonomy advised me that there were certain further matters in the statement of the witness which, if they were true, would be expected to be corroborated by independent evidence. However, efforts to obtain such corroboration had met with no success. In addition the witness had in the past been convicted of a serious crime of dishonesty. I also noted that the witness stated that the boat blew up about a week after the trip. However, other evidence showed that Thomas Hamilton received his insurance payment for his loss of the boat in December 1983. While there may well be an element of truth in this account I do not consider that it would be wise for me to treat it as entirely reliable. Accordingly I do not find this allegation to have been proved. I would also mention that in the BBC Panorama programme broadcast on 16 September a young man alleged that at a summer camp at Loch Lomond in the early 1980s he had been touched indecently by Thomas Hamilton. I understand that a subsequent investigation which was carried out by the Crown showed that the police had been unable to trace him in connection with the Inquiry: that his allegation was not supported by other evidence and was not consistent with a newspaper article dated 17 March which was based on information supplied by him: that he had received payment for both the article and the broadcast: and that he had a considerable list of convictions for crimes of dishonesty, the latest of which had led to his imprisonment on 20 August 1996. I consider that evidence of his allegation would not have assisted the Inquiry."

1. Ask the boy if he's proud of himself.

Jack Richman, president of Legend Video, tries to explain some of the change in american porno stores to a reporter for porn industry magazine AVN:

"The arcades are for the old time guys from the 70's and 80's who now pretty much have other ways of getting adult material," he explains. "Of all the stores that we deal with that have taken them out, their sales have gone up because they don't have to deal with vice and they're doing better with retailing product. I can't say that holds for all parts of the country, but for a lot of areas that's what appears to be happening."

(VIDEO BOOTHS – IS THEIR TIME UP?, Carly Milne, Adult Video News, August 2002)

Jack Schneider, manager for video booth manufacturer Videotel, counters that business is good. And that none of his clients have called to have their booths removed. His company still gets orders from new stores – *"definitely more than usual"* – and the drop from over 90% of adult stores with arcades to the contemporary 75 to 60% is due only to there being a greater amount of stores.

Schneider says that while he's heard of some of his competitors pulling booths from stores, it was due to strict legal ordinances, not because the booths weren't profitable. "I don't know anybody that would even think of taking them out," he says. "It's just easy money."

A major retailer in Florida says that his company won't utilize booths because his business is based on having a *"cleaner image"* that should attract couples.

Los Angeles now has video booths like the truck stop versions on the edge of otherwise worthless wisconsin. New law changes, ostensibly enacted to combat AIDS transmission and health code violations, have created bright, open, and most times vacant, video peeps. Backrooms have had the dark walls and red lights replaced with white paint jobs and cafeteria lighting. The doors to the booths have been removed and large mirrors strategically placed to allow police and shopkeeps to see inside at all times. Large signs dictate rules and laws and insist that masturbation in public is an actionable offense. Sex inside the booths is completely impossible unless the counter creep wants to keep watch or join in.

Personal ratholes. There are slippery hustlers willing to move. There are trolls with nearby apartments and compact video cameras. They often look for even older men.

AVN article ends with a rebuke of another California retailer's claims that booth business has actually gone up:

...Legend's Richman predicts it's only a matter of time before the video booth becomes obsolete. "The market has been evolving over the last five to six years. The 18-year-old kid is not going into an adult bookstore – that's what's changing the concept," he says. "The video booth might be a staple for the guys who are 40, 50, 60 years old, but not for the guys who are 20 or 30 years old.

"The next generation of adult consumers is not going to be doing the arcades."

Nowhere is the fact that the success of arcade business is largely dependent on men having, or waiting for, quick anonymous sex. Although references to vice and cleanliness are clear acknowledgments. New legal conditions have relegated the furtive encounters to the backrooms of leather bars or gay hole clubs that usually have to charge a private membership fee as part of their already steep entry price. The office workers and closeted desperates who went to suck, feed, vent on strange cock now have to confront their homosexual identity or, at least, acknowledge their desire for sex above shopping. Trade is video advertising copy. And a more dedicated approach to cocksucking is demanded of the no longer casual slob. The faggot vulture who lusted after straight confusion has become quaint and camp. The miscreants who could barely accept their sexual appetites or pragmatics, who saw them as defined by the human filth, pooled cum, used kleenex, rank piss that stuck to the floors and covered the broken chairs, are now asked to see their needs as controlled and commodified. The hogs that sucked you sat in that garbage for days. The slobs that cummed on them lasted only minutes. Schizophrenic self-hatred is now a marketable cruising stance.

There are stores that still exist only to make money from the booths. Quarters or silver dollars at a time. The videos and magazines the stores stock are still never purchased, if even perused, by the frugal clientele. Rundown wood shacks are rarely cleaned. And the single employee at the front door merely watches tv until his boss comes in to empty the register and deliver more change.

Pits exist until straights takes notice and demand that they shut. They exist politically unacknowledged but not unknown. So that perverts and degenerates can be slightly corralled rather than having them prowl alleys in poor mexican and black, essentially reflective, neighborhoods.

They're no longer fags. They're closer to rapists. Tastes informed by fear and self-disgust. They stay in line, just fine.

They only get older.

Assignations are made to the restrooms of huge downtown office buildings by computer appointment. There are internet clubs that advertise special interests and the members respond with physical details and worthless descriptions of prowess. There's little room for a slug to offer his services if they're followed by adjectives like fat, slow, retarded, ugly and short-cocked. The beasts that have been trolling for all their lives. As well as the newly corpulent and rejected. Have been forced to level their tastes.

The new mint of retail working teens don't need to torture themselves with memories of having sunk even lower than their silly confusions and guilt. Letting some old fifties hog slobber all over their ready hard genitalia.

Look for child molesters now.

Sicks that will aid private cowardice.

Cruisingforsex.com:

Banana Video:

This is one of the most depressing places in Chicago. I recently visited for the first time. The troll at the desk was having a bad hair day. Four fat trolls standing around. I would strongly recommend you stay away from this place.

Bijou:

Save it. Not worth your money. But if you love really, really old cock, ignore my above statement and have fun.

L'Amour's:

I visited this store last month. I'm from out of town and expected a lot more.

There seemed to be several straight Hispanic men standing around and a few older men bothering everyone. Two thumbs down.

Ram Bookstore:
The guys at the desk have the attitude that you don't have to come in there at all – you don't. It is one of the best places to go to have great sex. If you walk through the door with exact change $12, treat the doorman well and aren't drunk off your ass to start with most of the doormen will actually treat you pretty well.

(New comments added June, 2001)
This place is way past its prime. I agree about the old troll at the front desk. There were hardly any people in the back. And the ones that were there, were just walking around. No one was doing anything. I guess everyone was waiting to see if anything better came along. Save your money and go somewhere else. Big waste of time!

(New comments added July, 2001)
Please do not give these hateful people any of your money! The staff is bitter and rude. One in particular (an older, chubby, vicious creature) makes periodic forays into the back and arbitrarily bounces men for 'house rule violations' – whatever that may be. I've personally seen one guy kicked out just for having his zipper open. Another guy told me he was kicked out after he refused a come-on by one of the staff (the previously mentioned troll). I don't think there's any excuse for the level of rudeness with which the staff of the Ram treats its customers. Please find some other venue to patronize until the guys at the Ram wise up and start behaving better.

(New comments added July, 2001)
Well, I made my first visit to this place today. Pretty stiff charge! $12, but I got my moneys worth. Everything from chicken to trolls. I was amazed at the number of gloryholes! Plus there were about 8 rooms with a hard wooden bed and movies playing. One thing for certain, this place is in business for cruising and sex. Oh, once you are in you are in, no in/out, you must pay to re-enter.

From **Porn Row** by Jack McIver Weatherford (Arbor House, NY, 1986):

Despite his expressed dislike for homosexuals, Frank fellated another male almost every day. Sometimes he strolled into the Pink Pussy with a young soldier or a disheveled youth. Without pausing to talk, Frank led the man directly to a booth in the back, and somehow fat Frank and the guy managed to squeeze in together. Frank then fellated the guy, who watched the film. Frank knew enough to take these men to the booth into which I had the most difficulty seeing; and from a sense of propriety, I rarely watched, knowing that he would provoke no *trouble. My only concern was that some of the partners he brought in might harm him or otherwise cause a disturbance.*

From the introduction to **Dunblane: Our Year of Tears** by Peter Samson and Alan Crow (Mainstream, Edinburgh, 1997):

His name is not worthy of appearing in print alongside those men, women and children who were affected by his wanton destruction.

Quite simply, he has no place in this story of courage and hope.

I couldn't make out the entry requirements or local laws when I was in Ulm. I find a porn shop in every fucking city. Just off some fucking shopping mall. Typically circled away from a huge tourist's church. Downstairs from the magazines, videos and bondage toys were three rooms with televisions in each. White plastic chairs, like lawn furniture, were placed around the screens in only two of the rooms. The third was just for standing. Two doors to the back, that looked like booths, were locked with red lights glowing above the doorjambs.

None of the mostly old trolls were having sex in any of the three rooms. I guessed the clientele had to cruise and then settle into a queue for a booth. Men sat and watched. Or stood and stared. Straight at the television sets showing heterosexual porn. German corpulent porn and american expensive blonde porn. While I, hardly afternoon sober, milled around trying to figure out the protocols and get a hardon.

I finally pulled a seat next to a corpse that I thought might be barely masturbating under the coat he had placed over his lap. I bunched up my balls and pushed my movable seat as close as I could next to him. He didn't change or acknowledge. If he was jerking at himself he had stopped now. And I was being a fat ugly american bore more than just a sloppy but insistent or centered stud. Other old men, Hitler youth, were also sitting around us. And now that they smelled blood wouldn't politely get the fuck up and leave us alone. I grumbled and went to another room. And one of the flat sat faggots behind me got up and followed.

This time I took a chair in the back. Maybe only six seats in the dark room and just one other plug except for me and my new buddy. Shark sat down next to me and said something insubstantial in german that I wouldn't have heard anyways. He was a skinny tall man with a nice button down white shirt. I leaned in and kissed him on his lips but couldn't get him to open his dry mouth. He was somebody's father. Here because he was bothered by constant sexual obsessiveness and flagging luck. Possibly. They, almost always, are nothing more than that. Still he kissed back. A little. What do you do here? I asked in beery american. I unbuttoned my jeans and started to make my cock now fully hard.

He'd only give me a handjob with the occasional leaned-over lick to my pisshole. Almost as if to clean away an odd blot of precum. Him sitting next to me, stroking and working and then hunching over the bendable armchair to put just the swollen fat head of my dick between his lips. I reciprocated the way faggots do. Finding and pinching his nipple through his shirt and finally undoing his pants to let his straight long thin ridged cock out. Just as I had started to squeeze and tug up to down on his ugly rod, he stopped his hard fast clench on me and stood up. He moved away slightly and almost into the seat in front of him. Stared only at the television. His foreskin slid back and forth but never completely exposed his glans and I masturbated myself as I watched him beat off quick as any desperate I've ever had to watch. His balls were still hid behind his zipper. While mine were batting against my fist as if I was home in front of my own television watching whatever porn I selected for that daily unimportant cum. I finished myself. Even before the hometown rat. Stupidly all over my shirt and pants. Which is why he had stood up. Spilling his dribbling beating cum all over just the floor. Not making a mess that he would have to clean up. On himself.

The disgusting arab that had been sitting in front of us got up and out of the old man's way and, inching closer, kept watching me make a fat pig of myself. He had two options. To lick the cum off my shirt. Or undo his pants and present his ugly ethnic erection at either of us clear faggots. I waited till I saw what his cock looked like. Knotted. Thick. Long and murky and hairy. Chewed. Soft getting hard. He backed away rudely so that I could see its heavy bulk display and then draw it into my mouth if I wanted to.

I motioned stupidly down to my cock and the white slop and tucked the new stains and thinning drips into my underwear. Then I wiped my hand over my filthy wet shirt and rubbed my palms together. The tall gentleman fixed his belt and the top of his pants and exited without a smile or a nod. The arab started to take care of himself as well. He was just another mexican really. What kind of sick cave fuck yanks his meaty cock out after someone's just cummed. This was not an orgy room full of faggot revelers. These were idiot men reacting to whatever stimulation that could seem even just slightly more exacting than what they do alone all the time.

In Dusseldorf I fucked a small skinny german teenager, adult version, while sitting fat in an overly comfortable leather chair stuck inside a tight video booth. Couldn't make out the instructions to even change the fucking channel after I worked where to stick the cash. This bushy haired blonde rat greased up his own smelly asshole. After taking his running pants all the way off. And sickening me with his spindly pitchfork legs and thin dead pasty uncut cock. Squatted and squeezed and stop-pumped down on my hardon as he wagged himself all over my lap. There was alot of warm vacant space in his pig hole and I came quicker than I had cared to. He kept sliding on me as I sunk in soft. Lose your erection and smell his bowels and manners. I pushed into his girlish back and he found enough room to midget around and kneel. Licked up my absent cum and his anal sleaze and thanked me in english. I had tried to tell him that I didn't speak german and was told later that I must've sounded like I was demanding that he not speak it to me. Nine spekenzie deutsch slurred and oafish. These booths were in a long neon noisy row that led into a porn shop. Just off the street. Before you officially went in.

Inside, past the huge selection of books and videos, was a desk with a dysgenic slob and a theater curtain. I paid my money and walked in. Two more curtains to select from. Clean looking dark movie rooms like any small theater anywhere. Large screens down the ramps and comfortable seats dotted with polite men sitting alone, all staring at the porn. The first room immediately seemed to be heterosexual. The second homosexual.

Fag section had some couches and large leather seats at the back, only steps from the entrance. A pig was sucking off some lazy blob as he leaned back and watched the screen and only occasionally stroked the mouthpig's dark hair. Next to them, and slightly out of imposition, was an old rat masturbating a small cock by himself. Watching the real life action rather than the screen sex.

And as I stood against the wall to the side of the curtain, adjusting my eyes and alcoholism and amyl headache, I was immediately set on by a bald degenerate. Reached through my dirty raincoat and started palming me far too gently through my pants. He didn't seem interested in dragging me over to one of the seats for something more protracted than a grope until he leaned in close and started to undo his pants. He yanked out a full cock already encased in a white wet prophylactic. I hissed and shoved him against the wall. My cock would have been smelling like the shitted mouth and ass of the street teen I just niggered. I watched him walk away like a schoolkid and then lean against the other side of the curtain, rubber cock sticking out not far enough, and waited for him to either put it back in his pants or start masturbating. If I hadn't been done. And stinking. I don't know if it would have been any different. Watching men masturbate is the entire sex act. It never gets better than, or beyond, that. No matter what flitting hole is entered or offered.

These worried mothers don't understand. All of the sex they've ever fucking had is about men just masturbating. Only. Including what happens to their snatched to missing to dead daughters. And little cuter sons. Whether or not she's of legal age or even presented as sold and sexual. Any act that pretends it is better than what is only available is masturbation. Any act that includes her ugly aged but still open body has to be.

Next door was a dusty magazine and music store loaded with piled up boxes of sixties german pornography, old fashioned culture collectables, imports and newspapers. No one spoke english outright, of course, so I timidly followed the leads of those who looked the most trollish. I rifled through as many boxes as I could reach. Thinking ridiculously that I might find some forgotten, ignored or carefully placed child pornography.

You better figure out what you want, faggot.

You better fucking figure out what you can get.

You better learn how to suck cock better than you do now, faggot.

Better decide how long you're going to want to work on it.

You want to let them cum on your closed tight mouth. Open up. Open up. Faggot.

You're going to stop masturbating on the sides of their hung mouths and withered ragged cheeks and unimportant eyes.

What good is a fondle? Faggot? Cruising?

What can you possibly get from just feeling across an expanse of skin so that you can know, or say, you felt a bone.

What don't you squeeze back.

Why wouldn't you pack what you've got hulking beneath your belly into a pair of your girlfriend's panties. Why not cum across the shot of the littlest girl you can find with the cutest fucking smile ready for cock sooner rather than later.

What is so wrong with you that you make these distinctions now. After you've already discovered what you were willing to do.

Stick your finger in.

Decide how long you're willing to work on a juicy hard hot cock with your fleshy wet mouth. Before you learn that they're not even trying any more. Are you a ball sucker too. Do you look up. These fat beasts want to pretend your pleasure is secondary. To them. And often sink to the routine that demands focus only on their own mouthing and tonguing. It's disgusting but appropriate and better. When do you decide you've had enough. The fags that guide your head around their cocks. The ones that go soft. Some geek bragged to me constantly how it only liked to face-fuck. Showed me the home video. I got to see it beating off underneath some fat seattle bear it said it loved as it sucked him off just like you knew it did. Even later I get to hear about the animal it's mad at. Who would come over to his basement and use a warm mouth only. Peel, pop and go. Until he stopped.

I've got a Polaroid close-up of some middle aged soft cock and balls. Gray hairs straggle in out of the black pubic nest that crops the shot. Which I like. Skin pulled back. Just past sticky and actioned hard. Slid up after having been dried of it's incest stink and mouth slop. Still displaying, only slightly, only desperately, to those in the absolutely degrading knowledge of the long specifics in this particular act. Who it was supposed to have ruined.

Should be. The hands that grabbed her head to maybe shove it down before she was ready. Like one does in a peep show encounter. Or in a slightly reluctant rape.

Or better. The lips that parted to louse down just a little tongue from another perfectly ready unwashed unappreciative mouth and taught it how to suck a dirty tongue like you would a dirtier cock. Like a hungry father would have. Or a rapist might insist.

Without any hint that his daughter was the wretched fucked that sent me the photo of his slippery cock. That she said he gave her. That I can't quite believe. But that I like just that way. Too. And better if the whole thing's a sad filthy lie. She even wrote her dad's name under the picture. Which is clumsy.

I know better. The father didn't let her photograph his cock just fresh from her spread open acquiescence or not. But there are unmistakable scratches on that long drooping thick peach penis and I'm determined to know that they came from the same masturbating obsessive who, somehow, wished they came from the insides of his daughter's tight hairless slit. That, at this age, would have been shaved flat for him.

I like cocks that way.

His daughter would be licking up his shaft and coming across those slight red scratches and nubs and tonguing them the way she knew might present more displeasure than shut eyed grotesque ecstasy. Or most likely. He masturbates so much. He cuts himself. Like you do when you don't use lube. I never do. And if it was his daughter who had to streak her spittle and tongue across that veined sliced and rubbed raw cock length. Then she had to know that the man she was sucking on and swallowing and flicking into his wet salty pisshole was a masturbating beast. Constantly hurting himself as his oversexed dreams spilled into only slightly uncontrollable and pathetic little squalid realities.

I like photos this way.

On the net. Taking shots facing down at your meager or impressive works and careful sexual arrangements. Millions of panty faggots pressing just their silk lingerie and hard huge cocks. You see the way big fat balls fill up tiny girls panties when these adult men squeeze and pack into them. Fat grabbable lickable bulges that obscene everything that those frilly little bitched teases pretend that they're not wholly designed for.

All the viewing audience ratted into participation because every fucker with a camera cuts off the heads and backgrounds of the scenes to focus entirely on the action around the genitals. Including the stupid cocksucker's face.

I let some faggot suck me off so fucking hard that he slit the cartilage that clipped from the underside split in my cock head to my shaft. I felt it tear and fucked his open head harder. And when I came into that black noisy buzzing hole my own cum hurt my cock. I winced and got angrier and shoveled my tiny blood and sperm into the back of his choked throat. I wanted to give him as much airless filth as he thought he was giving me. Worthless hard cocked well hung faggot.

Old ugly men in their disgusting cramp holes aren't lying. Not to the crowd they want to attract or to themselves. It's the others around them, the idiots from their daily, non-sexual, unimportant life that assume they have to lie. There's no denial. No played fantasy. No attempt to hide from or mask simple reality. They momentarily allow themselves to forget what they look like. It just happens. Their past histories congeal on extensive theater knowledge. I hate the old drunks and queens and I listen to them get worse and worse as the night drags on. You get to see them smear over themselves. The smaller the cock the better. It's not their dishonesty that makes them abhorrent. It's their blanched refusal to stop. Move. Their manifest demands and seething, perfectly correct, perfect understanding. They'll agree with you about anything after awhile.

The youngest hustlers I've found are on Broadway, a little further than Halsted where most johns think to look. But they're still too used. Want smooth, younger. Get sixteen, want eleven. Need four or five.

I have a video at home that makes any other fleshy possibility uglier than the price. A woman I'm watching turn into an adult gave me some footage of her as an au pair in England. When she was just fifteen or sixteen. I get to watch her model a tight black dress and then some tighter black pants. She's moderately shy and embarrassed and, regardless of the leer of the birmingham slob behind the camera, it's her covered naked skin that is turned and tendered. She fixes the material at her hips and pets her waist and draws her hands uncomfortably away from your imperious appreciation. The faggot smooth of these bald cock displayers and little flashers and the mouthpigs that offer to do their washing up for them disgusts me in this light.

It's knowing this. That you don't feel a thing. Sex is not a sensual act. You're not a worm. You listen to these dunces rattle on about trained cocksuckers and tightest pits and deft wiggles. Your last blowjob should be from an unlucky pretty you try to intuit more than glower. Her remembered face better than her forgotten position. Tongue and suck and aggression. Focus and education. All acts are pornography. You have to watch. And you have to imagine what they want to feel. It's how these old human bags of greed shrink from top to bottom without a breath of hypocrisy. As you age, you understand your need to see it happen around you. Not because you've experienced everything but, rather, because you've listened to all the others lie about what's available, workable and remembered. I'm not wrong.

I'd stupidly come up with this idea to photograph the slugs in their gloryhole and toilet sex joints. It's what all old men decide they should do. It gives them access to cock and lets them pretend that they're more knowledgeable and exotic than all the other old waitresses who troll around hulking for anything anyone will give them. What they're looking for is something greater than just. No matter how much you like it, live for it, write to others that you worship it. It never is any better than sucking on some small ugly part of an uglier disease. There's little there. It's just circular feedback.

Naturally, I came up with the response to just photograph their centered proffered cocks. Soft and hard. Lots of them. Go to the Ram and all the lesser scummier holes and not shoot their dumb gay or tread faces or the wood jambs or cheap carpet benches or blurry tv sets. Just focus on spent or ready cock. It would allow the men with small penises to pose for the first time outside of their webcams and tell the closets that they were safe from exposure as well as being something they would privately like to be part of. These guessing men like their dicks much more than they adore the others'. They want to examine.

Often. I snapped at the worked gloryholes without the idiots knowing. The same way you sometimes just jerk off a hardon and hope they think you're sucking on it. You can do that and then beat yourself off at the same time and it's sometimes better to stand and compare cock sizes and turn their little humanity into obvious pornography. They cum on you as you squat. I've had roaches ask me if they could cum on my up, out cock when they thought they were only interested in mutually stupid masturbation. I've always understood and avoided the impulse. Use the exposed filthy intention as public pornography. An even filthier receptacle. Ugly made uglier. A wheezing divot to diminish and insult. An unsubtle dream to avoid a virus that you might bring home to your plug-ugly wife when you dare put a nice hot long cock in your mouth or guide into your sensing asshole. These men look like they want to suck you so badly but still know enough to only go half the way. These tiny crushing wars in private made public. I see it behind men masturbating. Pulling furiously.

You don't know what it was like back when these joints were unknown to slumming trendies and homos. When it was populated by inhuman, cheap, garbage. These old frugals who sucked off anything but preferred young men. Those are the slobs that became me for the rest of my life. Those are the men I wish were documented. And that I wish I had taken inside my younger mouth more. It was as if I was only interested in cumming back when. And these degenerates would do it so quickly. I liked all of that. That they were aged and repulsive and dying. Remain spineless. I didn't know that you were meant to think of them as disgusting. Something to avoid until you decided that you wanted to regenerate their mental deficiencies and wavering psychosis.

Old imploding hog. Short and skinny and always wearing the same threadbare food-stained clothes. Bald and sunken and a disgusting long thin tongue. He wouldn't fucking look you in your face when you stared at him. He was obsessed with letting you know that he was only interested in licking your ass. When I was younger I used to let my asshole get slobbed. Some of these beasts would insist on it to help you cum. I'm sure I get sick from it all the time. I never understood. I was prime for these sinking gobbling queens. I took no advantage of old gangly hanging pricks. I really wish I knew what the game was. Like I absolutely have to now. Such sadly limited memories.

This palsied peeling invert was the first one on me so many fucking times and I almost always rejected him. The problem is that after you've finally acquiesced the old sinking mom thinks he owns you. He'll never leave you alone unless he decides that there's someone else better hung or responsive. Not that his last chance status ever fucking made him stand up and leave you all alone like anyone with any self-respect, even in here, naturally should have.

He'd always take his gnarled cock out. He'd mash himself off but never tried to get me to play. I never did. And now I wish I had. I wish that I knew what his nauseating stink tasted like. What his old apartment did to his flesh and the alcohol I hope he lived in. Take away the grind of simple cock hunting every day of his sickening deepening life. I wish I could taste the morning eggs and cheap fried dinner grease he would have subsisted on. His thin sick cum and comatose spittle. His inability to react. To get hard. Appreciate the favor.

I had stains all over myself. For days and weeks on end. I was covered in small cum stains. Mostly from men like him that would spit it out on me or jerk me off onto myself.

Tim Tate, sensationalist english child sex abuse investigator, lets one of the morons present at my arrest describe the worst child pornography he's ever seen in the essay he contributed to editor Catherine Itzen's ***Pornography: Women, Violence, and Civil Liberties: A Radical New View*** (Oxford University Press, London, 1993). The ruddy pock-marked cop is sure to have changed his mind now. He must have seen worse since. But in 1993, ten years after he scarred the one little pig magazine I had that, I'm sure I remember, had the highly filthy image he's taking about, was still presented as his absolute worst:

> *"One of the most graphic pictures I have seen in a child pornography magazine is of a baby," said Jack O' Malley, a US Customs agent specializing in child abuse and pornography. "Her little body was almost completely engulfed by the hand of the adult male in the picture – his hands almost completely covered her body. The photos itself shows him ejaculating semen over her stomach."*

The photo wasn't part of a series and stood dramatically out of sync with the rest of the magazine. Though nothing was older than jutting teenage. This really was just a little naked baby. No more than one year old. And only one of the animals that looked at the photo for as long as it took to remember the details so eloquently was unsure if the little breathing clump had been penetrated or merely picked up for use as a clumsy barely-human cum wipe.

Although it's often used as a sign as to how low the KP scum have inhumanly sunk. The hysterical press reduction of raped age to as close as possible to infancy usually has the opposite effect. Babies don't matter. Don't remember. Don't imprint. Don't worry.

As the details of the Wonderland child pornography arrests swarmed through the important media outlets, the ages violated reached impossible proportions. Writing about a documentary that BBC's **Panorama** produced on the group, anchor Jane Corbin sold personal:

> *The abuse I saw and heard was graphic, often photographed in stages, sometimes involving children as young as six months. I have tried to blot out the details but what I cannot forget are the faces. They are all turned to the camera and some are trusting but confused.*
>
> (**PAEDOPHILE RING EXPOSED**, Jane Corbin, BBC News Online, Programmes: Panorama, archive)

Operation Cathedral. The name of the international police cooperative that combined the efforts of officers from fourteen different countries. Dedicated to stopping the traffic in child pornography to and from 107 clandestine obsessives then operating in a club called Wonderland and spread out over three continents.

Jane Corbin isn't uncomfortable when confronted with media hype:

> *By the summer of 1998 the National Crime Squad had brought in 13 other police forces across the world in the hunt for Wonderland. The idea was to raid simultaneously to prevent the members alerting others and destroying evidence at the stroke of a computer key.*
>
> *At the appointed hour on 2nd September, over a thousand officers with child protection teams, burst through doors from Milton Keynes to Adelaide, Rome to Missouri. The sheer scale of the material was overwhelming.*
>
> *Seven Wonderland members in England, including David Hines, will now be sentenced after a legal process that has dragged on for two years and cost millions of pounds of taxpayers' money. The maximum sentence they can receive is three years in prison and they are likely to serve much less. The tariff is due to be raised soon to ten years but too late for these men. And it may not be the end of the club.*

It is impossible to be this careful. Fucking ridiculous way to exist. It simply gets worse and more clownish and then seriously personally embarrassing. This pug newshost from a simple documentary on the earth vs. child pornography war refers to one of the seven men arrested, David Hines – the one the documentary crew interviewed – as:

> *"...a loner, a sad inadequate man who had himself been abused as a child."*

The Irish press complaining that Ireland, along with Greece, Israel, Spain, and, fuck's sake, Turkey, wasn't included in the Interpol conference that set up the Wonderland arrests:

> *The UK's National Crime Squad (NCS) found that the British members of the club had traded more than 120,000 "unimaginable" images with each other. Some featured children being tortured, bound in chains or being assaulted. One set of pictures showed a three-month-old baby.*
>
> *A montage of the faces of more than 1,200 children who featured in the Wonderland pornography was compiled by the NCS and made available to police forces around the world. Only 16 have been positively identified; one of those is presumed murdered.*
>
> (**GARDAI EXCLUDED FROM INTERPOL'S CHILD PORN PLANS**, Judy Corcoran, Sunday Independent, August 5, 2001)

A reporter for Time magazine helped flesh out the details that the US Customs commissioner, Raymond Kelly had generalized:

> *Out of the personal stockpiles, Kelly explained, members traded "in the most vile pornography imaginable over the Internet. The images depict everything from sexual abuse to the actual rape of children" – some as young as 18 months.*
>
> (**MAIN STREET MONSTERS**, Elaine Shannon, Time, September 14, 1998)

Tim Tate, this time in his full-length book on KP (**Child Pornography: An Investigation**, Methuen, 1990) had described the antsy degenerate that sat across from me, telling me how sick I was, as something far different than I remember:

> *O'Malley is a clean cut all-american agent with a deep resonating voice and an abiding determination to stamp out child pornography.*

He seemed on the verge of a heart attack back when I had to listen to him slither. Not enough unlike the coughing old man I no longer buy grilled cheeses and coffee for after he sucked on enough men to die from AIDS years ago. Not that I know he died from the expensive and best ignored disease. I prefer to think that his disgusted estranged children bundled him up and left him in an old folk's warehouse after a lonely blood spat stroke in his Boyd MacDonald hovel above the grill. His face was unpleasant, sunken and jowly. I associate my trawls into child pornography collections with his unhealthy focus and inability to cope. Equally, I associate the same acquisitions and lucky searches to the stupid mick cop that looked to have spent his life around too many niggers – cops and criminals – and outwardly loathsome masturbators. Before settling on all-american pride, Tim Tate was still glittering O'Malley's cv:

Room 851 in the Chicago Customs building used to be the secure storeroom for seized contraband. By the end of 1984, Agent Jack O'Malley had been responsible for impounding a substantial proportion of the child pornography in it, and had decided to move his desk in beside the evidence of his success.

From one of the many U.S. Postal Inspection Service press releases explaining their role in Operation Avalanche:

> *Working out of the Dallas ICAC Task Force office, Postal Inspectors and other investigators initiated undercover contacts with the most egregious suspects. As cases were developed, the suspects were passed off to other Postal Inspectors and ICAC task forces throughout the United States for further investigation. Investigators obtained and served search warrants, seized huge volumes of child pornography images and materials, identified child molesters, and rescued victimized children from further sexual abuse. To date, over 160 search warrants have been served and more than 120 child sex offenders and pornographers have been arrested.*
>
> *In one instance, Postal Inspectors and ICAC Task Force investigators searching the home of a 36-year-old computer consultant in North Carolina found videotapes he had produced depicting the sexual abuse of a number of young girls, one of whom was only four years old. The offender recorded the activities with a pinhole camera he had hidden in a bedroom smoke detector and which was connected to a VCR and a computer. On August 7, 2001, the man was sentenced to 17 and 1/2 years in federal prison on various charges of sexual exploitation.*

ICAC is the official acronym for Internet Crimes Against Children; a task force program created in 1998 by congressional mandate. It is funded through The US Department of Justice and *"provides grants to state and local law enforcement agencies, which use them to build regional task forces that address and combat internet related crimes against children."*

The Operation Avalanche investigation started at Thomas and Janice Reedy; a married couple that ran an internet porn company called Landslide out of Fort Worth, Texas. They provided access to various forms of adult pornography and took credit card numbers as payment for monthly subscriptions and password charges. They also included pay links to child porn websites in Russia and Indonesia that opened after a surfer clicked on a "child porn here" icon. Once inside, further icons offered more specifics including *Child Rape*, *Children Forced To Porn* and *Cyber Lolita.*

Because the site was mainly a portal for adult pornography, The National Center For Missing And Exploited Children's tipline had received more than 270 complaints while Landslide was still in business.

The initial investigation took two years and required *"thirty federally funded ICAC task forces throughout the United States partnered with US postal Inspectors."* Landslide also operated through a post office box that handled mail subscriptions.

After reviewing volumes of seized evidence and supoened financial records, the Reedys were indicted in federal district court on 89 counts of conspiracy to distribute child pornography and possession of child pornography. Following a one-week jury trial, the Reedys and their company were convicted on all counts as charged. Thomas Reedy was given an unprecedented sentence of life in prison, and his wife Janice received a 14-year prison sentence.

At the time of their arrest the Reedys lived in a mansion, kept expensive cars and, reports bragged, brought in over a million dollars a month. Before starting their internet business the couple had never owned a house. Wife Janice is said to have previously lived in a trailer. There were 5700 links available through the Reedys' set-up for which 2000 various genres of sex could be explored. The postal inspectors and police officers had to whittle through the credit card subscribers to see who was entering the child pornography sites. In many cases, police proof was garnered by offering former subscribers, through e-mail, the chance to buy illegal videotapes and other more precise internet access. Special police attention was placed on those credit card holders who had connections to children through their jobs and family backgrounds.

In Illinois, Timothy Kruthaupt, who heads the Postal Inspection Service in Chicago, told reporters that the undercover probe has led to charges against a suburban Libertyville man and three others.

In taking down Landslide, investigators found e-mail addresses of about 3000 Illinois residents who had paid its monthly fee, he added.

When undercover investigators sent out e-mails to the 3000 to see if they were still interested in the child-porn web sites, about 300 responded affirmatively. Of these, four took delivery of videotapes depicting young children engaged in sex and have been charged.

Ensnared in the sting operation were Gordon MacArthur, 45, a convicted molester from Libertyville who was sentenced last month to 5 years in prison; David Thorpe, 46, of downstate Riverton, who pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 2 years' probation; Shane Miles, 41, of Rockford, who was charged in April; and Scott L. Johnson, 59, of Peoria, who is scheduled to go on trial later this month.

(**HUGE CHILD PORN WEB SITE BROKEN UP**, Naftali Bendavid, Chicago Tribune, August 9. 2001)

The sentencing of the Reedys and the initial results of the subsequent sting operations were announced at a press conference in Washington by attorney general John Ashcroft. The Dallas, Texas Police force were especially commended for their role in initiating the original investigations after being alerted to the website's existence by a postal inspector from St. Paul, Minnesota.

> *(Lt. Bill) Walsh (of the Dallas Police Department) said hundreds of children were used in photos and videotapes and offered up for sex through Landslide's subscriber-based operation in Fort Worth. In one month, authorities say Landslide took in $1.4 million from customers seeking access to child pornography, most of it originating outside the United States.*
>
> *Of the hundreds of children involved, investigators say they have been able to identify only two – a 6-year-old boy from Great Britain and his 8-year-old sister. Police say pictures of the children were taken and distributed by their stepfather. It was not clear whether the man had ben charged in Britain.*
>
> *Among the 100 arrested in the last two years was a 39-year-old West Virginia man who worked at a psychiatric hospital that tended to sexually abused children. In a search of his Cottageville, W.Va., house, postal inspectors found child pornography, including videos. The man, who was not identified, was sentenced to 41 months in federal prison.*
>
> *This week, a 36-year-old North Carolina computer programer was sentenced to 17 years in federal prison for producing videotapes depicting the sexual abuse of young girls, one of whom was 4. He was also not identified.*
>
> (**CHILD PORN STING NETS 100 ARRESTS**, Kevin Johnson, Chicago Sun-Times, August 9, 2001)

Fort Worth assistant DA Terri Moore oversaw the crusade against the Reedys and collated the evidence that would eventually convict them. Convictions against the Reedys were necessary in order to allow the US authorities to pass on the names of the company's individual clients for further prosecutions. In addition, Ms Moore needed to prove that Thomas Reedy intended to traffic in the exploitation of children:

> *"Reedy's e-mails buried him," said Ms Moore. "We read somewhere that he was trying to get stronger stuff on the sites. He was saying that customers weren't satisfied."*
>
> (**TEXAS TRAIL THAT ENDED WITH CHILD PORN ARRESTS IN BRITAIN**, Daily Telegraph, January, 1, 2003)

The Landslide database gave way to more investigations throughout the US and then worldwide. One mission in particular, Operation Ore in England, netted the high profile arrest of rock star Pete Townshend. A former member of parliament and numerous police officers were also included in the 7000 names delivered to British investigators from America.

Heterosexual, near-sixty Townshend, who detailed his life-long masturbation fixation and mid-life crisis flirtations with homosexuality in song, interview and essay, said he only visited the Reedys' web conglomerate once. He claimed he was researching child abuse on the internet for his autobiography. He had even contacted the police in an unanswered effort to shut down the website.

> *Speaking outside his 5 million pound mansion in Richmond, south west London, he said: "I have been involved in a campaign against paedophilia on the internet but it fizzled out. To fight against paedophiles you have to know what's out there.*
>
> *"I have been in touch with Scotland Yard to tell them what I was doing but no police officer has contacted me. I am waiting for the police to talk to me but they haven't been round."*
>
> *Townshend, wearing a white dressing gown, added: "I have done a lot of work on paedophilia and my website has highlighted it.*
>
> *"I looked into the abuse that children have suffered in Chechnya and Kosovo and the portrayal of these children on the internet. It appalls me."*
>
> **(I'M NOT A GARY GLITTER**, Phil Nettleton, The People,
> January 12, 2003)

Townshend is a perfect pivot for a child porn culture bent up from highly publicized police operations. The money and perpetrator numbers that law organisations feed the public through lazy copy editing reporters are usually as inflated as the ages of abused children are deflated. By the time the Reedys' slimy tentacles reached Ireland, as Operation Amethyst, an editorial in the Irish Examiner had already begun to pull apart the bad math and shrill sloganeering:

> *As of late December 2002, only about 150 americans had been arrested for possession of paedophile pornography supplied by Landslide productions. This is a derisive total out of the 35,000 americans who reportedly purchased child pornography from the company.*
>
> *Why so few? Was it because of entrapment as a result of the active ways in which the authorities enticed people to purchase the material?*
>
> *The americans have been suggesting 36% of those who viewed pornography have been found to be actively engaged in actual paedophile activities.*
>
> *But that figure is a gross distortion because it is a percentage of the 150 who were arrested rather than the 350,000 who purchased the material. If the overall total were used, the resulting figure would be a fraction of 1%.*
>
> *Of course, there must be a real danger that those who view such pictures will try to act out their fantasies. Kieran O'halloran, the Garda sergeant convicted*

this week of employing a prostitute to procure a pubescent girl for him for sex is an example.

Most of those people who purchase paedophile pornography may never go beyond their fantasies, but they are a menace to society, because they fund the sexual exploitation of children and are therefore willing accomplices. The children involved are monstrously abused.

(CHILD PORN HYSTERIA TARGETS THE INNOCENT AND IGNORES THE VICTIMS, Ryle Dwyer, The Irish Examiner, January 25, 2003)

After an appeals judge threw out nearly half of the 89 convictions for which the Reedys had been sentenced, due to *"redundantly applied statutes,"* original prosecutor and now former DA Terri Moore explained that she didn't care as long as Thomas Reedy still had a life sentence. Moore was also interviewed by the Dallas Morning News about the Townshend arrest:

"It doesn't matter what his motive was. It is a crime to possess child pornography, good motive or bad. You're guilty if you have it."

And.

"It's, 'Hey, I was doing research. I'm crusading against this stuff. I was hunting this stuff down so I could turn it over to law enforcement'. Uh hmmm, sure you were."

Townshend wrote passionately against child pornography and sexual child abuse on his personal website a year before his arrest. Says he was compelled to write as a result of an alcoholic actress friend's recent suicide. He needed to explain how horrible her personal torture had been. And how, into her forties, life had finally proven all too much as she learned that the father who had repeatedly raped her had just formed a romantic relationship where he would again have access to children. The rock star explained his shocked discoveries of child porn. His subsequent education and the deep damage done to his subconscious adulthood by the accidental viewing of such material. He ended the article with a recommendation for a software filter that could be used to *"make the internet feel a much friendlier and safer place for our children."*

Cloying variables. Too many murky motivations and thin possibilities. From the chances that the famous rock star felt guilty. Threatened. Legally vulnerable. Weakened. Having used his credit card to secure access to genuine child pornography direct to his home address. Down again to his artist's training and his much appreciated ability to twist tortured suffering and compassion to lust and reality. Simultaneously denying and celebrating both. Transparent pre-emptive explanations. The Reedys were arrested two years before Townshend was officially questioned. His article was published a year inbetween. His dedicated fans have always known him to be introspective and haunted. Befuddled, excoriating and looking for a spiritual honesty. Most of all, luckily, he remains misunderstood. Townshend told of seeing a documentary that he found particularly emotional:

> *Ethan Silverman, a film director friend, had made an extremely moving documentary about an American couple who adopted a Russian boy. As a charity fundraiser (and I, suppose, philanthropist to boot) I wanted to support the work of such orphanages and decided to see if I could – via the internet – find legitimate contacts to help. (I tried many other methods and failed). The various words I used included "Russia" and "orphanages." I used no words that could usually be taken to be sexual or lascivious, except – perhaps ill-advisedly – the word "boys."*
>
> *Within about ten minutes of entering my search words I was confronted with a "free" image of a male infant of about two years old being buggered by an unseen man. The blazer on the page claimed that sex with children is "not illegal in Russia." This was not smut. It was a depiction of a real rape. The victim, if the infant boy survived and my experience was anything to go by, would probably one day take his own life. The awful reality hit me of the self-propelling, self-spawning mechanism of the internet. I reached for the phone, I intended to call the police and take them through the process I had stumbled upon – and bring the pornographers to book.*
>
> (**A DIFFERENT BOMB**, Pete Townshend, petetownshend.co.uk, January 2002)

Mick Farren knows Townshend personally. They crossed paths countless times over the years growing up in the London sixties and NY eighties. For the March 2003 issue of AVN ONLINE, Farren wrote about Townshend's arrest. And just as he did in his 2001 autobiography, **Give The Anarchist A Cigarette**, Farren writes that he likes and respects Townshend. He fondly retains memories that revolve around The Who and singles out Townshend as an earnest, thoughtful voice for shifting cultures. For AVN, Farren created a timeline for unanswered questions generated by the Landslide arrests. From **THEY CALL ME THE SEEKER:**

> *2003 January – Rumors of imminent police action cause Townshend to meet with police. Computers are removed from his home.*
>
> *At this point, another timeline question is posed. A TV news shot of the police removing items from Townshend's home shows three easily recognized power mac G4s being loaded into the trunk of the police car. The G4 models came on the market in July 2001, and even if the ones removed by the police were first off the line, they could not have been the computers used if Townshend was, in fact,*

a subscriber to Landslide's child porn sites. Landslide, even as a federal sting, ceased to do business sometime prior to December 2000. As evidence of his guilt or innocence, the G4s would be totally worthless.

You start talking about how you first stumbled across the most important things in your sad life to come. You can tell the cops and fellow nonces the same exact story. Only slightly shaped to suit. And then it's all kindergarten sociology. With all concerned innocently and nobly better than their past. Townshend says he believes he may have been molested when he was just six years old by a mentally ill grandmother.

Would they find more images of naked females or males on his computer hard-drive. And were the KP sites he only happened upon, once, selling little boys. Or little girls. Too.

Have you ever thought about stopping.

Trade.

Russian Boys forms a URL for an of-age collection of St. Petersburg specials. Selected and sold by cocksuckers who thought they were pioneers of gay porn back in the seventies. A grubby streamlined market now lets them sell records of cute bored boys acting mildly faggot and posing uncut, thickly hung and white.

My children mix. Too. Sadly, too often. The five-year-old entertained blondes of Dunblane were not proffered the way the black haired boys got in Beslan. **Paris Match** of March 28, 1996 displayed European horror by reproducing group school photos and sentimentally cropping out the dead. **Paris Match** of September 15, 2004 brought my children home in color news shots. The beautiful girl skinnies in their blood soaked only panties and shoes. The boys in black hefty body bags that lay open and expose the small bodied damage. Especially the little ones arriving at the morgue in white sheets and bloodied, scratched, sliced, sweated baby sleep. *Pour des centaines de parents, dernieres caresses et derniers mot tendres avant l'adieu.*

Right now. I'm obsessed with these pictures of two little boys that were murdered by their mother. Darlee Routier. Five and six-years-old and hard to tell apart in the published crime scene photos. In hundreds of shots. The boys are laying on blood soaked carpet and then on green or white plastic autopsy sheets. Almost naked. Skinny little white butts. Some sick american has blacked over the parts that could prove their little sucked in dead genitalia. Little Devon is so fucking skinny. Deep cleaned and gaping stab wounds puncture his little pale clammy chest. The pervert shielded his cute face too. Though you can see what his charming smile and haircut and bubble cheeks look like in the family photos. Flipped on his baby tummy, you see his swimming tanlines and his little nondescript flattened naked white ass. Red slices on the insides of his thin long arms and his little palms opened up. There are close-ups of the black edged cuts; not dissimilar from Andre Serrano's luxurious slashed morgue blow-ups.

The smaller and blonder one, Damon, had many more stab wounds slammed through his small baby back. A five-year-old rib cage. Cartilage under smooth stopped skin. A note under one of the color pictures warns that although the cuts weren't really as deep as they looked, there were bones that prevented the knife from going any deeper. The butchered corpse on his parents' carpet is a mass of blood spattered little boy. The large knife that was used to stab him only left cleaved plunge and extraction wounds. His was a full long childish boy's body. Only wearing boxer short pajamas and drenched in dried and smeared browning blood. As are the previously comforting areas around him. Blankets and pillows and toys. His thin legs don't absorb only small spots of blood. Some smudging that may have even been caused by the investigators. But his skinny brittle boned torso is caked all over in red dots, drips and dried streaks like claw marks and palm prints. So is his long white neck and his pretty outstretched arms.

There's a shot that the author is particularly incensed over. Written, as it was, to protest Darlee's guilty verdict and death sentence. A plastic gloved police official holds up one of Devon's little limp arms:

> *This photo is despicable and reprehensible on the part of the Rowlett Police Department. The coroner holds Devon's arm for the eager photographer as if Devon was a deer trophy. This arrow shows a paper bag has been put on Devon's left arm to preserve evidence, if any. And right in the middle of preparing Devon's body to be transported. I can imagine the photographer stepping up and says "Hold it, let's get one for the jury, this should shock'em. Why don't you hold his arm up slightly like he's waving good-bye? No. That's good, right there! It looks like he's saying help me. (click) Alright, you can take him away." The coroner's squatting position and the way his left hand is resting on his knee indicate the poor taste and low mentality the Rowlett Police Department has. This photo was taken in very poor taste.*
>
> (**Media Tried, Justice Denied**, Christopher Wayne Brown, McIntosh Press, 1999)

Captures the delicate size of the child. The plastic glove preserves the evidence and protects the investigator. The dead arm was raised during a necessary investigation. The squatting man has large hands. And the arm that he lifts at the small shoulder looks like nothing more than a withered white twig in a strong grasp. The man is positioned on his haunches just above the corpse's head. His face is cropped out of the photo. He is almost certainly looking down on the almost naked bloodied boy that lays flat on its back. The boy's head, his hair matted in black thickened blood and old sunken sweat, is limped to the side as if drugged and defenseless. While a doctor examines the slight pulse in the

Just cum inside the condom. Let me see it. You end up talking like some moaning woman. Some scumbag. I've had condoms inside my mouth. With, without spermicide. And I used to insist on having my cock encased in one just so I could feel that much less. You watch a man suck at your cock while it's wrapped in yellow latex. And you watch nigger whores and white idiot groupies do the same gestures with their flat pointing tongues and dumb eyes. They will do it. And they will protect themselves. But I know that doesn't work. You know. Germs are nothing. The towels in your bathroom have more filth on it than I do in my jockstrap. The way they move their punctured heads around a hard shaft encased in camouflage and pretense. You go on, sweetheart. You fucking show me.

Candyman was a free internet group for those who should have stuck to groups like the photo wank sites, big tit sites, cum in condoms. Yahoo Groups, being a shill for merchandizers and advertising copy was, as Candyman, easily backtracked by the FBI in order to arrest those members that would join and download the KP in the photo files. According to the FBI's press release, all of their 56 field offices along with *"nearly every U.S. Attorney's office across the country"* were involved in the efforts to identify the over 7000 members of the club.

A 46-year-old dispatcher for a Crestwood bus company that services 30 suburban special-education schools was charged in federal court Thursday with possession of child pornography. Joseph J. Graaman of Blue Island is the third Chicago area resident nabbed in "Operation Candyman" an ongoing nationwide crackdown on Internet child pornography. Authorities said he admitted he is a frequent visitor to the child porn web site "candyman" and has downloaded more than 1,000 child porn images since January 2001. Graaman has been placed on leave of absence from Alpha School Bus Co. in Crestwood, where he has worked as a dispatcher since 1997, company officials said.

(**CHILD PORN CHARGES**, Chicago Sun-Times, April 26, 2002)

The first arrest in the Chicago area Candyman sting was a 35-year-old man who worked as a caseworker for a children's mentor program. Just a few days after US attorney general John Ashcroft announced the huge sting operation, Philip Kaszynski resigned from the mentoring agency.

For now, Kaszynski is charged only with having child pornography, but he allegedly confessed to having three teen boys at his house, where each performed a sex act on himself in front of Kaszynski at different times within the last year, authorities said.

At least one of the teens, who ranged in age from 12 to 16, met Kaszynski at Big Brothers Big Sisters, authorities said. It's unclear where he met the other boys

(**EX-CASEWORKER HELD IN ABUSE OF 3 TEENS**, Steve Warmbir, Chicago Sun-Times, March 22, 2002)

The second arrest was another 35-year-old man. Hugely overweight, balding and pictured alongside the news articles as walking briskly away from court.

> *Prosecutors charge that (Anthony) Mannina had been receiving about 20 pornographic pictures of children a week for two to three years, and that he visited child pornography web sites daily over the same period of time.*
> (**ORLAND HILLS MAN SEIZED IN PORN CASE**, David Heinzman, Chicago Tribune, April 3, 2002)

Doreen Hagger chased Hamilton from the Linlithgow Academy as he left one of his boy's club meetings. She threw food and suntan oil at him as he only tried to get away.

She used her suntan oil to make a point. Her son, she said, had told her that Hamilton had rubbed suntan oil on him and some of his mates during a camp outing. According to her son, Hamilton had also instructed the better boys to rub the oil on him, sometimes when he wasn't wearing pants.

Mother had previously offered her assistance to Hamilton's club after she visited the camp and found it less than satisfactory. But after she filed an official complaint that produced no results, she organized the assault on Hamilton to provoke police into launching a legal, public investigation. She brought with her another mother, who had also been an assistant at the camp, and a press photographer.

It was Doreen's plan that Hamilton would file charges against her, thus sparking a detailed investigation into his past and forcing the release of all previously unheard complaints. Hamilton refused to press charges.

But by the end of the month, Hamilton's let at Linlithgow Academy for his latest boy's club had been refused. There was no official acknowledgment or grounding in the board's suspicions and no legal charges brought against Hamilton. There was only gossip, extrapolation and motherly whiling fear. And Hamilton filed a complaint against his suspension.

This happened eight years before Thomas Hamilton murdered sixteen small children and one teacher in only three minutes. There is a possibility that Hamilton intended to shoot many more as it was his plan to attack the morning school assembly rather than the gymnasium filled with only a single class of five- and six-year-olds. It is possible that he was looking for more adults than children. It's possible that he made no distinction in the bodies he fired into just as he may have intended to look for only children. Possible that he thought by slaughtering children, he was attacking the adults. All the adults that needn't be there. Possible that he was giving everybody want they wanted. Proving them right by showing them how wrong they had been. It is possible that Doreen Hagger should have kept her fucking loud mouth shut.

The Chicago Tribune summed him up in two out of only three paragraphs on May 20, 1996 underneath the headline **CHILDREN'S KILLER QUIETLY CREMATED:**

> *Thomas Hamilton, the vengeful misfit who massacred 16 children and their teacher at a Scottish school, was cremated Tuesday in a secret family service.*
>
> *Six days after his murderous rampage and suicide, the ceremony took place well away from Dunblane, the Scottish town he plunged into grief, police said. Only his family was present.*

The YMCA near my apartment has a large vintaged and miserable swimming pool. The water is kept a little warm so that the old folks are therapeutically comfortable. And it's often far too crowded with loud yuppie mothers and fathers inconsiderately trying to control their yapping brats during open swim. There are regimented swimming hours. Special times for kids and special times for adults. For those who just want to swim laps, etc. But I, back when I used to go, tended towards the very early hours and the very open swim.

Communal showers are notorious for cock wanters. When I was much younger, YMCAs in general had a reputation as hotbeds for quick and easy homosexuality. And if you were looking to fuck a lonesome white trash vet or alcoholic bum, the cheap lodging rooms at the Y had an even more depressing reputation.

Sordid histories and availabilities only fade and fold into nostalgia. Camp. These days, and in this neighborhood especially, that sort of action would be grounds for a quick – probably quiet – arrest. It happens all around much younger men now. All around little boys. Pedophiles, well known to me, hang around these places to catch eyefuls of taut soft moving flesh and hairless ungrown packs and the bouncing smooth white butt curves and crevices you've never been able to sniff, suck, lick and fuck.

There are only two entrances to the pool. One through the men's locker room and the other through the women's. The showers are just off to the side of the pool entrance. Designed this way to make sure you take a douse before getting into the pool so that you can help keep the others from swimming in your bad hygiene.

Naturally, even the most conscientious and twelve step trodden pedophile would have trouble missing the children playing and yelping in excited wet naked gangs in the showers there. They're most often more talkative than shy. Slick. Careful not to stare. Because the hairy naked jew fathers are watching you. Pretending not to. Just glance and record and try to take in their proximity to their fathers' whatever-sized adult cocks. Which is what I've always tried to do. It's what all these auto-pilot masturbators and ugly pedophile cocksuckers do.

You don't dare take a shower with them. You'll get arrested again when you get an adequate hardon. If you control yourself and your immaturity, you're still certain to look like one of those poor heterosexual clods on the street trying to steal a glance at some lumpy cunt's protruding nipple or deep jiggling cleavage as it passes right by you. Only niggers turn around to check out asses. Only niggers confuse fantasies with chances. Exactly like dogs maybe.

From **WARPED WORLD OF WONDERLAND**, Ben Taylor, Daily Mail, February 14, 2001:

> *The National Crime Squad has compiled an album of 900 victims, categorizing them by gender, age and ethnic group. The database is available to law enforcement agencies around the world.*
>
> *Head and shoulders pictures of the victims have been electronically mapped and sanitized, taking away the offensive parts of the images.*

The original soundtrack has been wiped clean by superimposed eurodisco in **Der Wander Boy** (Proof On File films). There was badly written Czech and German dialogue and a thin plot about a boy that keeps discovering homosexual direction givers. Not that any of it mattered. The fact that the skinny romanians were bad actors hardly adds to or detracts from its audience's simple expectations of barely eighteen-year-old skinny uncircumcised white boys fucking and sucking on each other.

The boys mock limp lousy blowjobs. Not like working girls at all. There's very little licking or glans concentration. This means you see more rosy drawn mouth than cock. The boys perform as if they've just learned how to suck. They do it over and over again. On different actors and in different films. Always mechanical and slow and often drooly. The continuous rhythm of the techno soundtrack allows the director to bark out orders as he sees fit. All the action revolves around the boys' fresher but adult sized cocks. Which is a shame.

Child pornography, as a rule, is not genito-centric. It is often impossible to go beyond a single framed scene captured by a stationary camera. Nonetheless, it is the child that is all. Their size, relative to the molester, whether artistically intentioned or not, is the unifying and genre defining characteristic. The child's entire body becomes genitalia. And female. Regardless of the acts performed on either gender. Hearing the child speak. To argue or accept. Giggle or complain. Should be evident. But most available sources for this material now traffic in just stills.

At least, that's what I find easiest to locate.

The American company that sells the documentaries of russian filmmaker Tatiana Homutova must know their audience well enough. The english versions of her work are badly dubbed in flat californian monotones and spliced sloppily over the original soundtrack. Long periods of confessionals and emotional duress all perfectly captured on film from the ugly holes and city ruralisms of russia are sometimes left completely untranslated. The thirty minute short **Teens**, filmed in a boys' prison and **Babs**, filmed in a women's prison, both feature lengthy acoustic interludes where the poor wretches sing their bruised jailed hearts out without even a nod that it might be something worthwhile in another language. **Here Comes the Eighth Day** follows the collapse of the soviet economy into madhouses and prisons and bum trolls.

The teens dressed in real prison garb easily pass for trade.

Especially a little, smaller than most, skinhead who the filmmaker caught shirtless and bone-thin and barely washing tin plates from a huge bathtub filled with dirty gray water.

A young damage case, clad in black, and filmed against a crumbling brick wall mutters on about murdering his baby son because it was making too much noise. In some other cunt's voice, as badly acted as a hustler in a Christopher Rage film, he's supposed to be saying:

"I didn't know why they cry."

There are two very attractively troubled boys scrubbing floors quick as they can squirm and wipe backwards. There are thin gaunt cheekbones that talk about really wanting to have a friend some day. Ms Homutova asks a retarded child in one of the poorhouses or mental homes or whateverthefuck (the establishing titles are presented in untranslated russian):

Homutova: "Say some words."
Child: "Mama. ... Mama. You are my mama."

Homutova's film work is not as overtly sexual as the photographic work of Boris Mikhailov. The extreme effect of alcoholism and impoverishment in post-cold war documentary draws the easiest copy. And in keeping with the rabid lack of respect shown to the filmmaker and her filthy toothless subject by her american distributor, the exploitive gawking similarity to Boris' work is not surprising. Since most of the pinned insects are presented as mute stereotyped, supposedly loaded, faces. And unless you know worthless russian, neither work exists all that far from the homemade hustler films that encourage but fail to get attractively leered young men to talk intelligently.

Mikhailov, for **Case History** (Scalo, 1999), paid truly old and decrepit russian bums to strip naked. Their surroundings and their heavily damaged bodies are exceptionally squalid. They pose like typical nude models, made obscene simply by their wretched ugliness. They wrestle each other. Grope and expose each other. Mr. Mikhailov has been criticized for paying his models. Encouraging the sufferers to further humiliate themselves by opting to even lower levels by wagged cash. In his introduction to the book, Mikhailov counters:

Manipulating with money is somehow a new way of legal relations in all areas of the former USSR. And by this book I wanted to transmit the feeling that in that place and now people can be openly manipulated. In order to give this flavour of time I wanted to copy or perform the same relations which exist in society between a model and myself.

He went further in a quick interview just after he won the Citibank Photography Prize:

"Everyone exploits people; every photograph exploits. These people don't receive any money from the Soviet Union, so why should I not give them money? People take photographs of Bosnia and next day they are all in your newspapers; but do they ask the people if they can take these pictures? No! If the people in "Case History' feel manipulated it is important that they recognize that feeling, so that they know how their country is being manipulated."
(**GRIM AND BARE IT**, Sarah Kent, Time Out, March 14–21, 2001)

Other important documentary projects about identifiably poor former eastern bloc decay include young junkies and depressed ageds. Both nodding out all over themselves in **Winterreise** (Phaidon, 2000) by Magnum photographer Luc Delahaye.

Also the work of artist Ann Sofi-Siden in her **Warte Mal!** and **Enquete** (Musee d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, 2001) exhibition catalogues. She videos, photographs, interviews and displays the lives of hotel and street prostitutes from Dubi and Teplice.

The German has ordered a beer and sits down. Liba sits next to him. Speaks only a little German.

Liba is owned by the gypsies, Vlado and Vlasta. Liba takes off her jacket. Her small breasts almost fall out. He stares at her breasts as she leans over and points at the large hole in his t-shirt. He is so fat his chest and half his stomach are exposed. This man is really drunk. He mutters something she seems to understand. He walks up to the bar and pays for her.

She picks up her bag and goes over to the window where Andrea sits alone. Andrea doesn't have a pimp. She is her own boss. She pays Honza and Katja 20 per cent of her earnings to work out of the motel.
(**Warte Mal!**, Hayward Gallery, London, 2001)

Boris Mikhailov does include photos of street children in his book. A little shaved head skinny gets her little tits grabbed by one of her friends. Others sniff glue seemingly unaware of his camera.

Russian orphanages – boys and girls – are heavily documented. A few of Kate Brooks' excellent photographs were published in color alongside a short article titled **RUSSIA'S GULAGS FOR CHILDREN** in the December 21, 1998 issue of Newsweek. The brief text was intended to draw attention to the immediate publication of *"a scathing report on Russian orphanages"* by Human Rights Watch. A 16 year-old child, with his hands tied behind his back, fixed to a bench. And other extremely emaciated children that, though white, hardly look human. Their heads shaved for lice and their brittle limbs covered in sores and bruises. Their faces sunken and hollow and dumb. So much worse and better than the insect sticks of Africa.

Human Rights Watch published those same photos in black and white, along with many more, in their passionately detailed **Abandoned to the State: Cruelty and Neglect in Russian Orphanages** (NY, 1998):

> *Such orphans are officially classified as "ineducable," and are excluded from opportunities to learn to read, write, and in some cases, to walk. In addition, abandoned babies and children of sound mind, but with physical disabilities, are routinely confined to areas in state institutions known as "lying-down" rooms. They are passed over for corrective surgery of conditions such as cleft palate as a result of the compound stigma of being abandoned and being diagnosed as "oligophrenic" (mentally retarded).*

Kent Klich, a moody photographer who's published excellent studies of a heroin addicted prostitute (**The Book of Beth**, Aperture, NY, 1989) and glued up mexican street children (**El Nino**, Syracuse, NY, 1998) released **Children of Ceausescu** (Umbridge, NY) in 2001. The Romanian children he photographed for it, from 1994 to 1999, were almost all infected with AIDS. And, unlike Raymond Depardon's very similar **Silence Rompu**, Klich's book does include some brief text on the delayed fate of the children lovingly captured in sad big-eyed black and white. Tacky brief explanations made worse by being sectioned into triptych: *Family Life, Orphanage Life* and *New Beginnings.* Altruistic gluttony is insulting only to the artist and his admirers. One particular set of before and after shots of a little one living with extreme facial scars from a wart condition so thick on her face as to almost completely obliterate it is virtually unviewable.

That brutal nonsexual sadness does not carry over to the shots that the morning newspaper detailers have robbed of their faces. The obscured photos of children chained to beds and shackled to walls that were fed to the media in the wake of The Wonderland arrest publicity campaign. These censored kiddie porn stills were picked to deliver maximum shock but were disappointing because of their simple minded utilitarianism. The frozen frames were lone portraits. Children made to pose. Before. Or without. A single adult appendage touching them. Condom'd vulgarity. A simple advertising construct. Mike Echols, an anti-child porn crusader who died in prison awaiting a hearing on indecent exposure charges, used to feature stills from child pornography on his website with the faces intact but their genitals blacked out. Mostly boys. He used to fib that his interest was in educating the public as to how bad the material really is. As well as assisting in the possible identification of the naked children. Presumed missing and always in danger. It was Echol's name that worked as a password for entry into a notorious child pornography website for years before he finally died. He also gained infamy among web browsers who used his name as a successful search word through legitimate servers to locate other providers and links in much the same way as Pete Townshend used "Russian Orphanages" and "Boys."

Recent documentaries on the same:

From **Pervateen** by artist Six:

travelling throughout eastern europe, and in particular the czech and slovak republics, i witnessed the use of a drug that i had previously been completely unaware of called pervatin, allegedly invented by the nazis in order to stimulate their troops to fight longer and harder, it was later, through sales to the japanese military, used by the infamous 'kamikaze' suicide pilots. amphetimine based it is something like the bastard child of crystal meth and ketamine, both in its dubious quality and in its effects, i stole the word and changed the spelling to give myself a working title, and a double entendre, for these portraits of teens covering the four seasons of the year – the year 2000. whether as dealers, users, prostitutes or thieves or a combination of the four – for them the drug was, or still is, a major part of their daily existence. i know this situation is not a unique one and is probably repeated in some form in every major city in the world today, still i would like to acknowledge and celebrate these teens in particular for their warmth, humour, style and grace... but most of all for their specialness.

From **Du Mich Auch** by Anders Petersen (Journal, Sweden, 2002):

We met at Hans Albers Platz. She was twelve, thirteen and out to sell herself. I said it wasn't a good idea, why not come and drink a Coca-Cola instead. When I asked her about her parents she just shook her head and said she lived with some woman. We became friends, I think. And sometimes she followed after me when I took photographs. She said her name was Colette.

From **Dans La Rue** by Philippe Crochard and Nadia Yagchi (Eden, 2003):

I am 14 years old; I live on the streets of the north end of Saint Petersburg. I don't go to school any more but I'd really like to find a job. My mother was killed before my eyes when I was 11 years old. My father doesn't like me. He used to beat me and he threw me out when he drank too much vodka. It became too hard to stay with him, so I left for good and now I live on the street. Larissa, a lady I know, helps me out a lot; she took me to some French doctors. They told me *about the risks of living on the street. I guess I have Aids, but I don't think they can cure me for now. Larissa asked me who I take drugs with. I introduced her to my buddies. She told everybody how you get infected with Aids by needles and by having sex. We promised her that we'd be careful but I know that when we're stoned we don't care about anything.*

From **Karat** by Wolfgang Muller (Vice Versa Verlag, Berlin, 2003):

Koyla works as a prostitute. He meets his clients at a games arcade that even back in Soviet times used to be a hangout for homosexuals.

He takes his clients either to a nearby attic or to friends who rent out their flats by the hour. Wealthier clients will take him to a hotel, among them foreign clients on the lookout for child prostitutes in the streets of St. Petersburg.

Those kinds of places won't ever come back. No one is going to rebuild something like that. They were slums. Barely kept open and subsistence successful only if officially forgotten about. Years from now, it won't seem to make sense that they even existed. The bent and lifeless life choice that moped in there won't find anywhere else to beg.

When I wasn't even eighteen, long before I was arrested, I'd make a deal with myself. If I saw a, any, little girl walking by me on my way past the adult sleaze shop off Diversey, I'd go in and downstairs to the quarter strip booths. I'd masturbate in front of an ugly naked woman. Wiggling hideously for dollar tips at just a quarter a minute or so. And I'd beat myself and my balls and my sweating asshole thinking of the little fresh cheeked clothed child, female, that I only just saw and did nothing to.

It was a short drop to the gloryholes; actually in the middle of the store between the porn mags and the titted sloths. I'd stick my hard cock into an anonymous cocksucker and suck in all the child had presented. Her nonexistent smile and her imaginable body in the summer. A new teen and her budding chest and knobby knees. Often. It was just a breakable toddler holding an adult hand.

Across the street was Second Story Male Emporium where it was more holes and more men who knew what they wanted and how to pay for it. I was less inclined towards protracted sex. With sinking faggots. Because I was more faithful to the little girl mouths, flat chests and infant cunts colored in lipstick that I could corkscrew from old ugly straight men's absent heads. There were younger gayer men at Second Story. Who'd pay you. It wasn't a guarded secret. You didn't have to work hard at it.

I saw a book that featured extremely decrepit and deranged homeless scum. Former humans truly scarred into old maniacal street trash. Deformed, scabbed and gradually beaten into unmaintanenced existence. Hallucinating codgers who were willing to show their bruises and bleeding sores and thick purpled blisters.

Missing teeth, mental degeneracy, obscene scowls and shrieks for just a few equivalent dollars. The children depicted among them are muddier and huffing glue and flatly stupid. All shaved heads for lice. Hard cheek bones and blank dark eyes and wide smiling gawks and teases. The boys are continually caught pissing in stop action arcs. Tattered jackets, rag pants and sunken skinny white faces. Thin crusty lips and scratches and sunken chests with painful ribcages. These faggots eat ribs. Very small nipples. The little girl getting tit grabbed by a smiling same-ager has barely enough to squeeze between small fingers. Less than the skinniest backside love handle pushed together on a skinny starving nymph. Her wide laugh and her girlfriend's unintelligible glee drip all over the used and reused art. It was that kind of pornography that I couldn't get that perfectly when I was young. That I wanted everyday. I went from young women with their prized hated lumps and arrogant ignorance to the fattest sat trolls who, at least, knew they were ugly. There was no confusion in what I did and what I wanted to get. It was clear and easiest and worthwhile at the time.

The Public Inquiry into the Shootings at Dunblane Primary School on 13 March 1996 by The Hon Lord Cullen

5.8 Thomas Hamilton did not form any close relationship with an adult of either sex. His natural mother, Mrs Agnes Watt, stated that he had had a girlfriend a long time ago. However, after she got too serious "he didn't want to know." Mr F. B. Cullen, who assisted him in his shop, said that he was nervous among adults and very uncomfortable amongst females in particular. The events on 13 March 1996 may have made some people reluctant to admit that they were friends of Thomas Hamilton, but I am satisfied that he had few friends but more than a few acquaintances. The impression which he made on people varied. He was "a generous man to work with and a kind man," according to Mr Cullen. Mr E. J. E. Anderson, who was associated with him in the running of the Dunblane Rovers Group and the Dunblane Boys' Club, referred to him as "a very shy, lonely person. a very quiet, kind individual"; and Mr D. MacDonald who had been a member of one of his clubs and who was regularly in touch with him said that he was "quite an intelligent man, interesting enough to talk to." On the other hand some found that he made them feel uncomfortable and did not like talking to him. They were uneasy about the way in which he walked and spoke. A neighbour described him as follows: "He sort of crept. He was very head-down." He spoke slowly, softly and precisely but without expression in his voice. Mr G. S. Crawford, Secretary of the Stirling Rifle and Pistol Club said: "Hamilton was a loner, he wouldn't engage in social conversation with anybody; it is known also that women members didn't particularly like being around him. He was a bit of a creep in their eyes." Mr J. S. B. Wilson said: "He was unusual. effeminate. He had a tendency to sort of wring his hands. There was a bit of a feeling of discomfort." Mr G. Baxter, Head *of the Woodmill Centre, Dunfermline, found that Thomas Hamilton was unusual in that "he didn't laugh at anything. He didn't joke at anything. He was far too polite." Some neighbours referred to him as sly and devious. A number of witnesses remarked that the only thing that he was interested in was boys clubs, so that it was difficult to carry on a conversation with him. A number of witnesses described him as being peculiarly calm in the face of adversity. Thus Mr George Robertson MP so described him in the face of hostile questioning from parents. His reaction to the incident on 16 May 1989 when he was assaulted by Mrs Hagger and Mrs Reilly is particularly striking. Finally while there were some boys who regarded him as a nice man, others found him "weird."*

5.22 On 1 March Isobel Martin, the Head Teacher at a primary school, who had become aware of Thomas Hamilton's setting up of the Bishopbriggs Boys Club, received a complaint from the parent of one of her pupils about Thomas Hamilton's behaviour. According to this complaint he appeared to be taking an exceptional interest in her son and one of his friends. He had offered to pick up the boy to take him to a different club in Stirling. The parent had been informed that Thomas Hamilton had shown the boys photographs of wild animals, and had shown them a gun which he kept in the minibus which he used to transport the boys. He had been increasing the amount of time between picking up the boy and collecting the other children. He also asked her son if he liked the film Alien and offered to give him a videotape of it to take home to watch. He also said to her son that he went shooting and offered to take him with him. Her son was 11 years of age. The Head Teacher noted this complaint. After obtaining some advice from the local education officer she addressed a letter to the Social Work Department in Bishopbriggs. Having received no response to that letter she made a telephone call to that department on 12 March to check that her letter had been received. Later that day the department contacted her and said that they would send a social worker to visit the parent who had been wondering why no one from the department had been in touch with her. The events of 13 March intervened before any further steps could be taken.

5.26 On 26 January 1996 Thomas Hamilton wrote a letter to Councilor Ball. Although it was headed "Private and Confidential" he sent copies to a number of Head Teachers of primary schools in the area, in particular St Francis Primary School, Falkirk, Bannockburn Primary School and Dunblane Primary School; and to the Scout Association and Mr David Vass. He complained in the letter that teachers at Bannockburn Primary School were informing pupils and parents that he was a pervert. As a result all of the 26 pupils who were members of his Bannockburn Boys Club had left immediately and local gossip followed. He complained that the Education Department had done nothing to correct the situation which was widespread. He added: "At Dunblane Primary School where teachers have contaminated all of the older boys with this poison even former *cleaners and dinner ladies have been told by the teachers at school that I am a pervert. There have been reports at many schools of our boys being rounded up by the staff and even warnings given to entire schools by Head Teachers during assembly." He said that this had been extremely damaging not only to his clubs but to his own public standing and had resulted in a complete loss of his ability to earn a living. He said: "I have no criminal record nor have I ever been accused of sexual child abuse by any child and I am not a pervert." He had called at Bannockburn Primary School and Dunblane Primary School and expressed a similar complaint to the Head Teachers about members of staff discouraging boys from attending his clubs and suggesting that he was a pervert. Thomas Hamilton went on to say in his letter that the matter had originated in 1983 when an official of the Education Department had warned Head Teachers that he was a pervert, was currently interfering with boys and had been put out of the Scouts for this and had a long criminal record for this type of offence. He said that this official and his reported source in the Scouts were fully discredited and the clubs' use of schools was returned. However, the information which the official had passed to Head Teachers had never been corrected "and has over the years reached epidemic proportions." He blamed the malicious work of the Scout official in his attempt to undermine "what he considers to be a rival group." He claimed that all this serious damage had resulted from the maladministration of Central Regional Council and its failure to correct the false information. In evidence Councilor Ball commented that Thomas Hamilton never seemed to be able to put the past behind him. Judged by his letter "his mental state" was slightly deteriorating. He had last met Thomas Hamilton in the summer of 1995 when he "sounded fine." But this letter was a bit worrying. Mr Vass telephoned Councilor Ball in order to make it clear that at no time had he suggested that anything improper had taken place between Thomas Hamilton and Scouts.*

2. Was it teamwork? Does he know what it means to be part of a team? Does he understand who it was that put the team together? Does he share responsibility or offer gratitude?

A year after the massacre in Dunblane, Eileen Harrild cried when she told the authors of a book on the shootings about how she hid in a storeroom with bleeding children. She had been shot in the chest, arm and hand. She recalled that one little boy lay next to her and whispered:

"What a bad man, what a bad man."

The same book displayed the difficulties of little boy victim Coll Austin, now blind and deaf on one side. Coll's father told the authors that Coll remembers Hamilton and the details of the shooting:

"Sometimes he gets very irritated. If he spills a drink on his blind side he says that it's HIS fault. He says: 'It's his fault I spilled my drink because I can't see properly.'"

Peter Samson and Alan Crow (**Dunblane: Our Year of Tears**, Mainstream Publishing, 1997) refused to put Thomas Hamilton's name on any page.

This is how you give a rhesus blowjob. You have to learn how to suck so that he feels it above his shut stupid eyes. How to lick it right. Most importantly; how to respond back to the elemental pleasure you're giving. So you can surprise and excite a third-rate plug even more. So he'll cum just exactly like you want to. Maybe he'll want to do it again with you. Pretty. Maybe he'll appreciate, simply, what you've just done. Maybe he'll think differently of you.

Just watch. Could be you. Sucking cock. Doing that well and not caring anyways. Like watching a father cry on tv. About his little 7-year-old son found raped and murdered and dumped in the Vermillion River in Streator, Illinois. There's lumpen dicklickers out there who want their straight trade to hate their needy girlishness. Men who want a taste of smelly cock and then expect to get beat up afterwards. If not, during.

What is it about having a cock grow hard in your mouth, by technique, or having it exposed to you, no matter what you are at that moment, that excites you? What do you want out of the experience? Immediately. It's not gratitude. What is the defining characteristic of your obsession with sex. Is it your ugliness or your lack of shame. Which one followed. What convinced the hog to bundle in after he got sick of masturbating at home all alone. What big little mistake led him to believe that the tiny orgasm he had just completed wouldn't suffer the same sudden drop off if it came with a real bag of kneaded flesh. Why hasn't he come to his senses. Why hasn't he already given up. What makes him think there's something better than his personality defects.

Thomas Watt Hamilton would've been all porky heaves in his porn proclivities. You don't find balding bespectacled dorks in the photos posted in members sections looking for hook-ups. Just their cocks. In mirrors or shot straight down, sat flat. Erect if small or average. Half-hard usually, no matter what. Judging from his official loneliness and common body type. And I've looked all over for porn shots of uncut cocks that might be thick and small scottish like his could have been. Last time I was in London – as close as I got to Scotland – I searched for old men his age and temperament. Went to the irritating haunts I figured fat lonely gay men who liked skinny young boys would go and tried, badly, to make those connections. Let me see your fat hands, darling. Some of these queers are photo collectors. Send it a photo of your best cock and hope to hook up. They masturbate at the chances. Nothing more. Because they can't.

I still wanted an old man. A selfish rank old fatting rat. Who could not control himself. Who's buckled under. Who doesn't know he gave up.

Police say a North texas man suspected in an internet child pornography ring committed suicide the day after federal agents raided his home earlier this month.

The Dallas Morning News says today two other targets of the U.S. Customs Service pornography raids on Sept. 1 have killed themselves, one in Colorado and a second in Connecticut.

Officials tell the News the others were microbiologist Heinz J. Schaeffers, of New Britain, Conn., and Richard B. Thomas, of Fort Collins, Colo.

(**TEXAS INTERNET-PORN RING SUSPECT COMMITS SUICIDE,** September 15, 1998, Chicago Defender)

A sex abuser has been jailed for 12 years for his part in what police believe is one of the biggest paedophile rings ever uncovered in the UK.

Brian Turner, 60, who was nicknamed The Chickenmaster for his ability to lure vulnerable youngsters into his clutches, indecently assaulted one of them "thousands of times."

The ring may have abused up to 300 youngsters over the past 30 years.

Turner, who is a friend of child sex killer Sidney Cooke, met one of his victims through his links with a sex child sex gang that had infiltrated a breakaway scouts organisation.

Snaresbrook Crown Court in London heard how Turner was part of the "Dirty Dozen" child sex gang that included Sidney Cooke and others convicted of the 1985 killing of Jason Swift.

(**CHICKENMASTER GETS 12 YEARS,** BBC News online, November 13, 1998)

An evil paedophile committed suicide by stabbing himself 30 times then slashing his own throat.

Artist Fred Barre, 31, of east London, could not face trial for distributing child porn on the internet. In a suicide note he admitted looking at sick pictures but said he wasn't an abuser.

(**PORN PERV CUT HIS OWN THROAT,** News of the World, May 19, 2002)

Economic despair and alcohol are said to be partly to blame for the rise in such incidents. In the case of Natasha, businessman Sergei Khomenko from the Vladimir region, near Moscow, struck a sickening deal with the girl's mother after inviting them for a picnic.

"This is a kind man and he won't do you any harm," Galina Pankova told her daughter as she handed her over permanently for 1000 roubles. Police were

tipped off by the girl's headmistress after the child later ran away from the man, hiding first in a disused sauna then seeking refuge with a school friend.

> (**SOLD AS SEX SLAVES OR AS SPARE PARTS FOR SURGERY... RUSSIA'S CHILDREN WITHOUT HOPE**, Will Stewart, Sunday Express, November 26, 2000)

The popular history of Thomas Hamilton is left in the incompetent hands of any louder number of his victims' parents. The picayune rut details that crammed his overweighted troll's life are seen as unnecessary and vulgar next to the importance of recognizing perpetual grief. The only two books on his case are both framed around the embers of the little or collective victim. Written as if their authors don't know what section of the bookstore their memorials will end up in. As if unaware of how web browsers will come across their names from now on.

Hamilton was only 22 when he was first fired from the Boy Scouts. The official reason was his ineptitude as a leader. But he knew it was because assholes thought he was a pervert. For decades the initial dismissal caused him trouble. He had operated his boysclubs and camps at a loss and had been unable to turn his dream into anything more than a hobby and a quest. And just before he walked into the gymnasium at Dunblane Primary School. And shot to death sixteen little children. Almost all of them only five years old. He had been rejected from putting an ad into an amateur photography magazine. That would have been another chance at self-reliance. The magazine wrongly suspected that he might be dealing in stolen parts.

From **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THOMAS WATT HAMILTON** (Nick Cohen, The Independent On Sunday, March 17, 1996):

> *The boys whom he ordered to strip and run around in swimming trunks laughed at him behind his back and called him Mr. Creepy. The scores of adults he knew in Dunblane recognized weirdness and nicknamed him Spock. His podgy face and insinuating voice had made their flesh crawl, they said.*
>
> *Even if they had not heard the rumours about Hamilton and his boys' camps which had been going on for 25 years, people in Dunblane suspected that something was wrong. And to his neighbors in Kent Road, Stirling, he stood out in the poor but friendly street as a man with little to say. George Smart said he had not got a word out of his neighbor in two years. He would see him walking by dressed in the classic nerd's anorak, head down, hands shoved into pockets.*

And.

> *It is natural to assume that a mass child murderer with a long record of suspicious behavior and pictures of half-naked boys on his wall is also a*

paedophile. But it is possible that Hamilton was not a systematic child abuser; certainly he was never convicted.

Dave Norris, who knew Hamilton for 10 years, said he struck him as harmless. "It just seemed to me he wanted to give boys the childhood he never had. I couldn't believe it when I heard what this articulate educated man had done."

Remain objective. Lise Sarfati's lush color photographs of youthful boys and girls taken from separate centers for underaged delinquents in Russia. Naked, tall, hung young men shower themselves in Ikcha. And naked young girls soak their fatty winter bodies from metal pans and bowls in Vyedyenski. It is impossible not to choose one over the other. To compare. To find the gender that is more wanting. The least reminiscent of a pack of bleached wet walruses. The boys are skinny and their heads are shaved like bathroom psychopaths. The women are comfortable and crowded. The boys alone and vulnerable and naturally toned.

Sophie North, pictured in color inside her father's book on her loss and the other murders in Dunblane, is a cute enough five-year-old. Her father has included these photos in his **Dunblane: Never Forget** (Mainstream, 2000) so that you could see the reality of Thomas Hamilton's pathetic rage. Pictures of her wide-eyed and smiling. She wears her Scot school uniform with it's lovely compact skirt. She pets a kitty. Smiles up from a pillow. Stands in front of her birthday cake at her birthday party. She is an unspectacular child. And her death is all the more miserable, worthless and cruel because it came in a group of fifteen other children. And one adult. Her father dilutes his grief with anti-gun equations and silly law changing campaigns. He doesn't see the little one the way his customers will. He can't convey what made her unique to him.

Hamilton didn't stuff a special into a van to rape him before he died. Too. He didn't pull anykid out of the bloody runs and teams and try to find out what one so small would have finally tasted like before he committed suicide.

Color photos of Sophie North are typical of any little girl that age. A photo of her at the beach, with her watchful father in the background, is nothing more than homespun cute. Her tragic absence is not present in a snapshot.

These young ladies in bikinis often don't know they're being photographed. When they romp at the beach and in the cloth tugging surf. Teens with bigger breasts suspect it. Stopped on the boardwalk for a friendly hello and a quick snap by a supposed professional or fumbling amateur out to capture the day and the sunshine and the fucking visitor smiles. Molly-model insists on lifting her shirt to just below the hang of her little Florida tits. Her short pants get unbuttoned and dropped to just above her strategically shaved cunt. It took her very little time, once she turned legal, to pose as nude as her pure youthful beauty audience would allow. Shoving her naked butt in the air behind her, she looks more like a younger, still illegal, but more knowledgeable Elizabeth Smart than ever. Both of the girls having gone through important sexual transformations. It is impossible to miss. Their noses tell them apart. But their long blonde hair, clean white complexions, squinty eyes and darling cheeks draw them together.

A psychologist from South Wales fears that pictures of pupils on school websites could be used by paedophiles. Martin Shrewsbury shares the views of a worried mother who is campaigning against schools putting photographs of children on their websites, for fear they could be digitally manipulated.

Carol Allen said she was alerted to the potential for misuse through her work for an internet security firm. Her main concern is that paedophiles could easily copy the faces from school photos onto pornographic images.

Behavioral expert Martin Shrewsbury, who has studied paedophile psychology, believes Mrs Allen is right to be concerned.

"It's a standard pathology for people with personality problems," he said. "A lot of the paedophiles I treat regularly use school websites to feed their sexual fantasies about children."

(**SCHOOL WEBSITE PAEDOPHILE FEARS**, BBC News, January 21, 2001)

Mother explains that there were only three types of visitor to any school's website. Children, parents and paedophiles. A school in Hampshire, on the strength of her message, decided to take the pictures down.

In November of 2002, more warnings were heeded and more perfectly ignorant children saved. However the BBC was now including other parents and politicians' opinions that the changes and worries were "*ridiculous,*" "*potty*" and "*a bit over-protectionist.*"

A school in Bedfordshire has banned video cameras from its nativity play, because it's worried that the images may get into the hands of paedophiles. Head teacher at Sundon Lower School, Sue Stokes, has told parents in a letter that she is worried that photographs might get into the wrong hands.

(**NATIVITY VIDEO BAN**, BBC News, November 28, 2002)

And:

Parents in Edinburgh may be stopped from taking photos or videos of their children's nativity plays or concerts – to combat the activities of paedophiles.

The city council said parents wanting to record these events would have to get the permission of every child's family. Education officials introduced the guidelines after claiming paedophiles across the UK had been caught in possession of photos and videos of school plays.

(**PAEDOPHILE FILM FEARS "PROTECTIONIST,"** BBC News, December 2002)

C.M. Campbell: Bitter and petty minded? Could he be described as bitter and petty minded?

Douglas McMurdo: He could certainly be bitter in certain circumstances, yes.

C.M. Campbell: Petty minded?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes, I thought he picked up on small points which weren't worth it to me.

C.M. Campbell: I am sorry?

Douglas McMurdo: I think he picked up on small points at times. That is what I mean by petty minded.

3. Was it fun?

Hamilton wore ear protection while he shot at the children in the gym. He also sprayed ammunition across a classroom where students hid underneath their desks. From the firescape door, he fired through a window into a library and at a single passerby on an otherwise empty playground.

Hearing the children scream or the adults plead would have been impossible. Just as the worthless chechan mud did at School One in Beslan, Thomas Hamilton picked a school cull to make an insignificant point on maddening futility.

There are no perfect details of Mr. Hamilton actually molesting any children. There was local gossip, runt conjecture and mother love. His earliest rejection by the Scouts, when Hamilton was first attempting to run clubs for boys with official sanction, was for suspicion of homosexuality. Not child molestation. And it was this unease, never officially determined but merely raised and traded in private that continued to dog all of Hamilton's many efforts to get his kid's groups off the ground.

Complaints of Hamilton's inappropriate behavior towards the boys he taught old-fashioned style gymnastics to stacked up. His photographs had been collected by the police after warnings from a mother who said her son had been singled out for special photographic attention. A film processor had also called the police, alerting them that he thought Hamilton's intentions were suspect due to the impressive count of photos and their singular focus.

Nearly two decades after his suicide, there are parents and their officials still campaigning for the public release of sealed investigation documents. Some parents and news reporters suspect that the records, formally sealed for a hundred years, may hide details of Hamilton sexually abusing children or political functionaries that knew about such allegations and did nothing to stop him. There are conspiracy theories involving the masons, lazy police and entrenched homophobia.

> *In a statement the lord advocate said none of the reports contained allegations against politicians or other prominent figures.*
>
> *"Given the sensitive nature of much of the material, which might cause anguish to those involved, my prime concern in considering this request has been to ensure that the privacy of those children referred to in the report should be maintained," he said.*
>
> *One document details a complaint by a parent whose child attended a youth club at Stirling High School. The parent, whose name was blanked out, made the complaint in July 1993 and claimed their child had been set to attend football coaching run by Hamilton.*
>
> *But it was subsequently discovered the boy had been made to wear a tight gym costume and carry out gymnastics while photographs were taken of him.*
>
> *The police report raised concerns that Hamilton "induces certain children to dress in very tight, ill fitting tunics which he provides for them without the knowledge of parents" and took photographs of them in "questionable circumstances."*
>
> *It also stated Hamilton had been reported to the Procurator Fiscal on two occasions over his behavior to children, but it is not clear what happened to those cases.*
>
> *Frank Blake, whose teacher wife Mary survived the massacre, welcomed the disclosure but said questions still remained. He said "They have not divulged the whole lot and we want everything to be made public. they shouldn't just be divulging part of the evidence."*
>
> (**DUNBLANE FAMILIES IN REPORTS CALL**, BBC News, March 19, 2003)

A month earlier, the father of victim Victoria Clydesdale explained why it was important to lift the hundred year ban on publication of the investigations as soon as possible:

> *"I'm not going to be around and my children aren't going to be around. I would really like to see what was in it, but I'm surprised there was one and shocked there was such a length of time put on it."*
>
> (**FATHER'S PLEA OVER DUNBLANE PAPERS**, BBC News, February 11, 2003)

Look at this one. Want to know what she does now?

Mr. Hamilton had an extensive collection of photographs of the children he had tried so hard to keep interested in his shoe-string scouting experiences. He insisted that the children conform to certain fetishistic dress requirements. He liked them skinny and shirtless and wearing oversized black shorts. Which a pedophile might think was due to a lovely chance, every now and again, of the little boys' balls flopping out next to the large space created by the billowing pant. They could have worn child-sized jockstraps. Or nondescript underwear underneath. Or he liked them tight and a size too small. He had some red swimming trunks that he fit on extra specials. He picked favorites among the boys. And ran his clubs in a sham militaristic fashion. Often worrying the parents with all his shouting.

There are important details contained in the extremely worthwhile **Public Inquiry Into The Shootings At Dunblane Primary School On 13 March 1996** by The Hon Lord Cullen:

> *Another matter which was of concern to parents was his practice of taking photographs of the boys posing in their black trunks while taking deep breaths, without the knowledge or permission of their parents. For this purpose he used not only a still camera but also a video camera which he acquired about 1989 and possessed for about 5 years. He argued that it was quite normal for photographs to be taken for training and advertising purposes and said that parents could obtain copies from him. On a number of occasions he offered parents a videotape so that they could see what kind of activities he ran. These only served to increase their concern. Their overriding impression was that there was something unnatural. The boys did not seem to be enjoying themselves but appeared silent and even frightened. There was also an over-concentration on parts of the boys' bodies, especially the naked upper parts along with long lingering shots of the area between the waist and the knees. When confronted with complaints about this Thomas Hamilton argued that it was necessary to identify what muscles were being used so that wrong movements could be corrected. When challenged about videotapes being made and photographs taken without parental knowledge or consent he responded that parental consent was not necessary but that parents could have access to any photographs which he had taken. Individual parents through contact with each other discovered that their anxieties were shared. At home Thomas Hamilton kept a large collection of photographs of boys, many of them wearing black swimming trunks. These were in albums or attached to the walls of his rooms. On one occasion he attempted without success to interest a neighbour in a videotape showing "his boys" performing gymnastics in small black bathing trunks. In the same way as with the parents it made her feel uneasy. Evidence was also given that he attempted without success to take photographs of a neighbour's children, including his 5-year-old son. The neighbour explained in evidence: "I just didn't like the look of the guy."*

And.

Concerns had also been raised about the nature of the photographs which he had taken and about a trip to an island where the children had been forced to take part in the making of a videofilm on the lines of "The Lord Of The Rings." In particular one child was forced to lie in cold water against his will. The children were cold and wet and were dressed only in swimming trunks during a rain shower as Thomas Hamilton prevented them from putting their clothes on. When he was asked to provide photographs he had taken Thomas Hamilton denied that he had taken any still photographs.

And.

One of the boys who was interviewed later said that he had been singled out by Thomas Hamilton, taken alone to an individual tent and photographed in red-coloured swimming trunks. DS Hughes feared that this boy was being singled out for special treatment and perhaps for future abuse. Thomas Hamilton denied any such intention and denied taking such photographs. (...) Among the photographs which were recovered there were a large number of the particular boy who was plainly a favourite and had been given special jobs in the camp. However, there were no photographs of him wearing red swimming trunks. (...) As regards the photographs which were recovered by the police, although there were various different poses by boys wearing black swimming trunks there was no explicit indecency. DS Hughes considered that Thomas Hamilton had been untruthful about the photographs. The nature of them made him concerned about the "stability" of his personality and his unhealthy interest in children.

Petty officials and self-important parents made Hamilton's pornographic interest in boys absolutely impossible. He was branded a pervert before he was allowed to prove it. Hamilton's choice of guns was his least physical option. And – from the descriptions of little survivors who witnessed his methodical sexless mind-set – his intention was only to create as many dead as possible. Hamilton was quiet and calm in the only two to three minutes it took to spray the school's gymnasium with tiny sad blood. After the initial rampage, Hamilton merely shot the ones that didn't seem dead. It wasn't much of an orgy despite the possibilities. No rapes. No gropes. No phallic substitutes. No jerking off one last time. No acknowledgment of the little five-year-olds' fragile beauty. No peering under clothes or caressing lithe absent muscles. No eleven-year-olds. No favorites.

Hamilton was not stopped before he did any damage.

Poor old rube figures that this is all he is ever going to be allowed. Whatever god made him has forever consigned his possibilities to nothing more warmly real than looking and staring and coveting and cumming quietly onto a clasped forefinger and thumb above a clenched fist. And then wiping it into a kleenex. And flushing it down the toilet. And then having to hide the photographs that only hinted at eleven-year-old cock size and balls bulge and the thin bony trail that formed a cross between her pink nipples. Pointing down to the flat stomachs just above where their pubic thatches would someday grow out over their lengthening thickening soft hung dicks. Very important.

There are details and witness reports in The Cullen Report that were proved false by a lack of "corroboration":

> *Secondly, another person, whose statement was read to the Inquiry, stated that when he was 12 years of age (in 1985) he attended Thomas Hamilton's club at Bannockburn. In the summer he was one of a party of eight boys who went to Loch Lomond with him and stayed in his cabin cruiser. He described an occasion when Thomas Hamilton in his cabin touched him between his legs and on his private parts; told him to lie face down on a bed where he started to push his fingers into his rectum and stroked his back. Thomas Hamilton's shorts were off and his penis erect. He then told him to face the side of the cabin and ran his hand up and down his back while breathing heavily. Up to that point Thomas Hamilton was striking him from time to time with a telescopic pointer.*

The March 17th 1996 issue of **The News of the World** featured an interview with Richard Young, a manager of a hostel in Edinburgh, who said that he rented rooms to Hamilton and a fourteen-year-old boy:

> *"He went up with the boy at around 11pm. I went to bed next door. The doors are very thin. I could hear the boy whimpering."*
>
> *Several weeks later Hamilton rang Young to say he was bringing a boy from the youth club he ran in Stirling.*
>
> *"They stayed in the same room as before," he said. "I could hear them again."*
>
> *Again Young let the chance of nailing the pervert go by.*
>
> *The manager eventually asked two of Hamilton's "guests" what went on.*
>
> *"They said he paid them 25 pounds each to strip off," he revealed. "Then they said he made them do things to each other. They told me he was taking lots of photographs throughout and later they all went to sleep in the same bed."*

The International Express for 20 to 26 March, 1996, ran the 1989 shots of Hamilton being chased and attacked by angry mothers. Women who were sick of what they suspected Hamilton was carefully doing and getting away with:

> *More details of Hamilton's sordid sex fantasies also emerged. Detectives, investigating whether he had any links with known paedophile groups, already know that he tried to join a sex club in Edinburgh.*

When the club turned him down – "too aggressive" – he threatened them, bombarding the club owner's girlfriend with obscene phone calls and threats. In his application to join the club balding podgy Hamilton described himself as 41 – he was 43 – blue-eyed, and muscular.

Hamilton begged to be dominated and beaten by prostitutes, and pestered the club to find a woman to have sex with him in the open air. He was particularly obsessed about videoing a couple having sex in a tent at one campsite where he ran outward-bound holidays for boys.

Police are also examining piles of video tapes found at his filthy council home. Local newsagents said he was a regular customer for porn.

From The Independent On Sunday from March 17, 1996:

By the early 1990's, photography shops in Stirling were refusing to develop Hamilton's pictures of boys at Loch Lomond. They said they were obscene, but the police said they were not obscene enough for a prosecution.

In 1992 Fife Council, which borders Dunblane, banned Hamilton from it's schools after concern about the films he was making of boys. Two more police inquiries were made in 1993. Central Regional Council warned teachers to contact its legal department before dealing with Hamilton. In 1994, he was cautioned by police after being caught behaving indecently with a young man in Edinburgh.

It's not likely that Thomas Hamilton went looking for a blowjob. Stop pretending that you went in looking for a suck. You didn't. Nobody does. But. You will find that these beasts moan and melt more than they ever managed to conceive once they find a receptive mouth. They don't know what they want because they're so sick on what little they get.

Mick North, father of Sophie, from **DUNBLANE STILL GRIEVES AFTER MURDER OF CHILDREN** (SouthCoast Today, April 26, 1999):

"For a long time I didn't want to know very much about him. It was a week and a half before I knew his name. I let him remain unknown for as long as I could."

And at the beginning of his book, North quotes himself talking to the Scotland On Sunday in 1996:

"This man could have been stopped, this man should have been stopped, I need never had to know who he was."

Pedophile didn't ruin it. I want to think that the stupid lowlife fuck should have kept his tiny cock in his jogging shorts and his hands to himself. But it isn't true. I simply can't see going through the trouble any more. No one believes that it doesn't progress violently. You should hear the excuses they come up with. And the explanations for forgetting them so quickly. The regret is fake but tolerated because the inability is so fucking average and understandable.

There was a long shot of her drinking orange juice and listening to her minder tell how pretty he's going to make her. Clear that she is listening very hard. As if preparing for something she might think is important. Or even fun. Something that a ten-year-old would like to get right. For fuck knows why. And the scene at the start of the video is truly hideous. Because I don't understand the creep's intention anymore. After all these years, I'm absolutely in the dark again. Anything I thought was going on is now just thick black mud. I'm confused and upset and I tend to think about everything all at once, all the time. For some reason, I hit a vein that includes more american girls than I'd ever had access to before. I like listening to them talk and see them hear and think and, perfectly true, I despise the gross pigs that assault the child over and over again. It won't stop just as soon as it starts and I get ill. The wretches that buy this shit. That hunt it down and live their entire wormed lives through it. Every single over-excited minute of their crawling digging worthwhile'd lives. Know how to cum just like me. Fat, over forty, slumped and focused like slime. They cum right away. On the most insignificant matter. And yet the animal that rapes this little skinny perfectly formed child takes his time as if he's performing for a porn audience. Better to masturbate at the table she sits at. Better to watch the action not stop. To let it barely progress from eating and existing and then, just to make the fucking perfect point perfectly clear, have her lift her morning t-shirt up to expose just her navel. Now stand up. Turn around. Let me see how you're developing. Just quick. Just flash us. Just once. And that would be it. Or have her drop her pajamas to show just her butt and let her pretend she's silly and naughty. I know I don't want to see these little rats crawl up to mothers and get cuddled. Like watching a three-year-old breast feed. Which I've seen on film. And it repulses me. Exactly as what watching retards do should repulse you. I don't want to see diapers removed and I don't want to work out the differences between 11-year-old know-it-alls and 16-year-old blonde christian slumps from Iowa.

I do not forget the lithe primps cut out in bikinis and t-shirts that are too small for children. I fucking look for them and collect the ones that are closest to naked. And then do nothing but re-hear arguments that are insulting to myself and absolutely everyone else around me.

It's just this. I think that I could splice together a reel of just the bits before the moppets take off their clothes or get laid down and penetrated. Have someone edit out all the flesh underneath the throat. Exactly like missing child posters and hunted pervert stills. No sex. No nudity. Just the idea and the presence and the context; disgustingly rendered like carefully constructed points. And conversational bridges and political opportunities. Like filthy art. And if I ever

DUE ITALIANE NELLA PRIGIONE BAGHDAD

Perché sono state rapite Simona Pari e Simona Torretta p.28

L'espresso

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OSTAGGI DEL TERRORE

La strage degli innocenti a Beslan. L'inferno iracheno. Il calvario del Medio Oriente. Le minacce di Al Qaeda

Daily Mail 6/12/4

Drifter's 'boasts of a young lover called Caroline'

By **Gordon Rayner**

The victim: Caroline Dickinson was 13 when she died

The friend: Eduardo Suarez

The accused: Francisco Montes

THE man accused of the rape and murder of Caroline Dickinson showed a friend a picture of a blonde teenager in school uniform, boasting that she was his girlfriend, a court heard yesterday.

Francisco Arce Montes told Eduardo Suarez that she was 'a young English girl called Caroline Dickinson', it was alleged.

Mr Suarez added: 'He said she was very pretty, that she was a little china doll and that I would never be able to pick her up.

'The girl in the photo was kneeling and wearing a school uniform, with a white blouse and a dark skirt.

'Francisco said he had met her in a youth hostel in Brittany, that she was playing in the garden with other girls. He said he made love to her and got the photo out of her rucksack.'

Mr Suarez, 44, said that when Montes showed him the picture in 1997, the name Caroline Dickinson meant nothing to him because he was unaware she was a murder victim.

'A little china doll'

Montes, a 54-year-old Spanish drifter, is alleged to have murdered the 13-year-old in a youth hostel in July 1996 while she was on a school trip to Pleine Fougeres, in Brittany.

He crept into a dormitory she was sharing with four other girls from Launceston College in Cornwall.

Montes admits indecently assaulting her, but denies rape and claims he killed her 'by accident' when he put his hand over her mouth to stop her screaming.

Caroline's mother Sue was asked by Judge Fabienne Doroy at the Court of Assizes in the French city of Rennes whether her daughter had taken a picture of herself with her on the school trip.

She said: 'No. We packed her bag together, and she took no photos with her. To my knowledge she has never had a school photo taken kneeling down, with a white blouse and a dark skirt.'

Mr Suarez, a car salesman from Montes's home town of Gijon in northern Spain, was asked by the judge why he did not mention the defendant's reference to Caroline in previous statements to police.

'He said it to me and he said it to other people,' replied Mr Suarez. 'I remembered the name because Caroline is a beautiful name in Spanish and I am a football fan and Dickinson is the name of a famous footballer.

'He showed us photos of lots of girls and said he had slept with them. We thought perhaps he had stolen the pictures or found them.'

On the fifth day of the trial, Mr Suarez also told the jury that Montes would frequently tell him 'the best girls are 11 or 12' and 'that by the age of 20 they are finished'.

He said Montes was known as an 'old pig' – a Spanish expression for men who like young girls.

Mr Suarez said he was shown the pictures of young girls during a 'bragging session' between several men discussing their sexual prowess. Montes told them: 'You don't know much about women, not like me. I'm going to show you some photos of English girls and French girls, real Miss Worlds.'

Mr Suarez said that in 1997, when he and Montes visited Barcelona, a pair of shoes and two shirts belonging to his friend were stolen from their car.

'He became furious about the items', he told the jury'

'His hands started trembling and his neck swelled up. He went red and his eyes looked as if they were going to pop. Montes said, "I could kill someone without any problem at all".'

After Montes was released on bail following an attempted rape in Llanes, Spain, in 1997, he allegedly said: 'They almost got me. They almost got me.'

When Mr Suarez told Montes he still had to appear before a judge at his trial, he replied: 'No, the police won't catch me.' He fled to South America before the hearing.

Mr Suarez said that when he heard Montes had been arrested for Caroline Dickinson's murder he was not surprised to hear the waiter had committed a string of sex attacks.

'He knew every youth hostel in Europe,' added the witness.

Psychiatrist Jean-Michel Masson, who examined Montes in custody, told the court he was not mentally ill and knew right from wrong.

The trial continues.

Paroled rapist held in Fla. murder

Sun Times 2/21/97

ASSOCIATED PRESS

TAMPA, Fla.—A neighbor walked over to Lawrence Singleton's door and saw pretty much what Californians feared 10 years ago when they drove Singleton out of town: Singleton, his face and chest covered with blood, a naked woman dead on the living room floor.

Singleton, 69, was arrested on murder charges Wednesday, a decade after being released from a California prison for raping a teenage hitchhiker and hacking her forearms off with an ax.

Singleton was paroled in 1987 after serving nearly 8½ years of a 14-year sentence. His sentence had been reduced by good behavior and a law to relieve prison overcrowding. At the time, California officials said that under the law, they had little choice but to release him.

He retreated to his home state of Florida after being driven from several Northern California communities where residents were angry and fearful about his release. After his arrival in Florida, neighbors protested and a car dealer offered him $5,000 to leave.

Lawrence Singleton

Roxanne Hayes

'This time I did it'

Donald Stahl, the former Stanislaus County District Attorney who prosecuted Singleton in 1978, said, "This was completely predictable."

"Give him some alcohol, put him in a pickup situation with a woman and he'll have her at home, use her at home and throw her out like garbage."

Police said 31-year-old Roxanne Hayes apparently died Wednesday of stab wounds to the upper body. She had a string of prostitution arrests, dating from 1986 through last month. Police said her relationship with Singleton was unclear.

Singleton was arrested after a painter arrived to work at the house and heard a commotion inside. He opened the door and saw a naked Singleton struggling with the nude woman, who was crying for help.

The man backed away and called 911. A sheriff's deputy went to Singleton's home with a neighbor, and when Singleton answered his door, his chest and face were bloody. The officer saw a person's foot on the floor.

Singleton at first refused to let the deputy inside, but when Singleton went back in to answer the telephone, the officer could see the woman's body, said Danny Sales, the neighbor.

"They framed me the first time, but this time I did it," Singleton said as he left a police station with his hands cuffed behind his back.

FLORIDA

Tribune 4/15/98

AP photo

Lawrence Singleton, who mutilated a California teen in 1978, is fingerprinted Tuesday after being sentenced to die for a Tampa killing.

California ex-con gets death in murder

TAMPA—Lawrence Singleton, paroled in California a decade ago after raping a teenage hitchhiker and chopping off her forearms, was sentenced to death Tuesday for killing a prostitute in his Tampa living room.

"This was an unprovoked, senseless killing of a human being," said Judge Bob Mitcham. "We are living in times worse than Sodom and Gomorrah."

Jurors convicted Singleton, 70, of first-degree murder for stabbing to death Roxanne Hayes, a 31-year-old prostitute and mother of three.

"Roxanne Hayes fought for her life," Mitcham said. "She literally clawed for her life. She was acutely aware of her impending death."

Singleton's lawyers had said jurors recommended the death penalty because Singleton had won parole in 1987 in California after serving only eight years for raping a 15-year-old girl in 1978.

His victim then, Mary Vincent, testified during Singleton's penalty hearing.

Child sex ring scandal hits Latvia

LATVIA was last week embroiled in scandal, with a minister on hunger strike after allegations linking officials to a paedophile ring, *writes Marcus Warren.*

The affair developed when the Baltic state's prime minister and two other senior officials were named in parliament as being involved in an alleged child sex ring.

It followed the arrest last year of the directors of a beauty contest and a model agency on suspicion of displaying child pornography on the Internet and procuring teenage girls for clients.

Some Latvians fear the scandal could undermine the country's chances of joining Nato and the European Union.

Andris Skele, the prime minister, Valdis Birkavs, the justice minister, and Andrejs Sonciks, head of the revenue service, were all accused of being implicated in the paedophile scandal.

All three have denied the allegations and Mr Birkavs declared a hunger strike until his name is cleared. On day five of his fast he was reported to be feeling fine.

According to a member of Latvia's parliament, Janis Adamsons, up to 10 people, including victims of sexual abuse and witnesses, named the ministers in testimony to a parliamentary commission of inquiry.

Weekly Telegraph
3/1 – 3/7/00

Rapist who severed girl's hands is held in Florida murder

ASSOCIATED PRESS

TAMPA—A man who served 8 years in a California prison for raping a teenage hitchhiker and chopping off her forearms was arrested Wednesday night in the slaying of a woman in his home.

Lawrence Singleton, 69, was arrested after police responding to a call about a domestic dispute made the discovery.

Danny Sales, a neighbor, said Singleton told police he had been chopping vegetables and cut himself. The phone rang, and when Singleton went back in, the bloody body of the woman was visible on the floor, he said.

"He came out and had blood all over himself and on the side of his face," said Sales, who accompanied a deputy to Singleton's door in the Orient Park area of eastern Hillsborough County.

No cause of death was immediately released, and authorities were seeking a search warrant to enter the home. It was not clear how the woman was connected to Singleton.

Hillsborough sheriff's spokesman Lt. David Gee said there were obvious signs of a struggle, but he gave no further details.

In California, Singleton ignited public outrage in 1987 after he was freed eight years and four months into a 14-year sentence for the 1978 mutilation-rape of a 15-year-old hitchhiker, who was left to die along a road. She survived.

After he was paroled, prison authorities shuttled him from city to city as residents staged angry demonstrations and even filed suit to keep him out of their communities.

Finally, prison authorities wound up housing him in a mobile home on the grounds of San Quentin Prison until his parole ended in 1988. He then returned to his home state, Florida.

Tribune 2/20/97

Newsweek, 3/3/97

CRIME

'This Time I Did It'

A notorious convict is charged in a grisly murder

AS HE WALKED UP TO Lawrence Singleton's tidy house in Tampa, Fla., last week, Paul Hitson heard moaning. Through a window, he says, he saw Singleton, 69, naked and bloody with his arm raised menacingly over a nude, blood-splattered woman. Hitson, a housepainter, rushed inside, but Singleton only glanced at him. In a panic, Hitson drove away and called 911. Singleton was still smeared with blood when the police arrived minutes later. He wouldn't let anyone in, saying he had cut himself chopping vegetables. But when Singleton left to answer the phone, an officer peeked in and saw the lifeless body on the floor. The woman, whom police identified as a prostitute named Roxanne Hayes, had been stabbed six times. "They framed me the first time," Singleton said as police led him away, "but this time I did it."

PETER COSGROVE—AP

Bloody mess: *Singleton in custody for allegedly stabbing a prostitute to death*

It was a moment that Tampa, and people across the country, had been dreading for years. When Singleton, a retired merchant seaman, moved back to his hometown nine years ago, he was one of the nation's most notorious criminals. In 1979 he was convicted of raping 15-year-old Mary Vincent in the back of his van—then chopping off her forearms with an ax and leaving her for dead in a California ravine. Singleton was sentenced to only 14 years, the legal maximum at the time, and "good behavior" in prison helped get him released after eight years. Outraged towns throughout California refused to take him in. He moved back to Tampa, but he was hardly welcome. When Singleton moved in with his brother, an angry local firebombed the house. A car dealer offered him $5,000 and a one-way plane ticket to leave town. He was twice convicted of shoplifting. A few weeks ago he attempted suicide.

If Singleton is found guilty, he won't get off as easily as before. In the '80s, the debate over his brief incarceration led to tougher sentences—and he could now face the death penalty. Not that the prospect helps Vincent sleep better. "I want to feel safe again," says Vincent, who still checks the back seat before getting into a car. "I don't know what the feeling is like anymore." ■

FLORIDA

Lawyer: Mutilator didn't kill on purpose

TAMPA—Lawrence Singleton's lawyer acknowledged in court Monday that his client — notorious as the man who chopped off a California girl's arms in 1978—took a prostitute home and stabbed her to death in his living room.

In an opening statement aimed at keeping Singleton off Death Row, the lawyer said the crime was a drunken struggle over money and a knife, not a planned attack.

The slaying came 10 years after Singleton was paroled for raping a California teen and chopping off her arms, a parole greeted by predictions that he would try to kill again.

Singleton, 70, sat quietly while prosecutor Michelle Peden outlined the evidence against him. She described how a painter walked into Singleton's house and saw the struggle, and how a deputy answering a 911 call found Roxanne Hayes' bloody body on his floor. "This is not a 'who done it,' " Peden said.

Defense lawyers argue that Singleton was depressed and overly-medicated, and thus shouldn't be convicted of first-degree murder but of a lesser charge of second-degree murder.

2/16/98 Tribune

Rapist's arrest underscores national dilemma

Officials: Murder suspect should not have been free

ASSOCIATED PRESS

TAMPA—A neighbor walked over to Lawrence Singleton's door and saw what some Californians feared 10 years ago when they drove Singleton out of town: There was Singleton, his face and chest covered with blood, a naked woman dead on the living room floor.

Singleton, 69, was charged with murder Thursday, a decade after being released from a California prison for raping a teenage hitchhiker and hacking off her forearms with an ax.

"They framed me the first time, but this time I did it," Singleton said after his arrest late Wednesday.

In California, Gov. Pete Wilson called the slaying a needless tragedy.

"This man should never, ever have been released from prison," Wilson said. "He was clearly dangerous; I think he is an animal."

In Florida, officials said they are angry that Singleton was out on their streets but said there was little they could have done to monitor him.

Singleton had registered as a felon when he moved to Tampa in 1988 and had been arrested three times on shoplifting charges. But keeping watch over him would have been difficult, Gee said.

Singleton was paroled in 1987 after serving nearly 8½ years of a 14-year sentence for the rape and dismemberment in California. His sentence had been reduced for good behavior and a law to relieve prison overcrowding. At the time, California officials said that, under the law, they had little choice but to release him.

It would be different today. A California official said that, under reforms, Singleton would have received at least a 25-year sentence and would have had to serve 85 percent of it before parole was considered.

Singleton retreated to his home state of Florida after being driven from several Northern California communities where residents protested his presence.

Nancy Fahden, who was a supervisor in Contra Costa County, Calif., when a mob of 500 people in the small town of Rodeo forced Singleton to leave, wasn't surprised by his arrest:

"It's as if someday, somewhere, I was expecting something. I don't think he should ever have been let out of jail."

AP photo

Lawrence Singleton, who had served eight years in California for raping and mutilating a teenager, is arrested Wednesday in a Tampa slaying.

Police here said 31-year-old Roxanne Hayes apparently died of stab wounds to the upper body. She had a string of prostitution arrests dating back to 1986, but Gee said her relationship with Singleton was unclear.

Family members described her as a loving mother of three children.

The Singleton case is hardly unique, and the Supreme Court is considering a similar case that prompted Chief Justice William Rehnquist to ask, "What is the state supposed to do? Just wait until he goes out and does it again?"

In that case, "he" was Leroy Hendricks, an admitted pedophile convicted five times of child molesting who has now served his 10-year term. He has said there is no guarantee he won't commit new crimes against children.

The state of Kansas wants to keep Hendricks confined on the ground that he has a mental abnormality, although he has been found not to be mentally ill. The high court will rule soon.

Such cases are all too common. In Georgia, a rapist sentenced to five life terms but released in 1983 after 14 years raped again in 1992.

In Rochester, N.Y., Arthur Shawcross, who had killed two children 18 years earlier, was arrested in 1990 and convicted of strangling 11 women.

According to Princeton University professor John DeIulio, almost half of the country's 671,000 parolees and probationers are caught committing serious new offenses within three years.

Tribune 2/21/97

Rapist held in murder

A man who served time in a California prison for raping a hitchhiker and chopping off her forearms was arrested in Tampa, Fla., Wednesday night in the slaying of a woman in his home. Lawrence Singleton, 69, had been freed in 1987 after serving eight years and four months of a 14-year sentence for the 1978 mutilation-rape of a 15-year-old hitchhiker.

2/20/97 Sun-Times

Sister got 2nd look at abductor

Utah girl feared he remained in house

By Patty Henetz
Associated Press

SALT LAKE CITY—Elizabeth Smart's little sister, the sole witness to the teenager's apparent abduction, waited two hours to tell her parents about the kidnapping because she feared the kidnapper was still in the house, authorities said Wednesday.

Police Chief Rick Dinse said the girl, Mary Katherine, got out of bed soon after the abduction and headed toward her parents' bedroom. But she saw the man still in the house, so she went back to her room and waited for two hours.

He gave no detail on what the man was doing during the second sighting.

On Tuesday, police changed a key detail in the case. Their initial report, which they say was based on secondhand accounts, stated that Mary Katherine had been threatened by the kidnapper to keep quiet about the abduction.

They now say the girl, who was in the same bed as Elizabeth, feigned sleep during the abduction and overheard the threat addressed to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Smart

"She hasn't wavered one bit from her original statement that she gave investigators," Dinse said.

Wednesday was the 15th day of the investigation into Elizabeth's abduction.

She was reportedly taken from her bedroom at gunpoint in the early hours of June 5, police said.

Police still have no suspect in the case. They have received a total of 8,000 to 10,000 leads, of which 1,300 warranted follow up, Dinse said. Up to 900 of those leads have been cleared and about 400 remain to be looked at, he said.

Police who interviewed Mary Katherine four times now say the man did not speak to the younger child or apparently realize she saw him.

Working from Mary Katherine's description, police are looking for a white man, 30 to 40 years old, with dark hair and hair on his arms and back of his hands. He was wearing tan pants, dark shoes, lighter jacket and a Scottish-style golf hat. He held a small handgun.

"This investigation would be very, very difficult without Mary Katherine. She has provided us with a tremendous amount of information, and we're very appreciative of her," Dinse said. "I'm saying again, I believe we will resolve this case eventually, and Mary Katherine is a big part of doing that."

Missing Milwaukee girl's trail is cold

7-week search turns up nothing

By Kevin Orland
Associated Press

MILWAUKEE—Almost seven weeks have passed since 7-year-old Alexis Patterson disappeared on the way to school.

Volunteers have placed fliers bearing her smiling face on trees, utility poles and in store windows, and her parents have repeatedly pleaded for her return on local television newscasts.

But still no Alexis.

"This is probably one of the tougher cases I've done," said John Robins-Wells, a private investigator who came out of retirement to volunteer in the search for Alexis. "Normally, we have something to work on, but here we don't have anything."

Alexis' stepfather, LaRon Bourgeois, said the girl disappeared May 3 after he walked her a half-block from their home to her elementary school. Classmates said she never made it to class.

Initially, Police Chief Arthur Jones said Alexis had apparently run away after she left for school.

Jones said "things did not go well" between the girl and her mother that morning.

"We have no suspect because we have no reason to believe right now that a crime has been committed," Jones said at the time.

Alexis Patterson

The Milwaukee Police Department later questioned Bourgeois and Ayanna Bourgeois, Alexis' mother, for nearly 10 hours. The Milwaukee Journal Sentinel reported that LaRon Bourgeois failed a polygraph test on the girls' disappearance. Ayanna Bourgeois passed her tests, the newspaper said.

Bourgeois said he did not believe he failed the lie detector test.

"If I would not have passed, then I wouldn't be standing here," he told a reporter.

Spokesmen for the Milwaukee Police Department said no one could comment on the status of Alexis' case.

The Milwaukee County Sheriff's Department is helping.

"Every avenue, every lead is still being investigated," said Sheriff's Sgt. Charles Coughlin.

After they heard news of Alexis' disappearance, about 100 community volunteers fanned out across her neighborhood, searching for clues.

Police recently released a surveillance video from a drugstore showing Alexis the evening before she disappeared, hoping it would generate leads.

Early leads in the volunteer search for Alexis have dried up, Robins-Wells said.

"The hardest part is that we don't have any leads at all, no clues," Robins-Wells said.

Community involvement also has begun to dwindle, said Keith Martin, one of the search's organizers. Only eight full-time volunteers are still working on the case, he said.

Bright purple ribbons put up shortly after Alexis' disappearance still hang from trees in her neighborhood. Outside her school, a sign reading "Come home Alexis" hangs above bouquets of flowers.

Tribune 2/26/98

Across the nation

From Tribune News Services

FLORIDA

California slasher-rapist should die for Tampa killing, jury says

TAMPA—A jury recommended Wednesday that Lawrence Singleton be executed for stabbing a prostitute to death in his home two decades after he raped a 15-year-old in California and chopped off her hands.

Singleton, 70, showed no emotion as the verdict was read after just one hour of jury deliberations. He was convicted last week of murdering Roxanne Hayes, 31.

Singleton's lawyer called him a "ruined old man" who should die lonely in prison rather than being executed. But the prosecutor, asking jurors to recommend the death sentence, said: "He's an old, mean-spirited drunk, who hates women and has pickled his brain through alcoholism."

The sentence recommendation came a day after Mary Vincent, whom Singleton raped and mutilated in 1978, testified against him.

The jury's only other option was life in prison. Jurors voted 10-2 in favor of death. Florida requires only a majority vote by the jury, and judges usually follow its recommendation. A sentencing hearing was set for March 30.

Vincent testified Tuesday that she was a runaway when Singleton, a retired merchant marine, picked her up in his van, offered to drive her to Los Angeles, and then repeatedly raped her before hacking off her forearms and leaving her for dead.

"I was raped and I had my hands cut off," said the mother of two, now 35. "He used a hatchet. He left me to die."

She survived after walking naked for almost two miles on a remote ranch, holding the remains of her arms up to slow the flow of blood.

Several California towns refused to have Singleton when he was paroled for the attack about 10 years ago.

Singleton was arrested last year in Tampa after a house painter saw him attacking Hayes, who was dead when police arrived.

Tribune 2/25/98

Across the nation

From Tribune News Services

FLORIDA

Mutilated by him 20 years ago, woman testifies at killer's trial

TAMPA—A woman raised one of her metal prosthetic hands in court Tuesday and pointed at Lawrence Singleton, who raped and mutilated her in California when she was a runaway teenager 20 years ago.

Singleton, 70, showed no emotion during Mary Vincent's 10-minute testimony as the only prosecution witness in the penalty phase of his trial for murdering a prostitute in Tampa.

"I was raped and I had my hands cut off," Vincent said quietly of the 1978 attack, when she was 15. "He used a hatchet. He left me to die."

Now 35 and the mother of two, she volunteered to travel from her Washington state home to testify. Closing arguments were expected Wednesday.

Singleton's parole 10 years ago for crimes against Vincent generated a public furor, with several California towns refusing to have him after his release.

He was convicted Friday of fatally stabbing Roxanne Hayes, 31 and the mother of three, on the sofa at his Tampa house a year ago.

Jurors must recommend either execution or life in prison without chance of parole.

Assistant State Atty. Jay Pruner told jurors that the two attacks were reason enough to execute Singleton.

PREMIO [illegible]

SANGUE IN

Una donna, una bambina e un bambino appena sfuggiti al sequestro della scuola di Beslan ricevono i primi soccorsi

NOCENTE

Foto S. Dolzmann

Foto: S. Dolzhenko / Epa / ANSA, G. Sysoyev / Itar-Tass / Blow Up, [illegible] / G. Neri (2)
S. Dolzhenko / Epa / ANSA, S. Kluin / NYT

Orrore e disperazione

Dalla foto grande, in senso orario: i cadaveri allineati fuori dall'obitorio di Vladikavkaz, cittadina poco distante da Beslan; le esequie funebri per il piccolo Zaurbek Gutnov; due ragazzi salvati dall'inferno della scuola; il corpo di una bambina uccisa dal commando di terroristi; un bimbo con la paura visibile negli occhi; una anziana donna piange nella palestra della scuola di Beslan

I capi del separatismo ceceno

Shamil Basaev
L'uomo più ricercato di Russia incarna l'anima islamista del separatismo ceceno. È la mente dei più sanguinosi attentati. Famoso quello del '95, quando prese in ostaggio un migliaio di persone nell'ospedale di Budennovsk (100 morti). A lui sono attribuiti gli attacchi del settembre del '99 in tre città russe, costati la vita a oltre 200 persone. Basaev ha rivendicato anche l'assalto al teatro Dubrovka di Mosca del 2002 ed è il sospettato numero uno per la strage di Beslan.

Aslan Maskhadov
Ex generale dell'esercito sovietico, incarna la componente laica dell'indipendentismo ceceno. Al termine della prima guerra cecena ('94-'96), negozia la pace con i russi. Nel 1997 viene eletto presidente sconfiggendo Shamil Basaev. Maskhadov è presto vittima delle ambizioni dei signori della guerra ceceni che attaccano il vicino Daghestan nel 1999. Di fronte alla reazione russa, il presidente ceceno prende le parti dei guerriglieri. Putin lo punisce includendolo nella lista dei terroristi e nominando al suo posto Achmed Kadyrov. Conduce dall'esilio la sua battaglia per l'indipendenza.

Ibn-ul-Khattab
Soprannominato l'"arabo nero", un alone di mistero aleggia intorno alla vera identità di Khattab, forse saudita, giordano o di origini beduine. Ancora adolescente combatte in Afghanistan. Si unisce ai separatisti ceceni a metà degli anni '90, guadagnandosi fama di invincibile guerriero con alcune clamorose azioni alla testa dei suoi mujaheddin. Esporta in Cecenia i fondamenti della corrente islamista radicale wahabita. Muore nel marzo 2002 in circostanze oscure.

Djokhar Dudaev
Ex generale dell'aeronautica sovietica, nel 1991 torna in Cecenia dove viene eletto a grande maggioranza presidente e dichiara l'indipendenza della piccola repubblica. Le elezioni non sono riconosciute dal Cremlino che ordina lo stato di emergenza Nel 1993 Dudaev scioglie il parlamento e rifiuta la partecipazione della Cecenia alle presidenziali russe. Nell'aprile 1996 l'ex generale viene ucciso dai russi in un attacco missilistico. Gli succede Zelimkhan Iandarbiev, che firma a maggio il cessate il fuoco con Boris Eltsin.

G. C.

là dove tutte le direttrici s'incrociano. Mentre a Beslan raccontano la favola degli ingusci fuggiti da tutta l'Ossezia la sera prima dell'attacco alla scuola portandosi via anche i malati dagli ospedali, come a dire che tutti sapevano e sono colpevoli, a Mosca il viceprocuratore della Russia Serghej Fridinskij, titolare dell'inchiesta, dichiara che i 32 terroristi (uno solo catturato, gli altri uccisi, le due donne saltate in aria) sono di almeno otto nazionalità tra cui ceceni, ingusci, kazaki, un osseto, e di «tre razze», citando coreani e dieci di pelle più scura, anche se non dice arabi. E ha ufficialmente accusato come organizzatore il ceceno Shamil Basaev, nel '94 carismatico mujaheddin nella guerra contro i russi, nel '98 primo ministro dell'ex presidente "moderato" Maskadov attuale capo della guerriglia, infine alleato di Al Qaeda per dar corpo al sogno wahabita di una "cintura verde" o Califfato islamico dalla Turchia al Caucaso fino alle repubbliche ex-sovietiche uzbeka, tagika e kirghisa. La richiesta di estradizione del viceprocuratore Fridinskij per due luogotenenti di Basaev rifugiati in Europa chiama in causa direttamente quegli Stati che in via prioritaria hanno sempre considerato la Cecenia come una questione di violazione dei diritti umani e di autodeterminazione dei popoli da parte dell'invasore russo, ieri Stalin oggi Putin. «Lasciare la Cecenia? Sarebbe come regalarla ai wahabiti, primo tassello del loro "bolshoi jamahat", il Grande Califfato, proprio dietro casa nostra. No, Putin non può farlo»: qua in Ossezia nessuno dice una cosa diversa. Anche se non ce l'hanno con i musulmani, se sono islamici dieci osseti su cento, se la bellissima moschea ottocentesca di Vladikavkaz è di nuovo aperta al culto e la ristrutturazione di quella di Beslan, in via Lenin, è stata fermata solo perché cominciavano ad arrivare integralisti e predicatori da mezza Asia centrale. Hanno ragione: Putin non mollerà la Cecenia. Incasserà l'orrore per mettere a tacere quanti lo criticano: la Commissione europea, che nel '96 spinse a sospendere in Russia l'applicazione della pena di morte, come le "Izvestija", il cui direttore Raf Shakirov è già stato costretto a dimettersi per aver coperto «in modo troppo radicale e negativo» i fatti di Beslan. Avrà mano libera, Putin: ha subito rifiutato la proposta di trattativa della guerriglia cecena del moderato Maskadov, e nel discorso in tv ha annunciato «un complesso di misure per rafforzare l'unità del paese» e una rivoluzione negli apparati della sicurezza: detto da uno che come ex-Kgb se ne intende. Ma a Grozny continuerà a trovarsi di fronte le due alternative già tentate e fallite: quella militare, spietata, e quella di un governo amico debole e attento più che altro agli interessi del clan tribale, ieri quello di Ahmad Kadyrov, l'ex-presidente ucciso il 9 maggio allo stadio, oggi anche quello di Alu Alhanov, eletto nei giorni degli attentati ai due Tupolev e al metrò di Mosca, stazione Rizskaja.

In 53 ore è cambiato tutto, eppure forse tutto resterà com'era. Né nel bene né nel male, non c'è compensazione dell'orrore di Beslan. Né forse ci sarà. Solo le centinaia di bottiglie d'acqua piene e aperte lasciate nella palestra della scuola distrutta, insieme a frutta, dolci, fiori, candele, icone: tutto ciò che i sequestrati non avevano e che i loro cari hanno portato ora dove metà di loro sono morti. In mezzo all'odore di orina e di corpi martoriati, che nessuno è ancora riuscito a cancellare. ■

Foto: AP (4), Epa · ANSA (4)

Le Point

Le Point

www.lepoint.fr Hebdomadaire d'information du jeudi 9 septembre 2004 n° 1669

RETAREV/AP/SIPA

L'HYPER-TERRORISME TCHÉTCHÈNE

Le septembre noir de Poutine

POINT (LE) SEP 17 2004
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DER SPIEGEL

Nr. 37/6.9.04
Deutschland: 3,00 €

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Der erste Schultag

Terrorkrieg gegen Kinder

Der schrankenlose Terror

Ein chaotischer Befreiungsschlag schuf den blutigen Auftakt für eine neue Zeitrechnung im internationalen Terrorismus – Krieg gegen Schulkinder. Der grausamste Anschlag seit dem 11. September 2001 beweist, dass Islamisten den Tschetschenen-Aufstand gegen Moskau lenken.

Rettungskräfte mit verletzten Kindern: *Eine kaltblütige Attacke, wie es sie in der Terror-Geschichte noch nicht gegeben hat* A. ZHDANOV / DPA

ANGSTSCHREI
Befreit, aber verstört und völlig verängstigt durch die Eindrücke der vergangenen drei Tage, schreit dieser Junge um Hilfe

DRAMA IN BESLAN

KRIEG GEGEN KINDER

Mit dem Überfall auf eine Schu
im Süden Russlands haben
islamistische Terroristen die
Perversion ihrer Strategie entl

GOTTES HILFE
Die Hand eines geretteten Mädchens, das sich an sein Kreuz geklammert hat, wurde in einer Klinik in Beslan fotografiert

CHAOS IM HOF Mitglieder von Spezialeinheiten sprinten über den Schulhof zu einem Einsatz in einem anderen Gebäudeteil

EIN BLICK, DER ALLES SAGT Hass, Wut, Schock – eine Mutter trägt ihr Kind aus der Gefahrenzone vor der Schule

TRÖSTEN UND TRINKEN Entkommene Geiseln fallen einander in die Arme. Aus großen Wasserflaschen löschen sie ihren Durst

get arrested again. I'll have my argument. But it won't fucking work. Because I see the other things and think it's good enough. At the wrong time. It just is not. And it's irritating to have to not see the rest. Starting above her little nipple. Progressing to instructing her to bend over across a table and pull her vagina open so that the slope can film inside such a clean shaped crevice and then fit full and fat and viciously inside. You do need to see the rest. No questions. And then, it figures, that the little darling is even more dear and more deserving of your protection for the rest of your life, at least. Faced with the option: You wouldn't choose to just talk to her like an adult. Or listen to the sense she might be able to make someday much later. You'd find yourself appreciating the way she looks now for being in this position. And you'll have to agree that she could look much better, actually. I've seen too many of these community run arts and craft shows. The teens are not interesting. Not pretty. Not bright. They copy each other and still expect to be praised. And they're dumb enough to believe it.

Girl is white. This is more important than the fucker's hard cock size. The man is not fat and probably not in his thirties yet. He could be her father. They are both attractive people, especially together. I can't stand this world for you, little one. The pigs that grow out into hotel rooms and camcorders and stupid words and skits. Just to film suck offs. I'm sorry and worried. The photos that come out of these miserable adult preoccupations are beneath you. And unless I drill it into that hard feminine head of yours, you just won't know it until you get as old as me. I don't want photos of you tarnished by evidence. I won't be able to bear you regretting the photos you've given me. I won't have you thinking that what you've given me, and what I'll keep, lies in the same mire as what these other animals do. These creeps and their pliable idiots. The women are often the ones more willing to do this, I'm told. It isn't the worst thing in the world.

I don't buy hydrogen peroxide and bring it in with me. I acknowledge that I think about it beforehand. There are buckets in these closets and faggots spit and piss into them. There are huge signs on the walls above the video machines that tell you about the Chicago laws and the illegal nature of dumping bodily fluids into public places. The buckets have something to do with that law. I think it is supposed to be for your tissue. I wouldn't talk to one of the twats at the upstairs counter to save my life. I've listened to idiots make small talk with them. And pretend that they're enjoying themselves more. Ugly, snide, petty. Like giggling little beefy queers. Snickering quietly after the facts come out about their failed dental training or old papa's heart attack. I could ask the midwestern drek about who made them put big buckets into each still dirty booth and why. And I should find out if they understood it only made them reek more. And didn't the rank bring extra bugs and health problems. Isn't someone at city hall making a simple practical mistake. But I can't talk to these cocksuckers. I don't want to have to hear them or their drawls and defenses and work answers.

The creep that pulled out a plastic bottle of peroxide from his windbreaker offered me some as a way of apologizing for needing to down it immediately. I do understand. I didn't need to watch him gargle and rinse into the bucket. Although I should have. It's amazing how popular this embarrassing grasp at unhealth has become. I should've watched because I'm absolutely sure that this psychotic cocksucker has been chawing on cock and quick cums and then, as soon as the tools buckle up and leave, he blasts the spray all around the booth. Across the plastic chair, on the four tight walls, into the coin slots and over the volume and channel knobs. He spits it up on his face and soaks everything around him. Including his clothes to kill the fleas maybe.

It costs just a little over a dollar for quite a big bottle of the worthless antiseptic. Its easy to go buy beforehand. Harder to skip the demeaning process and then find yourself rushing back to get it after the fact. Letting your mouth droop open in public daylight while you pray that whatever germs and infections that can't exist in oxygen are exposed as you only walk as fast as you can. Stand in line and pay.

Had one boy ask me if I wanted to eat it when he was ready to cum. So many of these more attractive gap kids come in and never say a word. Look at the screen and beat off. You can only barely grab his cock. He wants to masturbate in front of you and look at you yank on yourself while you stare down at his hardon. I understand that too. And I like that he wants to watch how I stroke and thicken. Wants to look but can't drop himself to suck on it. Moles that want to see penis and reactions only. Showing my cock to prostitutes and young men who have radically varying degrees of interest in seeing it. I see these simple concentrating acts constantly. I listen to little girl singers now. All the time. And can not fucking move it out of this particular context. It is what I do when I masturbate over and on to their tight top and low pants clothes pictures. Almost always blonde. Never all that interesting or sustainable, actually. Littlesilly lists.

Dumb workboys who trot in here and sling their cocks out. The fuck are they to think this is an acceptable way to act. That they are to be indulged. Hideous cooped masturbation. How stuttered are you to just stand and barely fucking watch. How come I know that they'll degenerate badly from here very soon. These youngmen are the same as the children everyone else wants to protect. I'm old enough to know that very clearly. Their baby limp crisis. Something extra excuses them, they think, yet ties them into all the rest of the quiet cocksuckers by simply keeping mute about it. Because everyone fucks something. And that's all these rats want to do, constantly, they only pretend. Because it would be better if they did. If they were lost. Uncontrollable. Monomaniacal. Problem is they're not. And it isn't that bad, sweetheart. You weren't going to age well anyways. Don't worry about it. So few do.

How do old men make their life better. How do you clean up your life when you're past forty and look like you lived getting there. Start getting rid of the flies in your apartment. The silverfish in my bed. Be more careful about shaking my coat hard when I put it back on in the booths at Adult on Broadway. Fuck. I didn't want to stop looking all the fucking time because I still don't think it is in any way destructive. To me. Except, maybe, in what it invites into my life from the idiots who make it their business to be aggressively stupid. I'm not going to follow them. Nothing changes too significantly. The way you see those kids that aren't ever going to be more attractive than you are. You barely have to decide. To either keep fucking yourself. Or fuck them worse. How can an old slob like myself talk about molesting children anymore. What's a child to an old hog. Too vulnerable. I found a twenty-year-old apartment hooker who's as dumb as any child I never get my fingers close enough to. Start with a suck. You listen to these fat old hens talking to monitors and they tell you how sad it is to watch these little children of theirs grow up bent because some gross old pig placed his lips around a tiny little cock and drew in. And then these morons come in here with their baseball caps on and loose jeans and tug down thinking they're just getting off. The age of these little children moves but the mentality doesn't shift. Not enough. None of them are capable of handling what little there is that actually happens. You simply stop trying to gauge the tiny actions. Make believe that there are seismic shakes and burps. But there really isn't any movement at all. I see very little difference, I swear, between these fourteen to eighteen-year-olds and the new school kids you'd have to knock out on drugs and drink to be able to slip them lovingly into your mouth. Pay old men that look deliciously better than you and your hogging blobing belly hang. The new faggots might object whereas the fathers won't. Sixteen and fifteen-year-olds. How silly, how american, to worry about your first sexual experience or earliest education.

I keep thinking that all I see and buy is kiddie porn. All I do is search out dump illegal matter that should be illegal but shouldn't be so unavailable. How sickening it is to pretend that the young plugs that I've had in here, that march in here, are any different from those displacement thoughts. Just because the motherly concern has melted away slightly. To phonecalls and dinners rather than teacher meetings and babysitters. I do not see the difference. Even in the aesthetics. Shaved. Smooth. Fat. Stinking. Firm, changeable, witty, intelligent. Gymrats with tans that are supposed to fill in for greeks who fill in for the little pricks you've been staring at while they bounce around your low-rent neighborhood. Or the russian street shits that line every library now, fully clothed. The difference in size is everything, darling, this little packing faggot told me. He hated body hair and big cocks. They all say that. Immediately. He liked very small pink assholes. Did everything I only fucking dream about doing with my big yapping mouth, apparently. And then sells me the stories. These repulsive zit-kissers. That's all. They walk around with dirtied blonde, thin, red-faced boys wrestling with gender confusion at an even earlier age than the jerkoffs I get to cum on. They undress them and suck them into erection as if they've accomplished something from their side. They lick and suck and fuck tiny tight assholes that are easily kept that way through lengthened homosexual adulthoods.

These old men who think they can slide under human radar and still cum with other men. Old men with bellies so distended and drooped, you have to get on your knees to locate their dicks straight on and then see they're wearing cockrings. Are better than this. A thin bore in Paris wasting my time in a McDonalds. Talked on and on and on. About nothing. I listened to him all day, squeezing unbearable nonsense, and then I have to see the ugly beasts he fucks underneath all this makeup. They are foul. Clowns. Disgusting trendy slobs and TV watchers. He wouldn't shut up. And felt hurt when he sensed I would rather be somewhere else. You can't give up your time like that any more. And the sex idiocy was impossible. They think there is something fitter and, worse, that they deserve it. As if it's something not out of reach. But you have to understand something giggly so you can key in to receive it. These are stupid people. Repulsive people. This naive cuntlapper who talked about the adult women he slept with as if he was offering a technique to get them. As if his choices were interesting. These thongs. These retards. Wine sippers. Sambas. I see it too much. I'm only interested in pretty girls now. I can only look at them. And I want to see their faces slashed across like the criminals do to Ray Whiting, Peter Sutcliffe, and what they want to do to Ian Huntley. I couldn't touch these cunts. I'm completely petrified. I'm completely controlled by whatever it is I misunderstand by the media. I want these slim cunted little girls, as young as personality allows, to raise their shirts just high enough so that I can see their nonexistent bellies. I'm a fat overmiddleaged stomach watcher. Some slug stuck at home masturbating at a little leg. Which is how I know. And why I'm right.

It comes from listening to boys sing. From treble. From filling my head and my apartment with these shrill clipped voices and forcing the filthy cocksuckers that lay all over them out of my head. It comes from taking delight in the girls that'll dance and the boys who won't. Realizing that one is sold circumspect and the others to little girls looking for role model fantasies. Little mentalities that I want to see ripped open instead of preciously coddled. Girls get raped by unthinking animals like these. These faggot tonguers. This is what happens. The girls I choose do not dress especially sexy for an older market. As a marketing ploy. They pretend, if they must, to be nice girls. As long as there is lots of bright clothes and as long as they're flat and sprouting and look somewhat like the little cunt I've watched grow up inch by inch a million miles away from me.

I asked her if she wanted to see me masturbate to her photos. I could not touch her anymore. I despise adults. I despise the idea of adults having sex, of sports,

of the school to satisfy his imperial ambitions and to keep his job. In the most impudent manner Putin is now trying to blame us for that, accusing us also of international terrorism and appealing to the world for help."

Shamil Basayev repeated the demands he made of his hostages and to Russia. He singled out the hundreds of children as his bargaining chip:

"We insist that all hostages, be it children or adults, go on hunger strike in support of our demands."

"We will give food to everyone provided Putin immediately stops the war, sends all his troops to the barracks and begins the withdrawal of his troops."

"We will give food to everyone under 10 as soon as they start withdrawing the troops from mountainous areas."

"If Putin submits a letter of resignation, we will release all the children and go back to Chechnya with others."

Hamilton isn't a voice for paedophiles or himself. His exacting impotence, just like Shamil's and the campaigning and grieving parents of Beslan and Dunblane, is scenery. The most satisfying connection between the child massacres is not in their gross or iniquitous inarticulation. In Hamilton, you look towards his body for pornography. Inside the screaming filth, you'll find what you need on the shellshocked bodies of scores of blood spattered half-naked children. The sex is exactly the same. The parents respond in kind. And the one has created the other. The second has filled in the hole of the first.

From the transcript to the BBC's Panorama series **The Wonderland Club**, originally broadcast on February 11, 2001:

Detective (National Crime Squad): Baldock would travel on his bicycle and get a train into his place of work. We were able to monitor his movements at that place of work, and when he came out from work, we would take him back home again and could ascertain that he was actually using a computer at work and at his home address.

Corbin: Baldock was now working the night shift for a computer company in Oxford. He'd gone right back online into Wonderland and spent hours on the internet. It was the only life he had.

Detective: We never saw him associating with anybody else. He used to go to cafes on his own, he used to go to bars on his own, and when he went home he never came out again in the evenings.

his little sister. They were with friends and I asked them all up to the house.

Uli was the boy's name. He had completely white skin on that summer's day, as his family had just come from Germany. Uli was all bones, muscles, skin, and full of good fun. Uli was a real show-off and I began to photograph him immediately. He dropped his pants and I did nudes of him the rest of the afternoon.

His parents came to pick him up in the afternoon, and his father, a photographer, was delighted I was photographing Uli.

The boy remained my best model for the next five or six years and we have remained the best of friends until today. I have done maybe 15 pieces of sculpture of him and several paintings. I've never found anyone again who liked to pose as much as he did. I suppose I never will.

People tend to call that what I did then in the 70's "child porn" today. Sadly, the older boy loses his admiration for his growing body – he isn't allowed to show it – or, in a certain way, his self-respect.

In **Playing** from 2000, McBride painted four boys wrestling with each other in two groups of two. All shirtless and wearing baggy dark pants. More about the artist looking than boys writhing and rubbing up against each other. Child watching is always about the drooler. The thwarted groper.

In **Max** from 2004, McBride has a skinny nearly-naked long boy put his thin white arms behind his head and spread his legs wide. Boy on his back, Max perhaps, has a nice fat package presented in white y-fronts. A large sensuous boy's face, perhaps Max again, takes up the other side of the painting to cast the underwear model into the background. You're either seeing two perfect examples of Max or a boy leaving the reclining comfortable action on the bed.

The ribs on the upside-down Skateboarder in **Skateboarders Falling** are prominent. Bones in thin skin are the fetish focus of many of his paintings. Stomachs breathing and sucking in hard. So very little extra elasticity to be had. It's not all bulge and sized outlined cock.

I also think that the more of this theme of the child's sexuality is brought into the open, the better it is for the child. I think that all children should be made openly aware of their sexual attraction and be taught to defend themselves. Uli and I never had a sexual relationship at any time for which I am extremely glad, although I admit, I was very attracted to his person and his body, Put it another way, if I hadn't found Uli, I never would have done the sculpture. I placed the bronzes I did of him around the house and they looked terrific against the rounded mountain forms and the masses of stones and forest surrounding our place.

Robin Sharpe has written extensively on the subject of child pornography, boys and the legal entanglements his fascinations have caused him in the backward waste of Canada. He has created a lengthy oeuvre of fiction; most of it centered on boys and violent sex abuse. From a March 2004 Canadian report on one of the latest legal tussles:

> *During the trial, Sharpes's accuser testified that as a boy he regarded Sharpe as a friend and father figure, even as he negotiated money with the accused for nude pictures and sex acts.*
>
> *At times, the witness seemed to struggle as he tried to reconcile his former deep friendship with Sharpe with his current loathing of his past involvement.*
>
> *"I like Robin," he told the jury with a cracking voice at one point during the trial. "But if somebody did that to my kids, I'd want to kill him."*
>
> *Sharpe dismissed his lawyer during the trial and spent several days questioning the alleged victim himself. He also testified in his own defense, telling court the youth was a curious boy who was never harmed and indicated he wanted to have sex.*
>
> *Sharpe told Crown lawyer Elliot Poll he photographed the youth "because he was an excellent model."*
>
> *He told the jury he enjoyed taking the pictures, calling them artistic. "I wanted to record (the boy's) development as he grew to 18, 19 and 20."*
>
> *"I wanted to show him changing, when his muscles started growing, when his chest started filling out."*

I act like there's a choice. There isn't. The booth is too small at Frenchy's. The first one in is usually the one that's going to start sucking. Because he has to sit his fat ass down to let anyone else fit inside. The nigger at the front doesn't pay any attention to what goes on in the back unless there's been recent arrests. I can beat off while I suck. I barely encourage the faggot to yank me. It's uncomfortable. The idea of a choice is asinine since both roles are exactly the same. The action is fat and sloppy and quiet. Mr. North, these men frequently call me Daddy.

The hog who came in this afternoon had his cock out in the hall. He pressed all of it against my unlocked door. And when I accepted, he stuck his little pud in before his shaking head or hand. Mouth level. I like these perverts this way. Masturbating outside the door and already half-hard. Not because they want you. Just because they want some face. Something different than their tired fingers. Something that will look. And their hunchback instructions are always exactly from what others have told to them.

Short, hard, told me to just lick at the head. I swallowed a few different drops of salt and precum and I tried to get him to cum quicker. Having him beat off towards my open mouth with my tongue lapping up his swollen smooth unclean cock slit. Inside his pisshole. Widened tip. Down all the way to his balls, tongue first, and then swallow the entire works. Use my tongue on the stem while he pumps into my head. I like these short cocked child molesters. These faggots who, nearly every time I try and just jerk it off and lick at the pisshole and glans; he pushes my head further down on him. Queer didn't like his balls sucked or jiggled but he let me play with his ass. I didn't feel like going inside. I wanted it to cum. Watch him spit and drool onto the floor and the seat and the back wall if I could, and then have him leave. On my open coat and lifted dirty shirt. My pants and masturbator's palm and my cock and slid over perineum. The room is rancid with gym sweat and sour wet breath and I'm often disgusted at how bad a stench my own mouth leaves on the plug's balls and shaft. It's all over your face and hands the entire rest of the day until you finally wash it off somewhere. You swell up later. You break out and itch.

This pig had a fat belly and he wouldn't let me lift his shirt up. I didn't care that much. I don't want to feel his blubber or his toxic drug gut. But sometimes it helps them cum nicer. Asshole helps too. But steaming up the peeling closet with shit rank wasn't a good idea. Some of these animals want to raise your shirt because they want to see you at your lowest. Lap and slap and pinch and queen. I know how to act like I want to see it. And I know what to do. That alone is revolting to me.

One of the last times I was at the Ram. Some porky sports pig I was with kept opening the door to one of the larger booths in the back. Which is where you go if you want to fuck. All the gloryholes and clean black closets are on one side and all the rooms are on the other. Problem with the backrooms is crabs and old man mouth. The toilet paper wads and cum pools aren't anything special. It's just what they bring. Some slob I know waits for pigs to come out sweaty so he can grab the used condoms. He has a body just like you would imagine, bent and blotchy, and he told me he'd like to walk around naked making himself available to everyone if he could. The Bijou allows that now. But at the Ram; you're almost always cruising. The last monster I was with at the Bijou had a flask of tequila, a meth pipe and had his chest, legs and arms completely covered in sagging tattoos. He was sweating like a fat old sixty-year-old who was only a few years away from his seventieth birthday. He seroconverted when he was fifty and looked better than some. I talked to him more than fucked because he said he only fucked brothers. He liked sitting on black cocks and wanted to get fucked as much as he could, over and over again, as long as they were black and stupid. I directed him to the bathroom at the foot of the stairs. That's where the niggers gang. He already knew. He told me about molesting the boys that worked for him. Some as young as fourteen and with huge nigger cocks, and almost all of them from the ghetto. He was a social worker and specialized in hopeful maniacs. He was at the Bijou because it was down the street from his office that had to be just near the housing project that's no longer there.

He liked sharing his smudged flask more than anything else. You can't talk to the niggers in the same voice, I would imagine. He licked on my cock a little while I leaned back on a bench to get his meth pipe lit. I told him meth gets everybody hard. And I offered to suck on him while he told me about the boys he fucked and slobbed but it wasn't his thing. I didn't want to hear about monkeys.

You suck similarities all the time. You force connections but see the rats act differently in the open field. After being tested and coddled and protected for so long. After being handled. After aging with all of their bonuses having dripped off them long ago. You only have to wait. It doesn't stop all these old trolls from circling around the dumb meat as if they were just yapping women working in downtown offices. They don't get eaten alive. They cannibalize. And all just chew.

The weasel at the Ram, I think, had a buddy with a phone camera. That's why he kept opening the door. I told him to knock it the fuck off. Because that's the only way you can get arrested. Indecent exposure. Fucking non-paranoid idiot says "why, you don't like it?" Moron. He sucked on me and ate a little inside my ass and stripped all of his clothes off. Told me I had a big chest and kept biting my nipples when he'd tug at my damp shirt. I asked him if he wanted to get fucked and he shrugged his shoulders; "why not." I didn't have any lube or a condom and I, drunkenly, stupidly, licked all over his daylong asshole so that I could fit my cock in. I wouldn't eat these beasts' assholes. I don't even like to suck their ugly hard cocks. But I wanted to cum inside of him and kill him and spit on his naked back and see his watery shit and body filth drip out onto the floor. I bent him over the plank that serves for a seat in that pit and told him to watch his face because the crabs crawl around the carpet that covers the wood. I started spitting on him immediately. Big loud throat gulps and mucus raises and shot out smelling like vodka, old cock and his fleshy shitted pigness all over his thinning hair and fatty back. "This is over," he bitched as I tried to pump faster and cum even quicker now. He waited. They usually do. These faggots know how important it is to cum. And he pinched and licked my slimy drooping sore cock after I cummed as deep as I fucking could inside him. He started to talk about how he didn't like the spitting. And he wiped off the sweat on his face with a wet palm and flicked his nipples and then started to beat himself off as I hitched my pants up to fuck off. He was still hard and getting pissy. There were scumbags at the door and I let him beat off, naked and filthy, as they watched inside. One of the more degenerate cunts immediately walked in to fuck him or take a used load.

Some other faggot was stroking on a big hardening cock out in the open. So many of these queens are hustlers at night. This one, blurrily, had to be. Because of his cock length. Pretty, young and tall and left all alone. Ratted and stupidly full of myself, I reached around and started to squeeze his thick dry length. His reaction was clear. But may have changed, now that I think of it, if I had offered him some money. I wasn't simpering that way anyways, because I just cummed and I wanted someone else to clean the filth off of me so I could leave and forget the whole slimy disgusting mess for at least a few minutes. I think I reeked too much and every booth and waiting staring idiot cocksucker I approached for at least the next fucking ten minutes, was basically shut to me. Drunk, exposed, fat, flushed ashtray.

It's never going to be worthwhile with an adult. Like some mental defective waiting all year for christmas. Makes everything else that's miserable and untouched alright. These small men are much shorter without their computers and videos. The rooms around the things smell like the garbage they spill all over and under them. I do find them pathetic. And far worse than those stupid idiots who aren't nearly as alone. Loneliness does terrible things to trolls' bodies and mentalities. Loneliness and laziness. And, most of all, rejection. It is revolting to be around. You can see it on them. Very clear, very unguarded, very unprepared. They're too human, sometimes, to sit in corners and chew on their hands and arms and rock back and forth. Because they're not allowed to. They know that.

Only recently I decided to start paying young white women to take their whore clothes off and sit on my lap. I'd stare at her disgusting dugs and soft neck and I'd select only eighteen and nineteen-year-olds, all forever clearly in their only twenties. From the cheaper escort ad sections. I fully intend on doing it many more times. I'll look at her lipstick and try to get her to let me talk without responding or nodding or flinching. Just listen like a therapist would. Like the warm bemused stereotype. I count the makeup she's wearing and the hairstyle she's selected. For how long. I've been lucky so far not to want to go back to either of the collegiate women I've cum behind. I have to take the prostitute web and Reader advertisements with me and, now that I've learned, will show them the notes I've added to the print-out or clipped newsprint. I looked for large breasts, first, and only young adults. The sentences that delineate comfort and care and respect and time management that I scrawl across and cross out will get showed to the pretty students from now on.

I take my straight cock out of my pants and masturbate quickly while I stare just at her full touchable torso and untuggable cheeks. And then her red lips and tv eyes. They all think they have to act like they can search politely inside my sweaty pudgy face. To make themselves safe, first. To instill a suggestion of consorted humanity. That could also form an easy returning customer. Which is why I have to talk at the fucking immature stones. These made-up half-hidden trainables. I pay enough for a fuck and a suck but I always prefer to cum by myself. I truly do not want to know how anyone, any clumsy cunt, yearning, would do it better. Straddle over my legs. Face forward. I told all of them to inch up and sit up. My cock and my hand behind them. Squat. Lean up and in. Away from my spilling filth. Do just a little work. You can't fall into yourself when someone is cumming so close to your ass and carefully trimmed fleshy vagina.

Twenty-year-old. I explain that I'll try not to get my insignificant amount of old watery cum on their backs or asses or the idiotic tattoos. This one can put her thong panties back on after I've seen her completely naked and she's ready to sit down. The other can wrap a towel around her chubby waist. I've lied down flat on a hooker's bed before but prefer to sit in the dirty chair or on a friendly couch if I can, the next time. I don't want to look up at her chubby chins. I certainly don't want to look up at small degrees of saggy lumps. I don't see stretch-marks. The moles. The sucked in and worked out shamelessness.

If I wear a condom: it's only going to take forever. There's no point and there's no difference between this and a handjob. She wouldn't imagine giving just a handjob through a condom. And there's no temptation to go further, drop your primped head and professionalism and extend a small pink tongue, tip to hot wet tip, if you never even have to look at the filthy gestures and childish autistic rends. I'm sure I've seen far more men cum than either of them. You have to explain this to redundant girls who are still in school and only recently starting to make money on their looks. The ones that think they can be sexy somehow, still.

I'll always tell them to stop when they insist on jiggling their breasts like orangutans and I will continue to be especially sickened when they try and place a swollen nipple into my mouth. I picked the first because she advertised big tits. Not because I like big tits. I don't want a mother or a nigger. The second was selected because she was thin and normal and would be far better equipped to listen to me yap on about low self-esteem and self-loathing. I wanted the first, uglier, friendlier one to be slightly fat. Around her neck and cheeks and down around her belly and underneath the watery white breasts that hung slightly more when she hunched her back and forgot herself. The pig was polite enough to suck in her belly until I started talking. But never once wanted to compare notes. The other only needed a firm flat stomach and a waist that spread like conscious contemporary sales.

This will be the only time I'll be with someone for sex when I will take my own sloppy shirt off. I don't want any of these naked young girls to lean in close up against my sweating and heaving. And my little scabs, blotches, sparse wirey hair and loose, drooping obscene pastiness. My mottled and sagging unhealthy bloat. Reddening fat flesh across my large clumpy chest as she watches me getting closer to cumming behind her. I usually bathe before going and I haven't been so drunk that I forgot to know how to act in public. I know the requirements and don't need to play little games with older made-up girls. I told the first about how I fuck men in filthy public toilets immediately nearby. Remarkably different from the northside apartments these Depaul and Northwestern cocksucking mick prostitutes pretend to live in and stupidly invite you into. I explained to one of them that I wanted her to do nothing more than see how an old blathering man ages disgracefully. What else could I have said. Have her turn her eyes from inside my better little bit to the really ugly and hideously undeserving me. This is why I wanted to buy the fatty one first and why I now want prettier thinner more self-assured things.

Stupid enough to tell me that I'm being too hard on myself. I told both that they shouldn't correct me and offer nothing remotely phony like schoolkid flattery. I told the thinner one, with her lying c-cups and wide ugly pan nipples and not enough personality anywhere else to vault over the simple lying naiveté; that this is the one time she can just shut up and not work so hard. I don't intend on looking for something extra inside of you and I'd appreciate it if the steep price I already paid included her looking anywhere she wanted to. The ceiling is fine with me if that's where she feels comfortable. I'll sweat and drip here and cum only there and look as hard as I can and I'll be able to participate in the quickness that's more important than anything else if she does what she wants inside the very small parameters I've already asked for. I like to look at their lips closed. Much better. Much prettier.

You have a very pretty waist.

I don't see women your age without clothes. Outside of photographs. I could have an enormous collection of photos of women your age naked.

I see old men, far uglier than me, naked all the time. Completely naked is best, in fact. I know absolutely that I do not want to look like that. Human roach spray. Masturbating and spitting on themselves. In public. Barely hid.

You should be able to understand that I wouldn't want people I respect, admire or enjoy seeing me in such a lapsed state. I don't go to leather bars where younger men walk around nude and hung and hard. I've seen sunken men with terminal diseases who are drugged into sucking worms. The men at the Bijou are so disgusting that I once saw a short sweating pudge vomit into his hand, after sucking inside the larged asshole of a freshly fucked fatter friend. The trolls around became men helping. They could have pretended it was sexy.

These documentaries on swinger clubs where fat ugly women and manipulative stupid men parade what they should hide. Everyone is repulsed. They're fatter, uglier, dumber than me.

Clothed kids. I no longer find naked children sexy. This is me getting better. And you don't see naked children. Fucked children having a thickened penis getting pointed through her palm towards her open lips. You see them clothed.

I can't understand them. I can't relate. That I would look is ridiculous, embarrassing.

First and foremost, I must thank my Heavenly Father for his kindness, mercy and many blessings and opportunities He has given me.

I make favorites too. Because of the way young tween Kaci arches her tall skinny frame and pushes her handful tits out. Wears tight clothes around her ass and cunt and, as usual for otherwise faceless teens, I don't pay much attention to her head. The makeup that is put on Kaci isn't terribly over-done.

First of all, I want to thank my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, for giving me this opportunity to glorify Him.

Brooke shows more beautiful tight flat navel and skinny ribbed stomach than most of the other little talentless tramps. References are easy to draw to Molly-model and the rest of the slimy fourteen-year-old shirt lifters. The short video she comes with is perfect masturbation material for edging pedophiles. Teenage reads younger in dancing commercials than in the professional stills where she is told to come off like a qualified model. It's saddest when you find yourself obsessing over the youngest ones. As if they were better somehow than the adolescent ones. Or the ones that are now of legal age to show themselves nude. If they only want to when their compact discs stop selling. Cute breaks through after awhile.

I'd rather not be with women. It still wouldn't create less of a demand for younger pose photos and mpegs.

The hugely fat hairy french beast that gets his pud sucked on by a whore inside the cab of his truck. Paid by Jamie Gillis to suck on anything he finds for her. I'm partial to men that look worse than me, accept less embarrassed, and look for tiny ugly examples of sex constantly. Two bloated beasts from a Wonderland arrest clipping from Maine look like they would let these women suck on their small hard cocks for nothing. Fat. Old and indulgent. Rejected and rational.

It isn't torture. It isn't some hell that I've created and now regret. I don't care about these teen dancing girls or their minders or the situation that is supposed to be morally, psychologically dangerous. I don't believe their time is theirs, anyways. I don't really care about the alcoholism that might sell this all back as somehow worthy of cultural deconstruction and niggling interest. I'm not reaching for their tight clean assholes or their wonderbra'd wishful tits. Who gives a fuck about how hideous their plastic mothers look when they stand professionally shoulder to shoulder. And how much cuter their younger sisters are. I really do not. So many of them are skinny and displayed on the street which is the only place I get to see them. And, obviously, I'm too timid to look all that long and rub silently. I have to buy these things and keep hiding. So easy to do this way only. They are just photos. And I do not resent those that sell them to me.

I buy Priscilla too. She's better. Page eighty of **C'est Moi.** You can see her babing puffy nipples right through her half-shirt and her flat child's stomach is professionably tanned and slightly stretched. Wide french smile. In rehearsal. Like gym class. With more important instructions. Jogging pants low on a small frame and a very tight shirt cut just below her completely nonexistent tits but not nipples. Her stomach is a beautiful child's version of what younger adults would like to show. The same thoughts about her little firm tight round butt. Inside this book, at this page, I keep the photos of the men arrested in Wonderland. Side by side, I yank myself off and eat other men's cum from the night I just spent. Sucking off anonymous deficients and drunks and trying my best to cum again. Having done the same into one of the younger men's mouths. How much can I get to pop all over hunched and sweaty and loaded onto Valerie Philiips' pictures of her little fake rats. Phillips has top model Anna Vialitsina in a sheer bra and tiny blue-jean shorts that are too big for her skinny stomach and thin womanly hips. Big lips. Sticks her tits out. I'll cum on these if preferable. If allowed. Because last weekend I had to get the fuck out of this faggot bar I like to hang around in. I was far too bombed far too early. I kiss unhealthy strangers like an old greek woman sometimes. I drunkenly convinced one of the lonely queens from the frontbar out to the downstairs peep booths on Clark. They'll all have more coke, sweetheart. But instead of lurching off to suck anything and everything, which is what I intended on him doing, the grizzled queen squeezed into a booth with me. Made out sloppy with him pressed against the slimy cardboard wall. With his old fingers in my dripping hair and down my back and up into my full balls. I pinched at his nipples so I could get a good look at his stupid hairy face and dogging rut. Grinded my hardon into his. Yanked. Spit. Some of these youngsters here stare at the screen and not at your cock or mentorship. Fuck knows why they want to come in at all. I've tried. I watched whatever it was on the screen and then made room so that the speeding angry queer could take his clothes off. Jacket hung on a hook. Shoes in the corner. While I tooled myself and started to stroke whatever flesh he exposed as soon as it became available. He was an older man than me. Chubby and loose and committed to the lower lifestyles. Overly comfortable about his unimpressive body. Hard dick and cut and standing fat and normal. I rubbed inside his ass cheeks and around down by his legs. Grabbed a fistfull of black pubic thatch and tugged back. So that he would turn around again. He took his shirt off last by raising it over his sweating balding head. I was meant to fuck him and it wouldn't have made sense if I was naked too. Let him stand barefoot in the pooled filth of all these steaming degenerates. It's not that bad, you know. You have to find a channel that isn't showing faggots or niggers. No lumpy loud women. Most queers look for the skinnier younger porn cocksuckers and asshole gapers.

Ashley Niven:

First of all, over anyone in my life, I need to thank the Lord for the gifts He has given me.

Tracy Williams:

I would like to thank God for giving me the gift of music.

Lydia Bell:

First I would like to thank God.

Fourth member Lauren Mayhew does not thank god. They aren't all that much cuter than any other girl that would get dressed all in white. Three navel exposures and girlish hip lines. They pose very badly.

Triple Image are the youngest of the bunch. They're more colorful than the others and sold off as far less self-conscious than the middling cuters. They also don't thank god, yet. I very much like young children kissed in thick dark lipstick.

Play, who are the best group of all, essentially because of the very familiar and beautiful Anna, thank god on all of their releases. They're Swedish and clumsy about their english – especially Anna – but it's still clear who their audience is. Will be.

Mandy has aged badly. Turning successfully into her next job. Yet another idiot actress. Lip gloss and pampered and a very fine dancer. Very long legs when she was skinny and a tall fifteen. Her latest product, now that she's nineteen or whatever, does not thank god. But her transition re-release was chechen:

GOD. Father God. Thank you for blessing and allowing me the opportunity to share my love of music with the world.

Boys are a complete waste of time. They don't wear tight or too-loose swimming trunks and they don't dance the same way as young girls are taught to. I often pause when I see a good image of the girls, however, and don't always need a frame by frame sequence. The boys don't strike such interesting workable poses.

ANNA THANKS: I want to start by thanking God for all the beautiful blessings and thank you for making my dreams come true.

Another absent child that one of these meth faggots told me about. How a child ended with anyone of these trailer park cocksucker collectors. Child, six. And it was getting anxious and needed to be face slapped. Repeatedly. And I was listening. It was being told to stop crying and to shut up and the fucker with the bigger harder hand kept slapping the little girl. You don't slap little girls the way you do little boys. Not for discipline. Not for sex. They don't take it as if they can understand what happened. It changes them and they'll stay away. Boys, I don't think, get it as quick. Fucker kept slapping her and holding a very skinny arm so

ugly little girl with an uglier sales history. It's not JonBenet beforehand. It's not what anyone ever wanted.

There's too many examples of these little shits. Too many movies that straddle the prurient and sentimental. Too many creeps pretending his interest is shared, sinister, explicable, pathetic, insurmountable. You have to pick favorites. I understand that, most of all, right away. The stockpile is enormous otherwise. Depleting. Little girls in bikinis at any beach anywhere. It is the adults that will make your life hell. I didn't get sick the way you do around the colors and shapes and acts that mold older flesh. I didn't even get tired of the amount of work I constantly did or the little disappointments I had. I haven't changed that much at all.

I was in a restroom in a bar in London, off Marble Arch, and I was the only one that was drunk enough to start reaching towards any cock that came close. I know what I sound like. I see Peter Lancaster and I check the disgust that is pushed from him. I'm not wrong about what comes out of my mouth. You have to stop masturbating, talking about it and searching for strangers to pretend there's something going on other than spotlit garbagepicking.

Put your bra back on. I'll be finished as soon as it's snapped in place.

I'm looking for women I don't know. There are some in this city that sell themselves as punks, misfits and gleeful whores that will do anything else because their johns' imaginations are never as bright or connected as their little artschool nerves. Generally, these are ugly women. Putting on makeup that makes them only look better. They want to be smarter than their customers. Laugh and fib about them at the mid-price hangouts they find themselves at whenever they can be quietly extra dangerous. I'd prefer they all resemble the tween poppets that get sold as safe to parents and sexy to children. Found one with a cleanly shaved pubis but I couldn't focus on just the right age or jut. There is a biology there that is as strangling as young boys with adult cocks. It isn't ever acceptable.

Men raise my shirt over my gut and lick and pinch and bite on my nipples. I have a scar right there from one especially violent cocksucker. I think it would have been ridiculous to have gotten a blood disease from letting some slimy anon chew through my fibrosis. You have to understand that in these places. You're absolutely on top of each other. There is very little room to shift. You breathe and stink and perspire and slide all over all each other. The men are older than me. They're the ones I want to suck on. You want the opposite, I'd imagine. No matter what dad looked like.

It's what you get from so much child pornography following you around. The vast majority don't show the fits and the penetrating personalities, all-important digits and lovable intentions. They pose and snap. Like giggling cuntlappers. The little boys in the freight cab of a truck. The adults trying and succeeding at convincing the boys that they're luckier than most. And the audience doesn't want them to believe it. They want the kids to not know a single thing better. The boys should have been raised that way. Fed rats taken away and petted, outside of their cages for just a few minutes a day, will adapt to stress and create intelligence. These little boys would be best sinking into flop sweat alcoholics that troll around the joints I know dot every truckstop in the nation. They grow fat. They become even more attractive to those just exactly the same.

There are all sorts of artists that know how to paint and snap and exhibit. All sorts of marketeers and publishers and lecturers who are very good at their little jobs. Prodders. An old bum that used to come around on the weekends and sit in the office with my father. My dad used to pay him whatever it was to sweep out the office and the entry ways. And then the guy would try and sell him a small drawing that he did during the week. Every week. He used to use colored markers that my dad would also buy for him. The other guys in the meatpacking district would take care of him the same way. Some mornings I'd see him going into the breakfast diner to clean up there. Hunchbacked and ashamed and begging. My dad would only buy the occasional coloring job and when he would, he'd tell the old souse how much he liked this one in particular. He couldn't buy a drawing every week because the money went straight to booze. And it was better for the old waste not to be too in the money every Sunday. Some of the drawings, boats and race cars and I'm sure absolutely no faces, were stashed and propped up around my dad's and everyone else's desk in the cooler. He knew how to draw and color and, worst of all, must've started doing it because he enjoyed it. You can imagine some cunt telling him he should draw more about his unique situation. Like some of the cartoons you see in liquor store restrooms or scrawled on gloryhole booth walls or collected in crackhouses where the fried niggers have days to waste. I despise the sentimentality that these rats work so hard to place on their reasoning and collecting. I'm not at all interested in seeing all of anything as simply pure.

My father used to beat up faggots when he was young. Used to let them touch his leg when he would pretend to be trade in a park on the southside of Chicago. He and his stunted irish buddies would go there specifically to rob queers. They knew where to go when they needed money because their own immigrant families were so disgusting and backslid and stingy. It's not as if I give a fuck for that era or his joe'd type either. Ugly men who don't know what they want or just want to fuck women that look like my mother couldn't interest me less. I don't need to tell these stories to someone who thinks she's only willing to listen. Rather, I'm only trying to find something that doesn't sound the same again. And these ugly young prized women will not get off their fat asses to do anything better. I don't take small important pleasures in finding that they can be uglier than me. I don't believe they are. I don't teach them a thing and I'm not in the mood to pretend that I'm here to rip them apart. I remember a bartender and a bandmember that finally found out I had always thought they were idiots. I'm not going to get the same thing by flobbing my grotesque stomach and half-hard shrinking cock at them. It doesn't matter enough for me to look for something like that. Old girlfriends and men I've slept with who want to share their pain over their slipping syphilitic t-cell counts.

This is primarily what I'm looking for. From the FBI's Innocent Images task force press release:

> *Those persons who indicate a willingness to travel interstate for the purpose of engaging in sexual activity with a minor.*
> *Major producers and/or distributors of child pornography.*

I spend the bulk of my time reading and hearing the views of those dolts that spend an inordinate amount of their time worrying about the health and safety of children. I get fed much more of their point of view than any of the slime who try and come up with equally dim reasons that they should be allowed to fuck them. I have to listen to slugs lecture me about self-loathing and self-esteem. From bozo headed cartoonists and young artful teachers to seriously ugly people who you'd think know better than to compare themselves, them, to me.

Robin Sharpe wrote about meeting Dr. Edward Brongersma in Amsterdam before the doctor's death. Brongersma had his house attacked by an anti-pedophile mob in the later years of his octogenarian life. He eventually committed suicide with assistance from a doctor. His euthanasia associate brought up on charges due to Brongersma not being in ill-health at the time. It was argued in court that the withering doctor had been suffering from intense psychological distress and, after three separate trials, the helper was finally convicted. However, no punishment was applied as it was understood the poor thing operated from a stance of compassion. From The Guide, February 2001, under the headline: **BURNING THE LIBRARY:**

> *(Brongersma) was despondent over the death of a longtime friend and the drubbing he received on Dutch television when he argued the distinction between sexual violence and consenting relationships in the wake of public outrage over Belgium's Dutroux scandal – a case involving the kidnap, rape, and murder of four teenage girls.*

From Sharpe's **A Visit with the Doctor**, written in September 2003 and published through his personal website:

> *The Doctor established the Brongersma Foundation which has extensive archives on topics relating to boylove including over three thousand publications and manuscripts and one hundred and thirty albums. He showed me a few*

knows many stories about boylovers and their boy lovers where the relationship, if not the sex, has lasted many years.

From a "readme file" appended to a posting of the entirety of the in-print German edition of **Show Me** by Will McBride and Helga Fleischauer-Hardt on alt.binaries.pictures.boys:

I have been thinking hard about what to do with the scans I did of the "Show me" book. I have always been propagating that everybody posting at alt. binaries.pictures.boys should follow the guidelines as set in the FAQ of this here newsgroup, and I've also thought (still do as a matter of fact) that these were not hard to understand or to interpret. My interpretation has always been that posts made here have to be:

.picture of boys
.legal in the country where they are posted
.no stiffies or pictures of wieners with a doubtful angle

And.

I apologize for (mis-)using alt.binaries.pictures.boys to post all pictures from this book. More than half of these scans do not belong here; I do realize that but choose to post them here anyway because this newsgroup is a bit like home to me, and I wouldn't know another newsgroup that is a) accessible to my friends of abpb and b) where I would feel welcome. People that know my posts of the past know that I've always been loyal to the FAQ. I have no intention to post inappropriate material after this book which will be posted in four installments.

Ian Bonomy (Q.C. Advocate Depute) examining Douglas McMurdo (Depute Chief constable in Central Scotland police):

Ian Bonomy: I think I ought to make this short from you; I think in September of 1993 you were aware of complaints about Hamilton's behaviour at other clubs where he was requiring children to dress in swimming trunks?

Douglas McMurdo: And shorts, yes.

Ian Bonomy: And nothing on their upper body and was taking photographs?

Douglas McMurdo: That is so.

Ian Bonomy: And a number of these complaints came to the attention of the police?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: Now, can we take it that in so far as there has been evidence here of these complaints coming to the notice of the police, you would know about them?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: One of the things that occurred during that period was an attempt by your Child Protection Unit to get a warrant from the Fiscal to search Mr. Hamilton's house principally for photographs?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: Which may be of an indecent nature?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: And what was the decision of the Fiscal on that one?

Douglas McMurdo: I don't think we got one.

Ian Bonomy: Well, you got a decision but you didn't get a warrant?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: Were you aware of an incident in the summer of 1992 where children were running away overnight from the camp at Dunblane High School?

Douglas McMurdo: As I recall that, they were got wandering about about 10 o'clock in the evening or something.

Ian Bonomy: Yes?

Douglas McMurdo: That is when he held the camp actually within the school.

Ian Bonomy: You were aware of that incident?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes, indeed.

Ian Bonomy: So we then come to February of 1995 when his firearms certificate is up for renewal?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: Can you now have D106L which should be an RL3a form for the 1995 renewal? Now, can I take it that you didn't actually have that form in front of you when you dealt with the renewal in 1995?

Douglas McMurdo: You are quite correct.

Ian Bonomy: What did you have?

Douglas McMurdo: I had the certificate.

Ian Bonomy: Can you have FA64 please which is D101? Was that sent to you for signing or handed to you?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: Which?

Douglas McMurdo: I would get it in my basket.

Ian Bonomy: And if it came with nothing else you would sign it?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: So when it came to dealing with this application in 1995, was it just a piece of paper amongst a number of other pieces of paper that you just more or less automatically signed?

Douglas McMurdo: I don't sign anything automatically.

Ian Bonomy: So what attention did you give to the certificate before signing it?

Douglas McMurdo: I read it through and signed it.

Ian Bonomy: Is there anything really on reading this that is of significance to the issues which arise on renewal of a firearms certificate? Is there anything in there that will tell you whether he is of unsound mind or otherwise unfit to hold a licence?

Douglas McMurdo: I should explain to you actually the way the system works. If there was anything at all being said about any individual who applies for a firearms certificate or a shotgun certificate, anything at all which was said other than the straightforward application, it was brought to my attention. Now, as you see if you look at the form RL3a, my staff officer has checked it through and he has passed it. There is nothing there that I could have read which would have made one whit of a difference to my decision. There is no point in me looking at files which tell you absolutely nothing. If they have nothing on them of a detrimental nature it is pointless me reading them. If there is something, no matter how little, of a detrimental nature on it, the file is brought to my attention.

Ian Bonomy: Any chance that the name of the individual would not mean *anything to you when you were dealing with the renewal and you had no other material in front of you?*

Douglas McMurdo: You are joking. Thomas Watt Hamilton I think was pretty well known to me by that time.

Ian Bonomy: So can you just take us through the exercise you undertook when this came out of your basket?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes. I knew there was obviously no new information had been raised.

Ian Bonomy: Since when?

Douglas McMurdo: Well, there was obviously nothing further had been reported by the officers who made enquiry or the senior officers or it would have been on my desk.

Ian Bonomy: So what did you do? How did you apply your mind to it?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes, I thought about it but there was absolutely nothing that I knew about Thomas Hamilton that would prevent me from signing the certificate and I doubt if there would be many people who would know any more about him than I did.

Ian Bonomy: Now, I recognise we don't live in a police state, thank goodness, and that you do have to have reasons to make decisions which remove a certificate or an entitlement a person has?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

Ian Bonomy: But by February 1995 had things not got to such a pitch with Hamilton that you ought to have been collating all the information available on him, studying it again and reconsidering it before you made your decision?

Douglas McMurdo: What we had against Hamilton at that time was a report that went to the Fiscal at Dumbarton for child chastisement which was no pro'd. We had one at Milarrochy Bay for chastisement which was no pro'd. We had a memo from Paul Hughes which was a gut feeling and no more. The man had made complaints against the police but he was quite entitled to make those complaints. There was nothing there to suggest that this man would in any way be dangerous with a firearm.

Ian Bonomy: There were a number of complaints made by parents about what they perceived as inappropriate conduct towards their children?

Douglas McMurdo: They all centred round the wearing of shorts and a bare top. There was not one single photograph that I have seen, and I have seen hundreds upon hundreds of them, which were in any way indecent. Things almost had reached a witch-hunt by that time. Rumours were circulating about the town but there was nothing, nothing at all, in all the photographs we looked at. There was not one we found that was in any way indecent.

Ian Bonomy: We know that on the police intelligence system, if it produced all the material which was on it, there was a card, an index card, which classified him as "homo" and then the letters "indch" which is suspected indecency towards children. So it went that far so far as police intelligence was concerned, did it not?

Douglas McMurdo: Intelligence I am not proud of. Intelligence does not add up to much, I am afraid.

Ian Bonomy: What do you mean not proud of?

Douglas McMurdo: So many things I doubt if they should have been there.

Ian Bonomy: It is better you have them than you don't have them because you can always consider them and discard them, can you not?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes, you are supposed to weed them from time to time.

Ian Bonomy: But there was a feeling, wasn't there, that there was something about Hamilton's attitude to children which was very peculiar?

Douglas McMurdo: There was always a debate of whether this was a man who had a genuine interest in children or whether there was something unwholesome about it but it was never ever proved that his interest in children was in fact unwholesome.

Ian Bonomy: But he appeared to have an attitude which was quite different from what might be described as the normal attitude in the late 1980s and early 1990s, for example the way children should dress when they are carrying out exercise?

Douglas McMurdo: In shorts and bare tops.

Ian Bonomy: And in swimming trunks?

Douglas McMurdo: Swimming trunks. Well, you have seen the correspondence on it. He said when they were on the island they were better in swimming trunks rather than long trousers and when he did allow one to wear long trousers he came back with his legs all sore from wet clothing.

Ian Bonomy: But he knew the attitude of parents to that sort of thing. He would never see reason from anyone, either you or the parents?

Douglas McMurdo: But there was nothing......... I mean, he used to say he took videos and photographs because everybody who was into gymnastics took such things so that they could improve performance. I think it went beyond that but there was absolutely nothing in those photographs which you could in any way say was indecent. Indeed, the Procurator-Fiscal at Stirling told us not to bring any more back because there was nothing he could do about him.

Ian Bonomy: There is something very odd, isn't there, about somebody who has 80 hours plus of video recordings of the activities of children in his home?

Douglas McMurdo: He was proud to send them out to parents and he sent them photographs as well.

Ian Bonomy: Have you seen any parents come forward and demonstrate a framed photograph they are keeping of a child?

Douglas McMurdo: I haven't seen a framed photograph, no.

Ian Bonomy: Has any parent come forward with photographs Hamilton gave them?

Douglas McMurdo: Some parents in their statements said that they saw nothing wrong with the photographs and kept them still.

Ian Bonomy: Did the enquiry reveal parents who had actually received photographs and kept them?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes, indeed.

Ian Bonomy: Did that happen to a significant degree or were these isolated cases?

Douglas McMurdo: He sent photographs to me as well to show me what he was doing at the camp.

Ian Bonomy: That is to justify himself, which is not what I am looking at, and we know he sent videos and photographs to parents to try to justify the type of activities he was engaging in but is there any evidence he actually produced photographs fairly professionally so that parents could have them and put them in a frame and stick them on the wall?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

4. Did he make his parents proud? They were worried about him before this, weren't they? Is that something he feels good about – making his parents proud?

Handjob scene in the otherwise worthless british film **Stella Does Tricks.** Near the start. The title character is a scottish teen hooker trapped in the center of London. Her pimp is an older gentleman giving her money to buy two vanilla cones from an ice cream truck. Clumsily holding the already melting kiddy treats, she returns to the pimp who's seated inside a sunny verandah. Just off a children's playground. She sits down next to him and hands him one of the cones. He sees that she's already licked it. They argue good naturedly about the change until the pimp gives her fifteen pounds more and places a newspaper over his chubby lap.

"Now... give me your ice cream and you can tell me about generous."

She strokes him off underneath the newspaper. As he starts to breathe heavily, he asks her for more:

"Good girl. Lovely girl. Now tell me. Tell me about your dreams."

Politely bound. The scene dissolves to Stella as a much littler innocent playing outside in the dark, in the rain. Dancing around in a fairy costume and wellington boots while swearing a blue streak designed to upset her little playmates. The tiny fairy actress is infinitely more attractive being told to act like a molested pixie than the older actress that unconvincingly lumps as a sixteen-year-old whore. And hearing her low country shrimp mouth say "Fuck" over and over again makes her even cuter.

When the scene blends back to the handjob, the pimp is just about to cum underneath the paper. The frame is timidly fixed at the actor's face.

"Thank you. Thank you. Grand stuff."

Then he talks about fantasy as if it were the teen whore's words that were working his cock better than her sixteen-year-old quick trained fist and sexed proximity.

"Lick your hand. Clean it. Now you get your ice cream."

There are two more handjobs in the movie. The first preens at Lolita power games and the last, naturally, causes the pimp's arrest.

Much better handjob scene in the movie **Christiane F.** Performed by a better, younger actress. One that carefully mimics the memoir of a genuine fourteen-year-old German prostitute. The director of Christiane F, Ulrich Edel, picked a real fourteen-year-old schoolkid to play an actress playing the life of a real fourteen-year-old drug addict hooker. Primarily because she looked so much like the real thing.

Teenaged hooker's book was first published in German in 1978 with photos. Impressive how similar the actors look to their fleshy counterparts. All just hardly fresh kids. The whores and drug addicts used to hang around a dreary train station in Berlin. And the same aged actors were fed the book, photos and vivid visitable documentary backgrounds during shooting.

The movie exists to slap visual fat to the imaginings created by Christiane F's bleakly trad book. Prod flesh at fantasy, reduce pornographic need to pornography. A faithful adherence to the original source combined with the worldwide rules of censorship allows vagaries to be mistaken for profundity. And the cautionary taint will make it easy for internet lumps and lazy journalists to mine a camp reverence for the film decades later. Easy to miss the point when you're looking for the love in sex rather than the sex in reason. The movie struggles with no great revelation beyond drugs are bad and, eventually, enormously debilitating. The audience watches the story it already knows. Regardless of the popular success of the autobiography. Waits for one scene to be more corporeal and degenerate than the previous. Almost two dragging hours for the first rape scene in **Boys Don't Cry**. Read the book, find the independent lesbian documentary and then look to middlemen to visualize it as close as the necessary community standards will allow. Cinema is best viewed in a peepshow booth after you're old enough to understand it's merely a prurient lapse. Excuses are so often wishes. Sentimental men talk about the filth they watched all day waiting for one single chance to suck off something goodlooking for a still stinking change.

Christiane F's ragged teen years are available in the seventies style that inadequately matches degradation with faded brights and druggy damage. From the cusp of cheap glam and pre-punk. Skinny. Sallow. Tight. Died. Frayed. Horrible holdout bellbottoms and sexless hiphuggers. The way you imagined it. The characters look like they just care enough to dislike getting fucked by staining old grabbers and gummers and stuffers. The youngish actors can look like they've been properly drilled. Christiane actress does a brief nude scene. From behind, mostly. Young, very skinny german girl with a cute fleshy adolescent bottom. And her boyfriend, who undresses next to her as they get ready to drop onto a floored mattress, is naturally a little older and better built. Copping his balls hanging under his ass is better if its size is considered relative to the pushy deflowering and mildly inappropriate age of the skinny female new-teen. It helps to see the weedy german actress of fourteen, maybe fifteen, eyeing up a possible studio boyfriend and his potentially uncontrollable cock. Otherwise. It's just sloppy faggotry.

Handjob scene comes around eighty minutes into the movie. Christiane,

completely. As he talks to the child, he snakes his eyes from a polaroid he just took over across to her trusting friendly face and then back to his sweet cold messy fun. Lazier: soft inside but warm and hard outside. The dialogue is designed for slow housewives: *"Hmmm... sexy"* the big male character says as he looks at the fresh photo of little innocent victim "Jennifer Holiday" lapping at her ice cream. And after the girl blushes, embarrassed at all the attention and kindness, she says she looks like an anteater. Monster snarls: *"Never wanted to be an ant ...until now."* This is also where she tells him that her thirteenth birthday is only two days away.

Cheap siphoned reality doesn't pull from fiction or composite characters. Nor is it speared by an asshole screenwriter's ham-fisted struggle with metaphor. It's not in the glassy focus that may exist behind the less than subtle decisions made by the writer or the director or the producer or the costume designer. Petty satisfaction swirls around the little blonde rat learning her lines and repeating them as she hears her mind expanding cues. Until you learn that Dana Hill, who died in 1996 after slipping into a diabetic coma at age thirty-two, was actually sixteen twisting into seventeen when she pretended to be only twelve in the movie. A lifelong sufferer of diabetes, it was the disease that delayed her maturation and stunted her growth. Sixteen, all alone, is a cut-off year.

From a **Star** magazine article published in 1981, just after her excellent staring role in **Fallen Angel** gave sway to her job as a sit-com star:

> *Dana Hill is the youngest star of CBS-TV's new comedy series The Two Of Us – but you have to take more than two looks at Dana to guess how old she really is. Incredibly, Dana got her big break in the controversial made-for-tv movie, Fallen Angel. She auditioned for the role of the sexually exploited child in the movie, about child pornography. Ironically, although she was again older than the role she was auditioning for, she still looked so young that she had to be made-up to pass the test.*
>
> *Says Dana, who lives in Van Nuys, California, with her parents and two brothers. "At first they weren't going to give me the role. But they decided to test me on camera to see how I'd photograph. They slapped a lot of make-up on me and fixed my hair in an older style. I passed the test."*

And from **People** Magazine, March 8, 1982:

> *"When I tell people I'm 17 they say, 'You're not!'" Hill admits. "After that it's okay." Dana Hill is one teenager whose parents will never tell her to act her age. Though she turns 18 on May 6, the baby-faced actress, scarcely 5' tall and all of 82 pounds, has cornered the market on playing 13-year-olds.*

At the time of her twelve-year-old appearance and throughout most of her career, Dana Hill kept her blonde hair long and straight and her darling cheeks chubby. She looked very similar, in fact, to the most popular photo of far younger little seven-year-old Megan Kanka. Though Megan's younger puff probably came more from her mother's corpulent tendencies rather than a diabetic abnormality, it's usually difficult to avoid unseemly commonalities.

The man who slapped, raped and murdered Megan had previous convictions for child molestation and a rich history of abuse inside his own family. Jesse Timmendequas was found guilty of felony murder, kidnapping and four counts of rape and sodomy. He was thirty-six years old when he was sentenced in 1997. And had spent his precious time just after the attack and just before the arrest, washing the heavy plastic toychest/toolbox he used to stuff the only four foot girl's body into. Tried to clean the blanket that he wrapped her in. Still, the little girl's torn up shorts were quickly found by police in his garbage can. He had carted her abused body to a park and dropped her behind some bushes.

> *Megan's battered body was there, found twenty-four hours after she was murdered. She wore a t-shirt but was naked from the waist down. Plastic bags were still tied around her head.*
>
> (**Megan's Law: Protection Or Privacy?**, Margie Druss Fodor, Enslow, NJ, 2001)

Fat old melodramatic pigs beating themselves off watching ice cream but thinking plastic bags.

The wordy memoir of Christiane F's first-ever paid handjob, translated into eroticised english from the original brutish german was published in the united states as a cheap paperback movie tie-in. Without the original documentary photos. Especially egregious is the absence of a big titted seventeen-year-old cocksucker standing outside a trainstation restroom. And the flat chested little sixteen-year-old androgyny that collapsed onto a dirty public toilet floor. The heavy packaged boy being strip-searched down to his stained and torn y-fronts in a police room at the "zoo" train station. Christiane had originally shared her autobiography with the stories of her sad friends.

> *I waited for the moment when he was busy undoing his fly. Then I slipped the banknote into my boot. He was ready. And I was still in the furthest corner of the seat trying not to move. I no longer looked at him and slid my left hand forward. My arm wasn't long enough and I was forced to slide a little closer to him. And then I had to dart another quick look before I'd got his thing in my hand.*
>
> (**Christiane F.**, Christiane F., Bantam, NY, 1982, originally titled **H. Autobiography of a Child Prostitute and Heroin Addict** in English and **Wir Kinder vom Bahnhof Zoo** in German.)

Pre-fame documentary footage of the real Christiane's miserable life doesn't exist beyond her selfish family's photo drawers and the german newspaper accounts of her dead friends. Expose, reveal, display. But verity makes Natja Brunckhorst much prettier. Having been handled by professional minders and positioners. Much better. Fresh from being told about the hotel cocksmen and masturbating criminals. The story is nothing but the thin proof that she's been told. Very colorful details. Tweens learn to wear their education.

Brunckhorst actress, counting jobs and opportunities, interviewed by a website created by Christiane fans nearly twenty years after the movie's creation:

Q: "How did you become an actor?"

Natja: "They came to my school and just walked around looking for young, thin girls. So a woman came to me, asking me, if I would like to act. I said 'Why not'. That was it."

Q: "Do you have to do an audition for the role of Christiane F? Would you like to tell us something about that?"

Natja: "Yes, it is like you think it is. You come into a room. There are a lot of other girls, who all are very eager to play that part. You get a text, you try to get it in your head, it's not possible. Then you go in a room, there is a video camera and a nice man, who talks to you. You don't know if that is the director even if he told you, because you are much too nervous. You play the scene you have been given and then you are out again. They cast more than 2000 girls in Berlin. I was always too young. They were looking for a 16-year-old. But they wanted me in again and again. I didn't understand it at that time. There was a board with all the photos of the girls and boys who might have a chance – and suddenly I saw my photo not hanging under the role of "sister" anymore, but it went to "Christiane." Then I knew I would get the part."

Q: "Did you have a great time playing in the movie or was it sometimes too difficult too? I mean the sex and drug scenes?"

Natja: "I loved acting, especially the drug and sex scenes. What a role. You very rarely get so much to play in a movie."

Mother Maureen Kanka was certain that a law in her daughter's name would bring necessary change. Convinced by a neighbor's petition. Presented to her as if she had any say beyond the offer to accept their generous help in lessening her grief. But Maureen took to the idea and has since become the suffering and angry voice behind a law that requires sex offenders to register as such in nearly every state in the US.

A national version of the plan was signed into law by president Clinton two years after Megan's murder and was basically a graft onto another compassionate law named after another murdered child, Jacob Wetterling, that required registration programs for recently released sex offenders. Megan's Law was specially designed to allow a more generalized public access to those registration records. But the protocols for registration and access to the files were left to individual states to establish and, as a result, Megan's Law has been fought and truncated as it stalled in courtrooms throughout the US. No complete version of the law has ever been fully implemented.

Seven-year-old Megan's tragic murder fit snugly over the law because Jesse Timmendequas, a previously convicted and released sex offender, lived just across the street from the Kankas.

Motherly Maureen – older, worn, fat and sat on a sofa – eases into repeating the reasons behind her daughter's billboard sized memory for NBC's **World News Tonight**, November 13, 2002. Just as her daughter's law was again challenged in the supreme court:

"For us, I can guarantee, if we'd had known that there were three pedophiles living across the street, Megan would be alive and well today."

And.

"Pedophilia is not something that you get and then it goes away and you're fine and you're cured. It's something that could happen the rest of their lives."

Jesse Timmendequas lived with Joseph Cifelli and Brian Jenin in a house owned by Cifelli's alzheimered mother. The three men met while all imprisoned at the Adult Diagnostic and Treatment Center at Avenel; a jail for sex offenders in New Jersey. Timmedequas had attacked at least two other little girls before. One seven like Megan and another only five. Ciffeli had raped a nine-year-old relative. Jenin apparently preferred boys. He told an officer investigating Megan's disappearance that he and Timmendequas were lovers. Police found a pair of women's panties in Cifelli's bedroom that, although quickly deemed too large to be Megan's, caused some adult unease due to the teddy bears printed all over them.

Here's how cops' minds work.

They admit what they think. They sniff where only you and they know it stinks and look at you like you should recognize one of your own. But you don't know how to play the game yet. They'll act as human as you feel and save the tinge of righteous disgust for the idiot trial. The problem with you, they'll sneer so inwardly that you couldn't fucking miss it, asshole, is that you believed the greater public might actually be better than you. That you're the only one as ugly as they say.

The cops know what you do with the panties. Sir. As if you're stupid enough to think they've seen it all before and everything looks just like the profile text from the academy. You don't need it explained to you like we have to explain it to the greedy ginzo public, do you?

Here's how pedophiles become cocksuckers. Here's how your precious daughter, one of america's loudest dead girls, became a better piece of mistake than Jenin's available suckable genitals. Just underneath all the political posters and newspaper photos of Megan, thicker and smaller than Dana, is the following truth.

Sat in front of his computer; pig flicks on one of his specials. A series of photos of him inert in his folding metal chair. Fatter than most. Completely naked and slick and drenched in wet warm piss that you know full well turns sugary and cold and foreign as soon as it stops streaming.

The first shot he's got his eyes shut tight. Tells me it's either ecstasy or anticipation.

The next shot is blurred piss.

The bolt cock that took the pictures would urinate on the fat blob and then stop so that he could take a souvenir. The overheated zoo had his mouth hung open to let the filth drain out and in at the same time.

I told him he better stop because I was going to get a hardon. Faggot talk. Police officer talk.

That's the idea, the pig lisps and barely reaches to grope through my pants with his fat stubby fingers. He starts at the shaft and travels down, rather than up, so that he could spend more time at my balls close to my ass. Letting me know he'd rather fuck me than suck me.

He pushes around under my crotch and instead of tickling me through the levis and underwear he makes a claw and scratches a fist up around my sack. Makes a faggy lion grunt and squeezes. One instinctively pulls back.

Let me see another. And I push my crotch back towards him. You can jerk off if you like, he queens, glomming the little hardon I promised.

This time it's his short fat cock close-up nudging into his lumpy full belly. He squirms in his computer chair and adjusts his own erection.

"You like it?"

He's masturbating in all the pictures that follow. His legs get pushed out further and further apart and, fucking eventually, the evacuating animal has stopped. The photos show more and more collapsed hairy blobs as the pisser moved further and further back. As if he was going to creep slowly out of the apartment without the pig saying okay. Piss and spit bead his crawling beast body and drip off his face and shoulders. His balding head and red blotchy face soaked and dunced and ranked. Piss cleans sweat. His cock never hard enough or big enough to look like he's not struggling behind a needed, absent set of forced suggestions.

That is what he'll bark. That sex is all just second-hand reacting. Fat fed boxed pigeon doesn't know any better

Close-ups of him sliding unimpressively sized dildos into his grease splattered cellulite waved cheeks and distended guthole. Trails of red puffy bumps and scratches streak towards the black hole in the matted clumps and mottled flesh. Squeezes open as far as he thinks he can.

He says he took these himself. Doesn't have these dildos anymore. Assumes that I'll see more as the pictures continue to click by.

Stupidly, I reach in and adjust my hardon to ease the pressure that the pants are forcing.

A different slime at the bar told me that this monster wanted to take me home and suck me off while he showed me a kiddie porn collection on his computer. This monster being everybody's monster and my reputation now comfortable among the various pollutants that sink in the front. As opposed to the larger darker clubroom where all the sex happens. The frontroom allows me to talk to the pigs and buy drugs and, now, better, pornography. There is a bar in the back but it's too close to the sex stalls for any extended non-cruising conversation or proper trading. All the old faggots stay at the front and try to get the younger men to go home to fuck rather than into the back for a limp sloppy public suck. I tend towards the restroom because I like the brighter lights and the stench drillings. As soon as I heard that the pig I was now with had voiced designs, I fucking made sure they were followed up on.

He had talked about his interests in boys and the collection of slithery heterosexual porn he kept to show them. He told me how easy heterosexual child pornography is to get and that he kept a fairly large collection in his apartment on disc. It wasn't his thing. He, in fact, preferred young military types but more young than butch. Do you like hair on them, I asked. Just a little around the balls and cock he slurred. And their assholes. He remembered. I like a smooth and defined strong chest. He couldn't get much of what he liked. I offered to buy some of his KP collection from him. And since I'd snaked and shared drugs with him in the past there was no problem other than whether or not either of us was now offering sex. He used drugs to get him sex all the time.

Do you have videos?

He reached around and grabbed my ass slowly. He felt my wallet more than my cheeks and I fag shoved my crotch into his face again. He started to lift my t-shirt up over my belly and I stepped back so that I could take one of my two shirts off. He stood up, faced me and yanked the t-shirt up over my chest and gut. Staring at my face like the thespian idiot more dedicated faggots usually do, he started pinching at my nipples.

Harder than that, sweetie.

Does it work in spite of all your better judgment. Old man who finds himself

Utah drifter turns up out east

Cops in kidnapping probe find him in hospital

By Patty Henetz

SALT LAKE CITY—The drifter wanted for questioning in the kidnapping of 14-year-old Elizabeth Smart was caught Friday at a West Virginia hospital after checking himself in under a fake name with drug-related liver failure.

The capture of Bret Edmunds, 26, shed no immediate light on the June 5 abduction, and police said again that he is not a suspect. But authorities said they were looking forward to talking with him and searching his car.

"We are anxious to look at him in all aspects of this case to find out if he's a suspect," Salt Lake City Police Chief Rick Dinse said.

But Edmunds was in serious condition in the intensive care unit at City Hospital in Martinsburg, W.Va., nearly 1,800 miles from Salt Lake City. Authorities said he has been in and out of consciousness.

"There is a possibility that he could be critical to the point where he might not survive," Dinse said.

Bret Edmunds
Liver damage

Smart's relatives said they hoped Edmunds might provide a break in the case.

"You've heard the term 'emotional roller-coaster,'" said the girl's uncle, Dave Smart. "We're not going to hang our hats on anything until we have Elizabeth in our hands."

Authorities said they had not yet talked with him about Elizabeth, who was taken at gunpoint from her bedroom. Her 9-year-old sister, Mary Katherine Smart, was the sole witness to the abduction.

Authorities across the country had been looking for Edmunds because a Salt Lake City milkman remembered seeing him near the Smarts' home two days before the kidnapping. The milkman recalled part of the license plate number of Edmunds' car and passed it along to police.

Those plates, stolen from another car, were found last week along a road north of the city. Martinsburg is nearly 1,800 miles from Salt Lake City.

Edmunds was being held on a federal warrant charging him with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for violating probation in Utah on charges unrelated to the Smart case. He has been considered a fugitive since October.

Edmunds checked in to the hospital Thursday with drug-related liver damage, police said. Authorities said he gave inconsistent information—including an alias—to hospital officials, and the FBI was notified Friday.

Federal officers will question Edmunds if they get a chance, and others were being sent from Salt Lake City.

"All along Mr. Edmunds is someone we've wanted to talk to," Dinse said. "He's a question mark, and we want to put a period on that question mark."

Police have more than 400 leads, some of them promising, Dinse said, but "we don't have a clear suspect in any one of them."

A vehicle fitting the description of Edmunds' Saturn sedan was found in the hospital's parking lot. West Virginia State Police impounded the car, which will be searched for any evidence of the kidnapping, Dinse said.

Mary Katherine has described her sister's abductor as a white man, 30 to 40 years old, between 5-8 and 5-10, with dark hair. Edmunds is 6-2 and 235 pounds.

A statement signed by Ed Smart, Elizabeth's father, says the family has looked at Edmunds' photograph and doesn't recognize him.

AP

Rivals back tough Hague line on paedophiles

Global Guardian
8/14/00

Michael White
Political editor

Senior politicians in rival parties yesterday closed ranks behind William Hague's call for tougher penalties for paedophiles after weeks of recurring street violence over the "naming and shaming" of sexual offenders against children.

Although neither John Prescott, the deputy prime minister, nor Simon Hughes, the Liberal Democrat home affairs spokesman, endorsed the Conservative leader's detailed proposals, they were notably conciliatory in welcoming Mr Hague's suggestions — ideas that should be "considered" in the current review of the law, he suggested.

After outbreaks of mob violence on some estates where ex-offenders have been housed, notably in Portsmouth, Westminster politicians have been nervously keen to lower the temperature and discourage people from taking the law into their own hands.

"However strong and understandable the emotions of those parents on the Portsmouth housing estate are, the resort to the rule of the mob is absolutely wrong," declared Mr Hague.

After months when he has sought to make the political weather with a series of populist pronouncements on law-and-order issues, that appeared to draw a distinction between public debate and behaviour that threatens lives and the rule of law. In an article for the Sunday Times, sister paper of the News of the World, whose campaign triggered the recent disturbances, the Tory leader suggested mandatory life sentences for the worst first-time sex offenders, so they would be on licence after release.

In a package designed to ally public concern after the murder of Sarah Payne, whose memorial service was held in Guildford Cathedral on Saturday, Mr Hague also proposed:

- ●Obliging those convicted of paedophile offences abroad to register their return to Britain;
- ●Extending supervision beyond the current 10-year maximum and possibly introducing the tagging of offenders for an indefinite period;
- ●Preventing released offenders living near or making contact with victims, "one of the greatest fears of victims".

In reality there was little in the Hague article that is not under active consideration, officials later signalled. But the conciliatory gesture itself was significant after the partisan exchanges this summer over asylum policy and such issues as the jailing of Tony Martin for murdering a burglar.

Speaking on BBC1's Breakfast with Frost, Mr Prescott, in charge of the government while Tony Blair is on holiday, welcomed Mr Hague's contribution and called for a concensus between the political parties in the review.

He denied that he had ever blamed the Tories' rhetoric for creating the vigilantes. But he was quick to add: "We all deplore what has happened, but at the end of the day, there is a kind of atmosphere which leads to insecurity and fear, which I think perhaps the Tories have tended to influence by some of their statements."

On the same programme, Michael Ancram, the Tory chairman, said Mr Hague was trying to turn debate away from the "understandably emotional" reaction to Sarah Payne's murder by strengthening the law "not by resorting to what we've sadly seen over these last few weeks which has been, effectively, the rule of the mob".

Mr Hughes, a criminal barrister like Mr Ancram, was less polite. He welcomed "closing the loophole" on overseas offenders and better supervision. But in language echoed by the National Association for the Care and Settlement of Offenders, he insisted: "Mr Hague's ideas for mandatory life sentences are misleading and wrong, just as campaigns for naming and shaming are simplistic and wrong."

The News of the World is facing the threat of legal action by people who were wrongly identified by members of the public as paedophiles during the paper's campaign.

South Africa abuse soars, page 10
Gary Younge, page 11
Features, page 14
Background to the controversy on the Guardian network at www.guardianunlimited.co.uk/child

THE NATIONAL
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FEBRUARY 24, 2004

CARLIE's MURDER:

SECRET THAT MADE KILLER SNAP

ENQUIRER EXCLUSIVE

His wife's shocking story

11-year-old victim
Carlie Brucia

Canada

ARLIE KILLER STALKED
OUNG GIRLS BEFORE

PH SMITH, the man ac-
d of kidnapping and
dering 11-year-old Carlie
cia, has a history of stalking
erage girls, The ENQUIRER
ed exclusively.
if that history had been
y authorities, Carlie might
ive today.
ensive ENQUIRER investi-
has uncovered explosive
ion about the convicted
ght abducting Carlie on a
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The ENQUIRER reveals
ils that should have kept
of society and behind bars.
nown Joseph for at least 10
d he's always been attracted
girls," a friend of the 37-
auto mechanic from
, Fla., told The ENQUIRER.
specially likes underage
ool girls. When Joseph and
wife Julie started dating,
in high school — and he
ost 10 years older!
d to live in the neighbor-
d can remember seeing him
on his motorcycle in her
y almost every day, waiting
o come home from school.
osession with Julie was very
– as was his affection for all
e girls — and I always
e'd do something bad to her.
they got married, he told

me he started taking videos and snapshots of the two of them having kinky sex. He'd brag to all his buddies about photographing their sex scenes and would show them to anyone who wanted to see them.

"But his porn collection didn't end with videos and snapshots of Julie — he had an extensive library of porn he enjoyed watching.

"Joseph always looked forward to spring break, because that meant the beaches in Sarasota and Siesta Key would be filled with high school and college girls.

"He'd cruise the beaches on his motorcycle, and would brag that it was like 'fishing in a barrel.'

"He'd hang out almost anywhere there were young girls he could prey on.

"There was something about Joseph's bad-boy attitude and

MANATEE
COUNTY
CORRECTIONAL
COMPL X

JOSEPH is being held at the Manatee County Jail.

tattoos that young rebellious girls were attracted to.

"He was a smooth talker and had a way of coaxing them onto his motorcycle. But knowing what I know now, there's no telling what might have happened to a lot of those young girls after he got them alone."

When Smith couldn't get sex for free, he'd pay for it, the friend disclosed. "I know of several occasions when Joseph would pay prostitutes for sex.

"About 10 years ago, he called me from jail one night in a panic. He said he'd picked up a prostitute and they went to his car in a hotel parking lot.

"He told me they were smoking crack together and then he wanted to have sex. Apparently, when she didn't give in to his advances, he got very angry and started to force her to have sex.

"She became frightened and started screaming for help. A security guard at the hotel came running to check out the commotion. Joseph got out of the car, dumped the drugs and started running from the guard, but the police caught him several hours later.

"He called me from jail, asking if I'd go to where the car was parked an search for the drugs an crack pipe so the poli wouldn't find them.

"I didn't want anything to do wi his illegal activities, so he ended u calling someone else to do his dirt work for him."

Smith also enjoyed hanging out at local strip clubs and boasted about the young girls there who would have sex with him for drugs or money, the friend told The ENQUIRER.

"I would get grossed out by some of his twisted

MEMORIAL SERVICE: Carlie's mom, Susan Schorpen (left), weeps as she sits with husband Steve Kansler and family members at the service. At far right, a visitor checks out a memorial wall of Carlie photos.

MURDER: SECRET
ADE KILLER SNAP

WORLD EXC

ENQUI

INVESTIG

By JOSE LAMBIET, REG
JAMES McCANDLISH and

s certain: His wife controls so he is looking to assert his rol on a woman, any woman."

d Dr. Fred Koenig, a professor cial psychology at Tulane Uniy, told The ENQUIRER:

nith doesn't have a history of molestation, so this doesn't ar to be a crime that was driv- sexual desire for the poor girl.

appears to be an assertion of over someone who was even er by a man who was full of nd feeling very weak."

ENQUIRER has learned that Lucy, 41, threw her 37-year-old nd out of their house, he land- ee blocks away with a family l befriended, Jeff and Naomi s.

the Pincuses aren't your av- suburban couple — they're g a kinky Web site named y Fighting Girlz out of their

site offers to book scantily omen to stage fake boxing es at private parties, and sells f some of the mock fights.

$400 an hour per girl, the es will send two "fighters" to 's house for a private fantasy and wrestling match.

ni Pincus told The IRER: "So what if I'm run- ntasy Fighting Girlz? I'm not nything illegal."

nbors of the Pincuses who ot to be named said they see er-type" women coming in of their house.

BRUCIA FAMILY: Carlie with her mom Susan Schorpen, stepdad Steve Kansler and her younger brothers in a family portrait.

A manager at a nearby strip club, Peek-A-Boo Lounge in Bradenton, said the daughter is "one of our best girls."

Before Smith went off the deep end, friends and neighbors said the auto mechanic appeared to be a loving suburban father of three young daughters — ages 6, 4 and 2.

that he'd do something like this," said next-door neighbor Linda Thompson.

"Just a few weeks ago, I watched him playing with his daughters on their front lawn.

"They were riding their little bikes and he was watching over

had a problem with him. And I never heard screaming or fighting with his wife."

Across the street, Jose Mata said he felt so comfortable with Smith — who repaired Mata's beat-up Toyota and even built a shed in Mata's yard — that he let his 9-

that he could have done something to my daughter, too," Mata said.

"I've asked her several times if he ever did anything weird to her, and she's been saying he was nice. He repaired my cars and built things.

native of Colo second wife o four years aft da from New

While Smit with sometim between payc good clerical ance company

Over the y grew, she beca holding her fa rode Smith abuse, accordi

"To me, Joe He'd always do do. She's prett good job.

"Often she w ing. So she'd ye to do whatever

"When he w employer to m check in the m

"The money drugs was prob I, or anyone else on the side, wo bucks here for for brakes. He money that way

A source very Lucy said: "My amazed at Luc tude.

"Not only did but she came ho three little girls, two of each othe

"In tears, sh

ARLIE's MURDER: SECRET HAT MADE KILLER SNAP

(Continued from Page 31)

he constantly disappears
n me and the kids need him.
I've always got to be the strong
to keep our family together. Joe
stoned and I don't know where
or what he's doing.' "

ucy gave Smith ultimatum af-
ultimatum, according to the
rce, but it didn't do any good.
th complained that his wife
ged him, but people close to her
her only motivation was trying
eep her family in one piece.

ucy warned Smith to straight-
p or she would take their girls
leave.

y last summer, Lucy began
wing up at neighbors' houses in
s.

She used to cry to me all the
," disclosed one neighbor who
d not to be identified.

She would say, 'I deserve better
this. He's passed out half the
and he keeps losing his job. He
ppears for hours at a time and
n't know where he is.' "

ucy was frustrated by the
mounting debts and the
Smith chose to waste mo
drugs as they struggled.
ply couldn't stand it anymo
Lucy didn't kick him out ear
ause his daughters loved h
she couldn't even count on
e there for them," added
ghbor. "Even though he wa
king most of the time, she
to pay a babysitter $30
k to take care of the girls!
He often tried to bum mone
hbors. He'd say he neede
medication for one of
ghters. Sometimes I gave h
something. But Lucy tol

FRIENDS AND FAMLY gather at Carlie's house to comfort each other while awaiting word on what happened to the little girl.

not to give him anything because the money went to buying drugs."

Neighbor Thompson said: "Everybody knew Joe had a drug problem. But he was so nice that nobody felt threatened by it. It was sad [illegible]"

night when Lucy found Smith in a drug stupor again and kicked him out of the house.

While Smith was living with the Pincuses, he was still hoping to reconcile with Lucy and move back in with his beloved daugh-

Carlie. She looked much older than her age, which may have attracted him even more."

Commented New York psychiatrist Dr. Anthony Piet
has never treated Sm
Smith seems to be a
filled with a deep

Sun-Times **NEWS** Tuesday, September 30, 1997

Suburban man guilty in child-sex scheme

By Michael Gillis
Federal Court Reporter

La Grange
Chicago

A 35-year-old La Grange man was convicted Monday of inducing an 11-year-old Indiana boy to have sex last year so that he could film the images and transmit them via computer.

James Snyder also was, convicted of possessing and distributing child pornography. He will be sentenced Dec. 18.

In a first for the U.S. District Court in northern Illinois, the victim, now 12, testified via closed-circuit television last week. Prosecutors said he was afraid of Snyder and could have suffered emotional trauma if he testified in his presence.

Another man, John Lock, 29, had pleaded guilty to transporting the boy from Indiana to Snyder's home with the intent to engage in criminal sexual activity. He testified against Snyder.

During his testimony, the boy said he was sleeping at a friend's house last Oct. 11 when Lock, whom the boy knew through his friend, gave him drugs and alcohol and molested him. The next morning, Lock drove the boy to a Chicago hotel and then to Snyder's house, the boy said.

At Snyder's house, he was given drugs and alcohol and was sexually assaulted by both men, the boy said. At one point, the boy said, Snyder took photographs while Lock touched the boy.

Lock was arrested the next day when he returned the boy to Indiana. The boy helped investigators locate Snyder's house, FBI agents testified.

The boy, who was shown a picture of Snyder, identified him as the man who assaulted him.

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couple who run an Internet site that peddles sex and violence.

empty.

The only sign th
inhabited by a se
family is a sma
above the entran
tine's Day. The fl
pink hearts with
Is In The Air."

Reuters photo by Robert Galbraith

Residents of Stanton, Calif., get the news of 5-year-old Samantha Runnion's slaying.

Child abductions tragic but rare

By Karen Brandon
Tribune national correspondent

SAN DIEGO—In February, 7-year-old Danielle van Dam was kidnapped as she slept in the canopy bed on the second floor of her suburban San Diego home. A few weeks later she was found dead in the desert.

In June, a gunman abducted 14-year-old Elizabeth Smart from the upstairs bedroom she shared with her sister in Salt Lake City. She remains missing.

This week, a man claiming to need help finding his dog grabbed 5-year-old Samantha Runnion while she played a board game with a friend on the front lawn of her home in Orange County south of Los Angeles. On Wednesday, her body was found in a forested area less than an hour's drive away.

Samantha Runnion

These highly publicized cases may have given impression that the nation is witnessing a macabre epidemic of inexplicable abductions of children from the safety of their homes.

But the number of such abductions is not on the rise and may have even waned in recent years, law-enforcement officials and activists working on missing children's cases say.

What has grown is the attention such crimes receive. Bereft parents of missing children now turn to activist organizations that coach them down to the details about what to wear in seeking media attention that may lead to the recovery of their child and the arrest of the criminal.

News outlets and shows such

PLEASE SEE **KIDNAPPING**, PAGE 18

KIDNAPPING:

Activists teach parents power of the media

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

AP photo by Nick Ut

A mother and child pray at a memorial outside Samantha Runnion's home Wednesday.

Danielle van Dam

Jahi Turner

Alexis Patterson

Elizabeth Smart

Tionda Bradley

Diamond Bradley

as "America's Most Wanted" that essentially bridge the ever-narrowing gap between news and entertainment thrive on these stories, with their heart-wrenching tales of loss underscored by home videos and photos of children who have vanished.

The abduction of a child by someone who is not a family member remains an extraordinarily rare event. In a nation with some 59 million children, FBI agents investigated 93 cases of abduction of children by someone outside of their family in 2001. That figure represented a decline from the 115 cases reported in 1998, when such statistics first were kept.

"I think the numbers are going down, but we have raised awareness," said Marc Klaas, the father of Polly Hannah Klaas, a 12-year-old who was kidnapped at knifepoint from her bedroom slumber party in Petaluma, Calif., nearly nine years ago. The girl was found murdered two months later.

One man's mission

Klaas, who has made lobbying for missing and exploited children his life's mission as a way to give his daughter's death meaning, said he believes the larger issue, of children kidnapped and exploited, largely by people they know, is of epidemic proportions.

"I believe that with the exception of foreign terror and the various financial scandals this is the No. 1 issue in America this year," he said.

The seriousness of the issue has only been amplified, he said, by the case of Rilya Wilson, the 5-year-old Miami girl who disappeared more than a year ago while she was supposed to be under the watch of Florida's child protective services, and by the sex abuse scandal in the Catholic Church.

"Finally," Klaas said, "the public is giving the attention to this issue that it deserves."

Some 700,000 children are reported missing every year, said Ernie Allen, president and chief executive officer of the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, the organization founded by "America's Most Wanted" host John Walsh, whose 6-year-old son, Adam, was abducted from a Florida store in 1981 and killed.

About 200 to 300 cases, a figure that has been relatively constant over the years, involve the most serious circumstances, such as those receiving publicity this year.

"You have this parents' worst nightmare kind of scenario," he said, explaining the extraordinary attention the cases have received. "If your kid isn't safe in her own bed, in her own home, where is she safe?"

By contrast, he said, the vast majority of children who go missing come home safely.

"Most runaways run and come back. Lost children are found. Children are taken by family members, and we are able to locate them and resolve the cases," Allen said.

"Even with stranger cases, it is usually a relatively short-term taking of children for sexual purposes," he said. "That's terrible, but most of these kids are victimized and are not murdered, and most kids are let go."

He said activists for missing children have been lobbying for more coverage of cases in a way that would help locate children in the first crucial hours after their abductions. Eleven states, including Illinois, have implemented a voluntary plan named after Amber Hagerman, a 9-year-old child who was abducted in 1996 in Arlington, Texas.

The plans set up a voluntary partnership between broadcasters and law-enforcement agencies allowing emergency alerts, similar to weather bulletins on the radio and notices scrolling across the bottom of television screens, to be broadcast during regular programming when a serious child abduction occurs.

He said the use of such a system had led to the recovery of 16 children nationwide.

For every high-profile case, there are those that go wanting for attention that might result in a break in the investigation or the recovery of a child, and many cases involving minority children do not seem to garner the publicity that comes with cases involving white middle- or upper-class families.

In the Midwest, for instance, several cases of missing black children have attracted regional interest.

Chicago case is year old

The case of Tionda and Diamond Bradley, the sisters who vanished from their home on Chicago's South Side a year ago, received local and some national attention. But there was not the drumbeat of publicity that followed the abduction of the Smart girl from her Utah home this spring.

Meanwhile in Milwaukee, Alexis Patterson vanished in May. Again, there was some local coverage, but it was not until after the Smart case gained prominence that the fate of the 7-year-old African-American girl received a smattering of national attention.

The National Center for Missing and Exploited Children has

What kids should know

Associated Press

Most of the more than 350,000 children abducted in the United States each year are taken by relatives.

Random abductions by strangers are rare but terrifying. Experts say parents can try to prevent them by:

- Teaching children in whose car they may ride. Children should be cautioned never to approach any vehicle, occupied or not, unless accompanied by a parent or trusted adult. If a stranger asks for directions or assistance, the child should tell the person to ask an adult.
- Creating an atmosphere in the home where children feel safe confiding information about uncomfortable experiences. Ensure a sense of confidence in children that they will be believed by parents, who will be responsive to them if they need help.
- Telling children not to go out alone but to always take a friend, sister or brother. Teach children always to tell an adult where they are going and never to take a ride with someone they don't know.
- Discussing with children whose homes in the neighborhood they can visit, and where they may and may not go.
- Making sure children know their address and telephone numbers and how to use the telephone. They should also know what to do in an emergency, and, if appropriate, how to reach a parent using cell phones or pagers. And they should not tell anyone who calls that they are home alone.
- Not dropping children off alone at malls, movies, video arcades or parks.

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been trying with limited success to call attention to the case of Laura Ayala, a 13-year-old Hispanic girl from Houston who disappeared March 10. The girl was reported missing after leaving her apartment to buy a newspaper at a nearby gas station. Only her shoes were found.

And on April 25, two months after Danielle van Dam's body was recovered, Jahi Turner, a 2-year-old African-American boy, disappeared while playing in a San Diego park. The case has attracted comparatively little media attention.

Law-enforcement officials say the Internet has provided a new threat to children.

One federal report concluded: "Cloaked in the anonymity of cyberspace, sex offenders can seek victims with little risk of detection. They no longer need to lurk in parks and malls. Instead, they can roam from chatroom to chatroom trolling for children susceptible to manipulation and victimization."

Michael Heimbach, chief of the FBI's Crimes Against Children unit, said many parents are reluctant to address the subject with their children for fear of frightening them.

The father of five children, the youngest of them 11, he said, "I even preach to my 11-year-old son that if anyone in a car asks for directions, to get away, say no, be polite about it and get a parent, and we'll handle it.

"If anyone ever grabs you, scream at the top of your lungs. A lot of parents, we stay away from that because it's hard to talk about."

Some parents have been shaken by events. A Web site by the San Diego Union-Tribune provides a forum for people following the details of the trial of David Westerfield, the neighbor charged with kidnapping and murdering the van Dam girl.

Killer might strike again

After the identification of Samantha Runnion's body on Wednesday, officials said there was no prime suspect. But the Orange County sheriff said authorities believe the killer is a serial rapist and perhaps a serial killer who would strike again.

One parent responded to the news of the girl's death by voicing fears and saying she intended to buy a voice-activated radio to monitor a young child.

"I feel so helpless to protect my daughter, even though I'm doing everything the 'experts' recommend," she said.

Tribune national correspondent Lisa Anderson contributed to this report from New York; Tribune news services also contributed.

South Africa slow to curb spiralling child sex abuse as paedophile concern grows

Chris McGreal
in Johannesburg

The South African government is expected to reject public clamour for a paedophile register in new sex offence legislation aimed at curbing some of the highest rates of child abuse in the world.

Public frustration with the authorities over a series of horrific crimes against children in recent weeks has focused on the case of Phillipus Briel, a convicted rapist due to appear in court today on charges of murdering his 15-year-old step-niece.

Briel, who has been jailed several times for sex crimes, escaped from Sterkfontein psychiatric hospital three months ago. The police made no attempt to look for him even though he was considered a danger to children since committing his first rape at 15.

Briel was living openly with his wife and her niece, Edith Erens. He allegedly strangled the girl before dumping her in a cemetery, and police suspect he raped her several times in the preceding weeks. Edith's murder is one of several cases that have fuelled demands for drastic measures to stop child abuse. Nearly 40,000 assaults on children were reported last year, a fraction of the real total. The rape of girls and boys under seven is sharply higher.

Last week a mother and stepfather were convicted of selling their three young daughters for sex for as little as five rand (50p) a time. One of the girls was seven when she was first raped. Child welfare officials were disturbed that the only person prosecuted for abusing the girls was their stepfather's brother.

On Friday, a Johannesburg school gardener and his assistant were remanded in custody accused of raping a 12-year-old pupil. The same day, two men appeared in court accused of kidnapping five children and imprisoning them in a cave for two weeks.

Among extensive legal reforms to protect children will be a broader definition of rape to include any kind of sexual penetration, including with fingers and objects. And legislation will be changed so as to shield boys as well as girls.

But Joan van Niekerk, chairperson of South Africa's Childline and a member of the committee drafting the legislation, , says the law is unlikely to require a register of sex offenders.

"There's all this hype about registers but no one is looking at the hard core issues like who goes on to it and what difference does it make to sexual offences that are committed.

"The evidence from the US is that it [a register] doesn't reduce the number of offences. In a country like ours which has limited resources, why put our money into something that doesn't work simply because it's an emotional response to the problem?"she asked.

One reason a paedophile register is deemed of limited value is that the vast majority of sexual offences against children in South Africa are committed within the family.

Mrs van Niekerk says the more urgent need is to ensure that paedophiles are monitored and treated after their release from prison because so many return to live with the children they assaulted.

The government has already taken some steps to curb child abuse, including lengthening sentences for the rape of minors and introducing special courts in some areas.

Mrs van Niekerk says the new courts are welcome because the judicial system has often proved an added abuse of the victims. The average child sex abuse case takes 18 months to come to trial, and victims are frequently subjected to gruelling court appearances.

But persuading children or their parents to report sexual assaults is difficult. "We see children grossly intimidated by the men in their families who commit these crimes, or gangs. It can be very dangerous for them. We have children and families in hiding because they have reported sexual crimes," Mrs van Niekerk said.

Child protection agencies were outraged recently when a retired soldier, Ian Middleton, walked out of court with a fine of 6,000 rand (£600) for luring boys onto his luxury yacht and raping them.

Child Porn Charges Against Max Hardcore Dropped

Director/Performer Still Faces Obscenity Counts

Max Hardcore & Catalina

LOS ANGELES — May 14 was a banner day in the case of the *People v. Max Hardcore.* That's the day when Commissioner Joseph M. Biderman, who was hearing motions in Hardcore's case, granted attorney Jeffrey Douglas' Supplemental Motion to Dismiss Count 3 of the charges filed against Hardcore last spring, which dealt with allegations that the portrayals in *Max Hardcore Extreme 4* constituted child pornography.

"After *Ashcroft* [*v. Free Speech Coalition*] came down, they didn't even try," declared Douglas. "I filed my Supplemental Motion with *Ashcroft* attached, and it was unopposed."

In the *Ashcroft* case, the U.S. Supreme Court on April 16 eliminated sections of the federal Child Pornography Prevention Act that criminalized adults in sexually explicit conduct who "appeared to be" under the age of 18. This was the act, which the L.A. City Attorney's office had relied on in claiming that the state's penal code criminalized that same activity.

"I'm very pleased with that, because that was just utterly ridiculous," Hardcore told *AVN*. "It was unbelievable when they filed the charges in the first place, and by an incredible stroke of luck and timing, the Supreme Court finally put that matter to rest, as they should have years ago."

"Either a girl is 18 or over or she's not, and if she's not, that's where kiddie porn charges should be pursued," he continued. "Certainly not in the case of a commercial producer such as myself that takes meticulous steps to make sure that all the girls that we shoot have the proper documentation, and if there's any doubt in the matter, we don't shoot them. We've got the best paperwork in the business."

Hardcore is not completely out of the legal woods however, and still faces misdemeanor obscenity charges also stemming from *Max Hardcore Extreme 4*.

And thus, the May 14 hearing was not without its bones of contention.

"The judge put pressure on both sides to resolve this matter," Douglas stated. "We ended up putting it over six weeks for motions, and the judge said he wanted continued negotiations, so I'm supposed to call [Assistant City Attorney] Debbie Sanchez and try to have a sit-down."

"In my opinion," he continued, "the City Attorney's office has been recalcitrant and unreasonable in failing to follow the policy they adopted in [the] *JM* and *Glasser* [cases], but further negotiations are continuing. It is our belief that we will be trying this case; that this is a case that will go to trial." Earlier this year, in separate settlements, Jeff Steward, owner of JM Productions, and Adam Glasser (aka Seymore Butts), of Seymore, Inc., pleaded no contest to public nuisance charges in return for more serious obscenity charges (stemming from *Liquid Gold 5*, *American Bukkake 11* and *Tampa Tushy Fest*) being dismissed.

Hardcore agreed with his attorney's prognosis.

"It's looking like they want to give me a hard way to go," he said. "Obviously, they feel I'm such a menace to society that they aren't, at least at this point, offering me the same deal that Jeff or Seymore got, so although we don't know what they're going to do in the future, I understand we have a trial date and they're moving forward on it."

Hardcore said he was "getting his ducks in a row" in preparation for his presentation to the jury.

"We have to do the usual maneuvers," he explained. "The usual steps that you take are to collect comparables, and the tape in question, I should point out, is *Max Extreme 4*, which was put out about 1998, and which is virtually indistinguishable from any of the tapes that I made around that time. I don't think there were any attention-grabbers like speculums and stuff like that, but I can't recall. It's a good release, got some good actresses in it, and it's certainly no different than anything that's being put out by other producers as far as a teen-themed line."

Hardcore, however, is particularly angry at the amount of time that the City Attorney's office has spent on the prosecution, and has forced him to spend in response.

"I think the whole thing is just misguided, considering the problems that we have in America with terrorism and with the, as I like to say, 'priests gone wild,'" Hardcore opined. "It seems that their efforts, the time spent on this is way out of proportion to any perceived criminal acts. I don't know why they would spend even five minutes on a piece of shit case like this.... Our movies are clearly labeled for adults only and only adults are in it."

"I always have wondered about the priorities that the government has in terms of their laws and their attempts to regulate the morals of society," he continued. "They ought to put a little more effort into regulating terrorist acts and doing background checks on priests before they go after material that's done by adults, targeted for adults."

At press time, Hardcore's trial was slated to begin on June 25, though it may be up to 10 days thereafter before jury selection begins — which Hardcore sees as ironic, in light of the national holiday that will fall within that period.

"It's the Fourth of July. Somebody ought to wish them Happy Freedom-Of-Speech Day," Hardcore suggested.

A review of *Max Hardcore Extreme 4* can be found in the May 1999 *AVN* and also on *AVN*.com.

— Mark Kernes

July 2002

Rapist's impending release stuns family

Defender 9/21/99

LITTLE ROCK, Ark. (UPI) — The family of a teenager kidnapped and raped nearly 15 years ago reacted with shock at news that the attacker, who was first sentenced to life in prison plus 20 years, is likely to be paroled within one or two months.

The Arkansas Democrat-Gazette today quoted the victim's father, Walter Stevens, as saying, "This totally befuddles me. I can't understand why they did what they did."

The Post Prison Transfer Board voted 5-0 with two abstentions on Thursday to release Wayne DuMond to the custody of his 73-year-old mother, Loula Mae DuMond.

The 50-year-old DuMond could be freed from prison in as little as one month.

The case made national headlines in 1985 when two masked men attacked and castrated him.

His testicles were later put on display in a jar by the late St. Francis County Sheriff Coolidge Conlee, who kept them in his office.

DuMond settled a federal lawsuit with Conlee for $110,000, but the attackers who castrated him were never officially uncovered and charged.

The father of the victim, who is 32 and lives in the state of Washington, said he had not been given an adequate reason why DuMond was being released,

But Post Prison Transfer Board member John Felt defended the decision, and is quoted in the Democrat-Gazette as saying, "If we'd waited until he'd completed his sentence, we would have had no control over him.

He will be electronically monitored and be restricted in his movements by "the highest level of supervision," Felt said.

DuMond has a police record dating back to 1972, when he and two accomplices fatally beat a man with a tire wrench and claw hammer.

DuMond won immunity when he testified against his partners.

The next year he was arrested in Tacoma, Wash., for accosting a teenaged girl in a parking lot. He was put on probation for that crime.

And he was accused by two Arkansas women of rape in 1976 when he broke into their homes.

DuMond allegedly admitted to raping one of the women, but would not sign his confession document.

Both women wrote letters to the parole board in 1990 opposing his release.

Tribune 9/8/6

AROUND THE WORL

AUSTRIA

Getty/AFP photo

Kidnap victim describes ordeal

Natascha Kampusch, 18, said in her first interview, broadcast Wednesday, that she had been "very distraught and very angry" after Wolfgang Priklopil abducted her in March 1998. She was imprisoned 8½ years in a cell beneath his garage. Kampusch said she suffered from heart palpitations and often did not get enough to eat. Priklopil killed himself after she escaped Aug. 23.

Woman charged with e-mail child pornography

Sun-Times 5/9/00

Lake Forest College English professor Diane M. Ross was released on her own recognizance Monday after being charged with three counts of disseminating child pornography. The Lake County sheriff's department said Ross, 45, of Lake Bluff, used the screen name "Snowy Violet" while sending images of young children having sex with adults to e-mail addresses in California. "I think this is the first female we've arrested [for] child pornography," said Lake County Undersheriff Gary Stryker.

16, 1995

People April 16, 95

BOY RAPIST STOLE

10-year-old girl tries to come to with sex ordeal as attacker is

EXCLUSIVE by JANE SIMON

THE pretty young girl gazing out to sea is a chilling statistic of Britain in the 90s.

Less than a year ago, she was a happy-go-lucky 10-year-old who enjoyed going to school and loved listening to East 17.

But on a sunny Sunday afternoon last July her childhood came to an abrupt end when she was savagely raped by a boy aged 14.

The attacker, now 15, became Britain's youngest convicted rapist last Wednesday when he was sentenced to six years detention.

"I couldn't believe a boy of that age would have that sort of thing on his mind, never mind actually going out and doing it," the victim's angry mother told The People.

"He's ruined my daughter's life. He should rot in hell for what he did."

And the girl's 23-year-old stepdad: "We were watching a TV programme about AIDS after it happened and she asked: 'Dad, will I get AIDS because of what that boy did?'

"What do you say to your 10-year-old daughter when she asks that?"

Women three times this youngster's age have chosen not to report rape through fear or embarrassment.

The girl, who cannot be named, admitted SHE was afraid of telling the police in case the rapist came after her.

"But I wanted the judge to know what he'd done so he'd go to prison," she said. "Otherwise, he might have done it to somebody smaller than me."

Her 29-year-old mother recalled the morning when her eldest daughter went out to play in a park near their home in Folkestone, Kent, with her nine-year-old cousin and two boys who lived next door. "They came back to get something to eat, then went off again," said her mum, who has three other children.

"About 20 minutes later, the other three came running home saying somebody had dragged her off.

"My mum called the police but by the time they arrived, my little girl had run home. She was in a terrible state but I was relieved to see her alive.

"She didn't even realise she'd been raped. I hadn't told her the facts of life in any detail. She was too young to understand what he'd done."

The girl was able to describe the attacker, who lived just a few doors away, and he was arrested later.

The following day, she returned to the park to show police where the attack happened The strawberry-

LET OUT ALL THE ANGER!

PSYCHOLOGIST Jane Firbank says that however horrific the rape was, one problem this little girl has to overcome is other people's attitudes to her.

"Her parents must make sure there's no whispering in corners," she says. "Children tend to feel that everything that happens to them is their fault and her parents should constantly reassure her.

"She's receiving counselling and her counsellor will undoubtedly be encouraging her to let out all the anger she must feel. Her parents could benefit from counselling too.

"They did the right thing moving her to a new school. But she'll need to be reminded that not all boys are evil. There are a lot of nice ones too."

MY CHILDHOOD

terms caged

blonde youngster showed how she'd been sitting with her friends when two older boys came out of the bushes and frightened them.

They all ran but the girl ran in a different direction and tripped.

"One of the boys threatened that he'd kill me and kept telling me to stop screaming," said the girl, in a whisper.

"He grabbed my wrist and dragged me right to the top of a cliff. When we got to the top, he took his trousers down and told me to take mine down. I was afraid of him so I did."

At that, she burst into tears and could say no more.

"She blamed herself at first," her stepfather said. "She said she should have run the other way or screamed louder, but we told her it wasn't her fault."

To protect her, her family have moved to a new council house in another part of Folkestone. The girl, now 11, started a new school and none of her new friends know she was raped.

"All the time in court that boy was smiling," said her mother. "Even after he was sentenced he was grinning.

"The police have told us he'll probably only serve four of the six years. But my daughter won't forget what he did to her in four years. She still has nightmares about it and wakes up screaming.

"At school, they've started doing sex education and she came home one day and asked if she was going to have a baby.

"But the question she asks most often is: 'Why did he do it to me?' That's a question we can't answer. All we can tell her is that he must be a very sick boy."

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE: The little rape victim is learning to cope despite her tender years
PICTURE by MIKE MALONEY

Helping to Keep Kids Safe

How to prevent abductions—and what to do when a child goes missing

Each year some 725,000 children are reported missing in America. The vast majority have gotten lost, run away or been abducted by parents embroiled in custody battles; in most such cases the child returns home unharmed. Roughly 4,400, however, are taken each year by nonfamily members, most of whom prey upon children for sexual purposes, then release them a short time later. Of those cases some 100 result in murder.

Few are better versed in these statistics than Ernie Allen, president of the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children in Alexandria, Va. Allen, 56, first became interested in the problem more than 20 years ago while serving as director of public safety for the city of Louisville, Ky. Back then, he recalls, "you could report a missing gun or a stolen car to the FBI, but there was no mechanism to report a missing child." Thanks in part to Allen's efforts, Congress passed a law in 1990 that requires local law enforcement to immediately report disappearances to federal authorities. The NCMEC, a national clearinghouse for prevention and rescue information, was mandated by Congress in 1984. Allen shared advice for parents with correspondent Colleen O'Connor.

JOHN FICARA/GAMMA

Ernie Allen says searches are now far more efficient.

Dual abductions are highly unusual. Is any aspect of the Oregon City situation familiar?

Actually this tragedy fits the national profile: an 11- or 12-year-old girl taken from within half a mile of her home. About half the children who are abducted are 13 or younger, and two-thirds are girls.

Is there a standard predator profile?

We have to debunk the myth of "the dirty old man." The vast majority of these crimes are committed by males 35 or younger. We also can't rely on the idea that nonparental abductions are the work of total strangers. We have learned from the predators themselves that typically they first insinuate themselves into a child's life by befriending the child, asking for directions or help, hanging around the playground. They become familiar in order to be able to quietly lure children rather than grab them.

How should parents teach a child to handle a threatening situation?

We urge children to remember three steps: No, Go and Tell. They should know it's okay to resist adults and make noise, yelling things like, "This man is not my father!" They should run away if they can. And if they break loose, they can help identify their abductors by remembering details and telling a trusted adult.

What should you do first if you think your child is missing?

Call the police immediately, even if you're not sure. Stay calm. Before the police arrive, prepare a detailed description of your child that includes height, weight, birth date and any special identifiers, such as glasses or scars. Parents should also request that the case be reported to the FBI and call our hot line (1-800-THE-LOST).

Are there precautionary steps?

All parents should keep on hand a recent color photograph of the child; write a description of your child; get copies of your child's dental charts; know how to get hold of his medical records; arrange with local authorities to have your child's fingerprints taken and put on file. With younger children, you should know where your children are at all times, especially in public places. With older children, talk to them, listen to them, tell them they should not be embarrassed to tell you if something unusual happens. Be sure your child knows the phone number and address for both you and another trusted adult. A child should also know that if someone approaches him at school claiming to be there at a parent's request, he should call you to confirm that or ask a teacher to place the call. Finally we should balance this information carefully so that kids are not frightened. These incidents, tragic as they are, are thankfully rare. Being prepared doesn't mean being terrified to go out in the world.

Children who were murdered or are missing were remembered last September at a conference in Tallahassee, Fla.

Adam Walsh
Jimmy Ryce
Shelby Cox
Madelyn Rae Clifton
Adam Finch
Jerry Lee Alley, Jr.
1990 - 1998
1987 - 20

PHIL COALE/AP

600 child porn sentences could be quashed after blunder by star witness

By **Pravina Patel**

CLEARED: Detective Brian Stevens

HUNDREDS of Internet child porn cases are being urgently reviewed following revelations that the prosecution's star witness was Brian Underhill, the man blamed for the collapse of the Soham detective's trial.

Mr Underhill, a traffic policeman-turned-computer-crime expert, was involved in more than 600 of the 1,600 prosecutions brought by British police under the Operation Ore crackdown on paedophile websites.

But his flawed evidence, which forced prosecutors to drop charges against Cambridgeshire detective Brian Stevens on Wednesday, is set to bring a flurry of appeals from people convicted on his evidence in the past.

Last night, as computer experts demanded a review of all the cases Mr Underhill was involved in, sources close to him said his company was making a fortune out of computer-crime cases.

Gordon Stevenson, managing director of computer security firm Vogon, said: 'I have seen some of the work Mr Underhill and his colleague have done and it was of a particularly poor standard.

'I believe any cases he was involved in should be reviewed. The tragedy is that people can be sent to prison on evidence which has been so appallingly prepared by supposed "experts".'

Jim Bates, President of the Institution of Analysts and Programmers, said lawyers will be examining court papers to see if Mr Underhill is listed as the expert prosecution witness.

He added: 'Any solicitor worth their salt will be looking to see if they can get the case thrown out simply because he is listed as the expert witness.

'And who can blame them? In the Brian Stevens case, he made not one but many, many fundamental mistakes.'

Mr Bates, who has 17 years' experience in computer analysis and has trained police in forensics, compiled a Government paper on computer viruses and helped to set down police guidelines on the handling of computer evidence, added: 'I am calling for an inquiry into all Underhill's cases.'

In his statement to the court, Mr Underhill claimed he had 'conducted or assisted' in 600 cases in 14 months. Mr Bates said: 'There is no way anyone could have done 600 cases in 14 months. I've done 250 in 12 years.'

Mr Underhill, an officer with Sussex police for 25 years, is currently on a 'career break'. He teamed up with computer-crime expert Nicholas Webber, 46, to launch a computer consultancy company called Celt Limited, based in West Sussex, in March 1999. The company reported a turnover of more than £1million last year and is growing at 40 per cent per year. It has dealt with 1,022 cases and is used by computer-crime units in forces including the Met, City of London, Essex, Sussex, West Midlands, West Yorkshire, and the National Crime Squad.

'Some of his work is particularly poor'

Last night, both Mr Underhill and Mr Webber said they were unable to comment on the Soham case.

Mr Underhill said: 'We never speak to the Press. We never confirm or deny any jobs we may or may not have dealt with.'

Mr Webber said: 'The [Soham] defence team has asked for an independent inquiry and I am not prepared and neither is Brian to compromise any requests from any of the parties involved by speaking about anything we may or may not know.

'Our responsibility is to all of the victims of this inquiry.'

But he added they were not a 'Mickey Mouse' outfit. 'We are a prosecution-only company. We do an enormous amount of free work. If there is a child missing or life at risk, we drop all charges and handle it immediately.'

And asked about Operation Ore, Mr Underhill said: 'I can't comment.'

A spokeswoman for the National Crime Squad said: 'I have no idea how many Operation Ore cases have got to court or if Mr Underhill has been involved.'

Daily Mail 8/24/3

Obscenity definition under fire

By Christi Parsons
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

SPRINGFIELD—A band of smut-fighting parents and prosecutors are battling it out with librarians in the Capitol again as, for the third time in four years, lawmakers wrestle with a bill aimed at wiping out obscenity.

Though they have lost in the past, proponents of the law are trying again in hopes of persuading new members of the legislature to tip the scales their way.

At issue is a provision in state law that tells juries that, when trying to decide whether a particular work is obscene, they must figure out whether it would be considered so statewide.

If the anti-smut measure were to prevail, though, the juries instead would answer a different question: Does the piece seem obscene to you and to your neighbors *in the county where you live?*

The idea is that such a "local community standard" would make it easier to prove something obscene in a suburb or small Downstate town, even though it might seem perfectly acceptable on the North Side of Chicago.

The measure—opposed by librarians and many others as a threat to First Amendment rights—has passed the House Judiciary Committee on Civil Law and is awaiting consideration of the full chamber, where advocates believe lawmakers are nearly evenly split over the matter.

"I think it's possible it could pass this year," said Rep. Patricia Reid Lindner (R-Aurora), who has followed the issue closely as a member of the committee and an opponent of the measure.

SEE OBSCENITY, PAGE 4

3/8/99 Tribune

Obscenity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Eight states across the country have laws that let their juries consider local sensibilities when considering whether something is obscene, but only New Hampshire and Massachusetts define "community" as a jurisdiction so small as a county.

For the most part, though, laws call for a statewide standard.

In two narrow votes before the full House in 1996 and 1997, lawmakers have agreed with the multitude of librarians and kept the statewide standard. In a chamber where officials want to appear anti-crime, the House's votes against the measure have been a testament to the influence librarians have with their lawmakers.

But proponents say they still can't figure out why anybody would vote against helping prosecutors get obscene materials out of circulation, especially when, they believe, abuse of such materials sometimes leads to acts of sexual violence.

"People use it to charge themselves up before they commit these terrible acts," said John Piland, Champaign County state's attorney, a chief advocate for changing the law.

Piland said he and the conservative and religious groups who are campaigning for the change aren't trying to wipe out pornography. Rather, they want to do away with obscene works as defined by the U.S. Supreme Court in its 1973 landmark decision Miller vs. California.

In it, the court said community standards should determine whether a work is prurient, depicts sex in a "patently offensive way" and is devoid of artistic value. But the high court didn't define the parameters that should be used to set those community standards. Since then, state laws have defined the boundaries.

On Piland's side are family and religious groups such as Concerned Women for America and the state's Catholic Conference.

Some of the anti-pornography activists have picketed lawmakers who opposed the measure, calling them "pro-smut" and making the standards an issue in re-election campaigns last year.

But despite the pickets, Lindner and many others are still against the proposal. One reason probably is the calls, visits and testimony from librarians—not usually a powerful lobbying group, especially when compared with other bill opponents such as the Illinois Retail Merchants Association and the Motion Picture Association.

"Librarians are pretty well respected in a community," said House Speaker Michael Madigan (D-Chicago). "They have pretty good reputations, and they provide a very good service to communities. And so when they contact us, I think they get a very good reception."

The librarians fear that they will have to follow 102 standards for 102 counties and may run into legal problems when they lend a book across a county line.

They also bristle at the notion of anybody gaining more power to pull materials off their shelves.

"As a group, librarians are very sensitive to 1st Amendment issues," said Bob Doyle, executive director of the Illinois Library Association. "It's easy for someone to come in and say, 'I don't think this book should be on the shelf.'

"Because they face these issues every day, they're more sensitive. They're on the firing line."

The question now is whether the House will follow its own lead of years past and defeat the measure, or whether the pressure of pickets will bring about a different end this time.

THE NSPCC is raising money for a network of centres aimed at bringing more paedophiles to justice.

The charity needs more than £17million to run the special investigation centres, which work with police and social services to smash organised networks of abusers. It already has 11 teams operating across the country which last year were involved in 179 cases resulting in the 15 convictions.

But more money is needed to ensure the work continues.

So far, the Stop Organised Abuse campaign – which was launched in the Daily Mail with the help of Lynda La Plante and Frederick Forsyth among others – has raised £6million.

To donate, go to www.nspcc.org.uk or send a cheque to: NSPCC Stop Organised Abuse Appeal, Weston House, 42 Curtain Road, London EC2A 3NH.

Child porn websites rise by 78pc as paedophiles use gold to trade images

Logged on: Porn sites are growing

By **James Slack**
Home Affairs Editor

THE number of child pornography websites reported to police rocketed by nearly 80 per cent last year, an alarming report revealed yesterday.

Sick sites are flourishing because perverts are using a complicated transaction involving the purchase of gold to buy images of abuse.

100,000 attempts every day to access child porn websites

From the Mail, February 7

More than 23,000 reports of Internet child porn were followed up last year, of which 6,128 led to websites with illegal content, said the Internet Watch Foundation.

The figure was up 78 per cent on the 3,438 examples of child porn uncovered in 2003.

Last month, figures compiled by BT showed 100,000 attempts to access child pornography websites are made in Britain every day. Although eight out of ten attempts to access child porn websites are blocked by screening software, it means a staggering eight million 'hits' are connected each year.

Paedophiles had been running scared after Operation Ore, which identified more than 7,250 British subscribers to a U.S. porn site from their credit card details, said the IWF – which operates a hotline for the public to report illegal Internet content.

But its report reveals that a new method is being deployed by child porn websites to give their users anonymity.

Paedophiles visit legal websites where they use their credit card to purchase an amount of gold.

The sites claim to actually hold the bullion bought by customers, who are given a unique reference number and account.

They then visit child porn websites and use their gold to purchase 'top-up cards' containing enough credits to buy, for example, 20 or 50 images. The transaction is anonymous, with the website only given details of the paedophile's account number – not a name or address.

'They are anonymous'

The gold is passed on to the Internet site, which it is then able to exchange for cash.

It does not give paedophiles complete protection from police action – they could still be traced by following the trail back to the credit card used to buy the gold in the first place.

But it puts a new obstacle in the way of officers who must rely on the companies selling the gold to reveal who holds the account used to purchase the top-up cards.

Peter Robbins, chief executive of the IWF – a crime-fighting partnership of police, the Government and Internet service providers – said: 'During 2005 we visited over 3,000 websites where people can actually purchase child abuse images.

'We could tell there was a trend that was changing away from the Switch, Mastercard, Visa type of payment to an alternative one.

'They are using a different commodity other than cash to buy different things, top-up cards.

'They are anonymous with these top-up cards, then they can buy these images with their top-up cards on the websites.

The credit on these top-up cards comes down as the content gets delivered to the person who is buying it and there is not any trace of that.'

The number of people cautioned or charged over Internet child pornography quadrupled in just two years.

The children's charity NCH said 2,234 were cautioned or charged in 2003, compared with 549 in 2001.

In its annual report, the IWF said only 0.4 per cent of potentially illegal child abuse content was hosted on UK-based websites.

In all, 40 per cent of child abuse content was traced to the U.S., 28 per cent to Russia, 17 per cent to Asia and 13 per cent to mainland Europe.

The IWF is now working with international agencies in a bid to duplicate Britain's success overseas.

Mr Robbins said agencies dealing with Internet child pornography need to accept that pay-per-view websites providing criminal content are 'forever on the move'.

He added: 'This is big business. These sites hop around from country to country and it's clearly very lucrative.

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'Chopper' Lawrence Singleton isn't the only ticking time bomb

HOMICIDAL MANIACS — AND YOUR NEIGHBORS!

Cops arrest Lawrence Singleton in the murder of Roxanne Hayes (inset). Years before, he was jailed for cutting off the arms of Mary Vincent (left), but was freed

THE savage murder of a Florida woman by an infamous ex-convict has sparked fears that the justice system has turned loose thousands of potential killers, rapists and child molesters who should still be behind bars. How many monsters are there among us — and how can we protect our families from them? This EXAMINER special report paints a chilling picture of the problem.

Judges freed these vermin to strike again

By TOM KUNCL

LAWRENCE SINGLETON came home from prison last fall to the quiet Tampa neighborhood where he'd grown up with a new nickname — The Chopper.

In 1978, Singleton picked up pretty teenage hitchhiker Mary Vincent in Nevada, repeatedly raped her, drove her to California, where he cut off her arms and dumped her in a ditch to die.

Mary survived, but Singleton was released in 1987, after serving only eight years of a 14-year sentence.

But just weeks ago, he was led away by cops who found neighbor Roxanne Hayes stabbed to death.

Singleton is only one of countless violent criminals waiting to prey on innocent victims.

● Neighbors in a working-class section of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., didn't know Howard Steven Ault was under house arrest for sexually molesting a 6-year-old girl in 1994. They also didn't know he was being investigated for molesting another young girl and had served five years in prison for attempted murder.

But they learned the truth when Ault led cops to his home last November to show them where the bodies of DeAnn Mumin, 11, and her 7-year-old sister, Alicia Jones.

DeAnn had been sexually molested before she and her sister were strangled.

● Richard Allen Davis was paroled after spending half his 41 years in prison. One chilly October night, he left his halfway house in search of drugs — and found 12-year-old Polly Klaas's home in Petaluma, Calif.

Her headless body, bound with cord, was found two months later.

● Jerry Walter McFadden was sentenced to two 15-year prison terms for two brutal rapes in 1973. But by 1978, he'd won early release.

Within months, McFadden kidnapped, raped and sodomized another woman. But even though he received a third 15-year term, the rapist who called himself The Animal was paroled in 1985!

Brutal murderer Richard Allen Davis and victim Polly Klaas

Suzanne Harrison, an 18-year-old student, paid with her life for his freedom. A day after she left her home with two friends, her battered body was found — raped, beaten and strangled. The bodies of her friends were found in a ditch 10 days later.

McFadden was sentenced to death and is no longer eligible for parole.

● Reginald Muldrew moved to Gary, Ind., last year after serving only 16 years for a series of violent rapes that earned him the nickname The Pillowcase Rapist.

Last summer, he was arrested for allegedly breaking into a woman's home — but was found not guilty.

Within weeks, he was under arrest again and awaits a March 31 trial on charges that he again entered a woman's home and sexually fondled her.

Justice Department

fenders in America, nearly 60 percent are on the streets today on parole or probation!

In addition:

✓ 43 percent of all felons released early are re-arrested for another felony within three years.

✓ Offenders on parole, probation or pretrial release commit nearly 700,000 violent crimes a year.

✓ Only one out of five arrested for a violent felony is convicted and sentenced to at least one year in prison.

Rapist Muldrew

According to the watchdog group Crimestrike, the average time served in America for murder is 7.7 years, for rape 4.6 years, for robbery 3.3 years and for aggravated assault only 1.9 years.

Crime analyst Mary Kate Cary says tougher sentencing and laws making it harder to win parole is the solution.

"When these criminals are off the street, they are not victimizing citizens."

I never even got to kiss my daughter goodbye

BY DENNIS RICE

FIFTEEN years after her grief-stricken husband died, Muriel Blatchford was at the Old Bailey to see justice done at last.

Clenching the hand of a woman police officer, she watched as Ronald Jebson was jailed for life for the murder of her 11-year-old daughter Susan. But as far as Mrs Blatchford was concerned, it was justice 30 years too late.

"There is no punishment which can match what happened to Susan," she said. "My daughter died alone with nobody to comfort her, nobody to hold her hand, nobody to tell her that they loved her.

"Even if he was executed today he has still had 30 years of life from the moment when he murdered my daughter. You tell me what prison sentence can correct that?"

Mrs Blatchford is approaching 80 but remembers with crystal clarity the last time she saw her daughter.

"I was working in the afternoons and I remember being in such a rush that I never got to kiss her goodbye. Can you imagine that? I never got to kiss her goodbye."

An equally painful recollection is the reaction of a police officer to her plea for a nationwide television appeal during the early days of the "missing persons" inquiry.

"I remember asking the officer to put out an appeal on the television but he said that they only did that when it was urgent," she said. "I said to the officer, 'Since when isn't an 11-year-old girl and 12-year-old boy going missing not urgent?'"

According to Muriel, no one was interested until Detective Chief Superintendent Leonard "Nipper" Read – who brought the Krays to justice – became involved.

"He was a wonderful man and he kept in touch with us over the years to make sure we were OK. He kept telling me, 'Never give up, Muriel'," she said.

"The night they found Susan he was at an official function and when he came to break the news to us at three in the morning he was still in his dinner suit." The families of Susan and Gary and Mr Read shared a common belief – that the children had been murdered.

But the coroner recorded an open verdict after a forensic scientist explained the removal of Susan's underwear as rummaging on the part of foxes. Muriel said at the time: "The only animal that could remove Susan's bra, pants, and tights is a human animal. If these people are not caught the same thing will happen again."

Today she takes no comfort from knowing that so many doubters have been proved wrong while she has been shown to be right.

"It was very hard being told that the police were going to have to dig their graves up last year," said Muriel. "It has all come flooding back. Facing him in court again was absolutely awful. I was dreading it for months, but I had to do it for Susan's sake.

"I don't blame the police. London in those days wasn't the way it is today. The police just didn't know how to deal with something like that. It wasn't routine for people to abduct and murder children from a street. I have never wished ill of anyone all my life but I just wish something terrible would happen to him. He must have known he was abusing and murdering someone's child."

With bitter irony she recalled how she had almost lost her daughter through illness so many times before her murder and revealed that she had sacrificed so much time with Susan to ensure their future together.

"The doctors persuaded us to send her to Hayling Island in Hampshire. Eventually she returned to us but when she disappeared a little while later it was all the worse because we didn't see that much of her.

"Like every parent I wanted to see my child growing up, becoming a young woman then an adult. All those years we should have had together were taken away."

Associated Press

Drive to save children

Sen. Paul Simon (D-Ill.) stands beside John Walsh (right) of the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children at a Washington, D. C., news conference yesterday during which they announced a major 50-state effort to promote passage of state legislation to deal with the problems of such children.

FAMILIES OF CHILDREN MURDERED BY A WICKED OUTCAST

VICTIMS: Susan Blatchford, left, her mother Muriel, and Gary Hanlon, below

masturbating faster and harder with one hand on his skinning cock and the other squeezing his nipple into a toughened rubbery bitable sore.

Sensitive little prick.

Moan. Deeper, doll. You don't fucking close your fucking eyes and pull that ecstasy female shit here.

Harder, doll.

Really hard. You can make me bleed, cunt. Don't be a fucking girl.

Fucking queers. There is something wrong with trash like you.

Slapped him. Slap them. To see how far this is going to go.

I haven't had sex without being drunk in the last ten years. He put his huge ugly head on my shoulder and waited for a cheesy hug. He had also realized it might be less interesting than he wanted but wasn't going to stop. As his runt hand was fumbling at my crotch.

Show me more little kids. I grabbed my own cock through the half undone buttons and struggle. Pulled my shirt back down and squeezed my balls as hard as I fucking could. Grunted and whined.

He sat down and reached into an open drawer under his computer. While I waited for the whole process to connect and buffer or whatever the fuck he had to press and mouse, I started to expose, then stroke my cock. The tiny base idea of watching children getting molested was too great in this murk and I figured he'd think it was all part of my attraction to his bulbous drooping. It wasn't. I could do this now.

I stopped dogging when the first badly displayed video started. I tried to concentrate. You memorize this niggling garbage. I had seen the movie before but I wanted to see it again. Ever since my arrest for this filth I've never kept anything. But I offered to buy this disc immediately. I didn't want to download it at home and I didn't want it on my hard drive. I wanted to leave this pigsty apartment with the disc and go home and masturbate. That's it. That's all. It is what you do.

It sits in front of its screen shirtless and its morning underwear at its ankles. As it watches the little children being mounted like monkeys under pigs. It pulls at both of its nipples and talks at the screen. It squeezes as hard as it can. Rends itself into a squirming mom. Disgusting. Nauseating corpulent filth and it laps up the sexual abuse of children like the faggot it learned to be through access and availability more than design or genetics. Its predispositions are failure and rejection. It never got over its first extended stupefying bend towards pornography and the promise that lied inside all the rest of the adult stores and marketing houses and printing plants and car trunk deals that propped up that cheap flat frozen raped world.

A woman it had come to know far too well offered to do these favors for that especially lowly part she sniffed and politely, stupidly, accepted. And old hog sometimes worried about whether she might like it more than he did. For example. He never asked her if he could cum all over her pretty little tits or her full lips and beautiful processed red hair. Yet she's asked. This time I want you to cum across my face.

And she's had others cum there as well. As if that should bother it.

He didn't spread or lurch to drip his repulsively meager load onto the tv screen as he dustmited himself into little forever perfect fourteen-year-old Natja's german skinny ass cheeks and spindled legs.

You want to know where Megan's Law would only really work it's child saving magic? You want to know where Maureen Kanka's wailing grief could stop dead in front of?

Do I suck like a good faggot? Or.

I really want your load in me.

One comes from a pretty enough female mouth, the other slops out from a skinny animal sick with disease who I fucked up against a wooden wall. I heard his money fall out of his pants and I stopped. His shit stinking up the booth. You better take care of yourself there, stud.

Do you live around here?

Yeah.

Can we go there?

I'm actually with a friend here. Where do you live?

I'm only a couple of blocks away.

Rather not have to talk.

I really want your load in me.

You wake up to red bug bites all up and down one leg only. Puffy hard itchy blisters that start down on your ankle and move back up to your calves and hairy fat thigh and twist into the soft skin just nearest your balls and chafed heat.

These booths I used to slip into when I was a kid. Only trolls remember the filth they showed. The place I used to prefer is no longer there some nearly thirty fucking years later. But not a bit changed for at least twenty-five. They still showed cheap 8mm films projected from the rear onto a white block painted on the inside of the door. Well after the video industry had changed everything for the better. I was sixteen. I was seeing films that mimicked – badly – rape and depicted – faithfully – bestiality. Mouths and cocks would hang at the sides of the wood and staples booth through punched and clawed glory holes that stretched the full length of my long legs. At first. I didn't feed these cocksuckers. Most of whom were old men and some of whom were pushy loud revolting niggers.

Just down the street was a gay movie theater. I didn't care about the old men slobbering down my THC and PCP crotch there. I didn't prefer the younger faggots. And I wasn't so out of it that I didn't know I was picking or not picking.

It's what big screen queer pornography was invented for. To construct the excuse that men could behave this way. Back in the sleazier pressboard commercial het holes. When you gargle rotten brain seepage. I hated these thickly painted women who weren't getting beaten badly enough. And these cheap paycheck male fucks who didn't seem to enjoy it enough. The women fucked stopped muddy farm animals and sucked on frenzied red dicked dogs and huge bending horses and dumb cows. Fish were folded and clumsily inserted. I could find anything until I settled on kiddie porn as the sole blunt stunting point of my busy pornographic existence.

This is how you become a troll.

Brenda van Dam gave an emotional impact statement just before David Westerfield's sentence was announced. Impact statements are where precise dispassionate law breaks down into tasteless overarching compassion. Brenda, like her husband who also delivered a statement and also broke down into tears, worked hard on her impact statement. She told John Walsh and his daytime talk show audience how important it was to get her words right:

> *"It took quite awhile to write that statement. It was my heart. It was my whole heart. And… each day I would add a little bit and change it. And I finally got it where I had really had everything on there that I wanted to say to him. Or to say in general about Danielle."*

She wanted to bravely address her daughter's murderer and carry the important questions to the public. On January 3rd, 2003, she stood in front of the jury, thanked them and the entire justice system, and only really cried when she started to talk directly at Westerfield:

> *"I ask you why did you not let her go? Why didn't you drop her off in a safe place? If you had done so, she would be with her family now and you would not be facing death. What were you thinking as you killed her? Did she not touch your heart one bit? If not, you are heartless; you are an empty shell. You are nothing. If she did, reclaim some decency and apologize to her brothers, her parents and your own children and this community. This should not be happening to our children. Our children should be able to be innocent children and safe in our community and our world."*

You want to know what a troll is. Brenda van Dam really does want to know what David Westerfield was thinking as he killed her Danielle. It makes sense that she would.

David Westerfield abducted seven-year-old daughter Danielle from her bedroom and murdered her. The hopeful common says that he raped her in his expensive RV but no conclusive evidence was found on the dumped child's body finally discovered nearly a month after her murder. A thorough search of Westerfield's large house, just two doors away from the van Dam's, turned up a collection of child pornography amongst the other downloaded to disc porn. KP allowed prosecutors to charge Westerfield with misdemeanor possession and, more importantly, introduce a taste towards child molestation as the probable motive for the kidnap and murder of a little friendly neighbor.

Tenuous proof that the child had been raped was sensitively alluded to by repeatedly mentioning that two of the child's teeth had been found jammed inside her decomposing throat. Too terrible to imagine beyond a worst nightmare but not terrible enough to suggest a clear factual certainty.

Westerfield's defense argued that the evidence towards motive was speculative. And that blame just as easily pointed to the parents' marijuana dulled disregard of who they trusted in their home and bedrooms. The evening that Danielle went missing had been a girls night out for mom that started at a local bar and finally blurred back to her open house. The woman brought home a small group of drunk men and women to enjoy some more drinking, pizza and whatever. Father Damon had stayed home to watch Danielle and her two brothers. During Westerfield's trial, Damon van Dam told the united states that he had been sleeping when Brenda came back to the house. And that he had only "kissed and snuggled" the female friend that came upstairs to find him in bed. Neither the mother or father checked on sleeping darling Danielle, pretty little throat still snugly wrapped in the toy choker she loved to wear, when the couple finally retired from the night.

This is a legitimate concern.

The mother of the little doll was tattled on; swapping mates and fucking neighbors. Her ineffectual husband was called a bad parent. But it doesn't bother San Diego suburban daddies the same way it's going to splat all over their menopausal wives.

During Westerfield's: a defense attorney asked Brenda about her private needs. About the sexual background that traveled past her husband and her mothering heterosexuality. About her adult family friend Barbara.

Defense: "Was Barbara, that evening, being touchy-feely or grabbing?"
Brenda van Dam: "Yes."
Defense: "Did Barbara grab your breast?"
Brenda van Dam: "No."
Defense: "Did she try to grab your breasts?"
Brenda van Dam: "Yes."
Defense: "And did you indicate to Barbara that you didn't appreciate that behavior publicly?"
Brenda van Dam: "No."

Defense: "You have engaged in behavior similar to that with Barbara privately though, isn't that true?"
Brenda van Dam: "Yes."

Broadcast live on local TV channels in California and throughout the US on cable. The daily footage was edited into tight clips for discussion on nightly talk shows and news reports nationwide. TV talk show host John Walsh used the "Barbara" courtroom clip to illustrate what he called the *"cruel and mean spirited"* treatment of the grieving van Dams at the hands of David Westerfield's defense strategist. The couple appeared on John's two-season talk show on January 31, 2003 alongside two prosecuting attorneys, the jury foreman and the attorney for a newly announced civil suit against David Westerfield; high-profile Gloria Allred. Gloria was the first to confront the public treatment of the van Dams:

"And speaking of wrongs, I just want to say one thing about the media and the defense tactic of trying to put these parents on trial. I mean this was a tactic that very bright talk show hosts on television and radio, not you of course, but others, often many conservatives, brought into... and try to drag these parents down through the mud. You know, talking about sex... that was a defense tactic. And a lot of people in the public were snookered by it. The person who should have been on trial was David Westerfield. And if you want to talk about lifestyle – the lifestyle that people should know more about, about Brenda and Damon, is that they are great parents. They read to their kids before they go to bed, they kiss them, they tuck them in, they go to school activities with them. Brenda cooked with Danielle. Damon was constantly involved with the kids. And still is. This is the lifestyle that matters. Not irrelevant issues having to do with privacy. David Westerfield is the only one who should have been on trial."

The prosecution suggested that Westerfield's sexual attraction to all little girls was proven by his collection of child pornography. And while the prosecution's case was strong on fiber evidence, they still insisted on drawing a line that connected private masturbation to a predisposition to murder. Thus the defense had the legal right to draw a line from Brenda and Damon's private sex parties to the renegade nature of the people they let into their home. While their children, hopefully and conveniently, slept. There was evidence that the van Dams had crossed the line from fantasy to action. Just as Westerfield obviously had. Using the same magical thinking the van Dams were pretending to get battered with. If Westerfield hadn't done it. Their drunk horny jealous bar pick-up would have.

She brings it with her. Back flat against a bed post at the corner of the bed. Her fat haggis hid badly in a black bone girdle that's supposed to pass for lingerie instead of camouflage. And the old whore clips two fingers on either side of her swollen cunt and pulls back into her flesh. Through her newly trimmed and dyed graying blonde pubic hairs. Pries her black hole open and pushes her mottled ass out from underneath her weight.

Forget that she has such ugly wrinkles.

Forget that she was a celebrity once.

Her eternal umbilicus.

Does angel look at you differently now that she knows what you really miss. Golden haired. Clit thumbing. Tit waggling. Licker. Try to think the implications through to where you now simply have to stop.

Just after David Westerfield's trial and death sentence, the van Dams conducted another in a long line of celebrated interviews. This one with Charles Gibson for **Primetime Live** on September 19, 2002. The couple had made themselves readily available to the media while their daughter was missing but had retreated slightly after her body was found. And though the trial was broadcast live from opening argument to final sentencing, this was to be the first interview that ostensibly allowed the currently suffering to reflect on the law, their incredible grief and the public intrusion into their private lives. Brenda was encouraged to personalize the trauma.

> *Charles Gibson: "It was not an easy death…"*
> *Brenda van Dam: "I don't think it was. I believe she suffered."*
> *Charles Gibson: "It's hard to ask – can you keep yourself from thinking about that?"*
> *Brenda van Dam: "Um… I have a big problem with it because… in the very beginning when they arrested and a… I was having kind of like a post… I don't know what you'd call it…*
> *Damon van Dam: "Post traumatic stress."*
> *Brenda van Dam: "Post traumatic stress."*
> *Charles Gibson: "Post traumatic shock, yeah."*
> *Brenda van Dam: "And all I could see sometimes was him raping her (starts to cry) and him hurting her and… it would just pop in my head whenever… (sob) and I know that she suffered and I wish I could just take it all away and I… you know, I wish it had been me instead."*

Chronic masturbator wants some facts on his fantasy. Wants difference plastered on details to make what really happened look as if he hadn't thought it all out first. The trained acting you can lose yourself in. That lets it forget, for as long as it takes to finish, that the words aren't less than varying degrees of vulgar manipulation. Let it find something new that it likes just as much.

It is possible that a middleaged woman who put herself on a swingers rack would have an easy time visualizing the elemental truth of her daughter's agonizing rape. Rather than some mother who's not as familiar with the common indecency and blind selfishness pooled up in so many older men who look much better in their clothes and neighborly waves. It is possible that she can more painfully imagine a slimy Westerfield looking like any other old leerer trying to work up an erection. More than a less attractive housemom can. Romantically lonely, physically longing, perpetually reminded. Sunken males puffed up into big hands and sloppy thrusts and sick insistent pride. You like that? Want me to call you Bitch? You want more? Mom doesn't know quite what exactly that sounds like, does she. This is my favorite position too. Slides in easier and feels longer.

Little Danielle's handprint was found on a wood cabinet above Westerfield's RV bed. This evidence was repeated regularly by the talking heads on Court TV as *"heartbreaking."* Suggesting as it did that little Danielle had to be standing on the bed at one point and possibly steadying herself as she was raped. Perhaps it was an attempt to free herself. Hoist up, crawl away. What mind reels more vividly than the helpless Brenda. Damon, sons and all their friends. Her forgetful friends, next after. Distress pornography. As the one used to it sees herself grabbing a bedboard and shoving her fatty ass back towards another needing, fisted, yanked, hardon. Imagines it all. And prefers trauma. Selects what she hopes is unstoppable.

Before his arrest. When Jesse Timmendequas was questioned about the disappearance of his neighbor Megan Kanka, same age as Danielle, police noted that he had a cut and bruised hand. They later proved it to be a bite from Megan who had fiercely struggled against her attacker. He raped her on a rug. On his bedroom floor. And strangled her with a belt. She was suffocated by two plastic bags wrapped around her life-sized blonde head and raped, once more, after he dumped her body in a park some two miles away from both of their homes. Timmendequas, who is suspected of suffering from fetal brain damage and has a tested IQ of only 74, says that he might have heard Megan cough as he left her hopefully dead body behind the park bushes.

Exposers. Flashers. Lurkers. Dedicated voyeurs. Scale defined by the anonymity of the personal moment shared impersonally. These slobbing jagoffs grew fat on themselves and fatter on encouragement. Behind the art is a powerful need to establish stage two: private speech. The life these runts follow is raised from infantilism to communal adulthood. They advertise, collect and brag. They fuck themselves and move to fuck themselves more.

Send in pics of asian girls you know or see on the street with jizz on their pics or for others to jizz on. Feel free to tell me as much as you want about them and why they deserve a load of jizz.

It is self sex. Just real sex. Where nothing other than the baboon ability to stroke and cum and point is required. No genius, sense of irony or the bother of another human voice. The perfect statement on the nature of the pornographic moment and the culture that produced it. More than that. It's a purer sex, the required crawling honesty, than whatever it is you're pretending to give, share or open with someone else. Perverts look for validation. Then they look for more of what they want. From the others.

Masturbate over my wife's pics – My wife and I would love to see other men's cocks. Me and my wife love to see how guys like when they see nude pics of my lady. We hope to see your response and SHE REALLY LOVES TO SEE cocks and cum over her nude pics. So contact us soon and show her what would you like offer her!

And.

He cum on every girlpic you post – My boyfriend cum on your pics.
Hello!!!!
My best boyfriend likes to cum on girlspics, so I made this club, you can post and he will cum on the pics and post them back.

So much of this sex should be rooted in the insult it creates in circulation. It is earnestly and desperately produced. Its public exposure should be steeped in aggression. Beyond its confessional desire to connect. Typical of impotent hatred. And more. These men are reasonable. They're not locked up in asylums or loaded on chemicals to keep them from masturbating and hissing in public. Controlled rape. This sex obsession is contained. It is simple. These are men that prove the fallacy of a normal loving sexual stereotype more than they prove the psychosis of their little itching acts. Husbands, boyfriends, niggers in the bathroom before they go to work. The banality that is David Westerfield masturbating constantly in the privacy of his own lush house is not insidious or dangerous. He was quietly capable of more quick fantasies than choices and possibilities. No matter what, Westerfield's sexualized worries have still not stopped.

The filthy School One wolves were loaded on heroin and morphine on the days they struggled with their little hostages.

Property. Everyone is owned as long as they're not yanked off the street. Taken from their bedrooms. Playgrounds. Everything is a possible spittoon. The men who create the clubs by recording and posting their slimy cums can be seen as lonely, cuckolded and beaten as only someone who needs to make the private public would. His squeaky unimportant voice demanding some attention. Or, at the very least, a sniggering bashful vent. His fantasizing a larger relationship with an image or a marketing campaign documents his inadequacy over his lust. Lets him be seen as a hungry desperate that's taken the first fried step in crossing the line from imagination to expression. Antipathy towards the advertisers and the shills and technologies that train hogs to lick anything stuck in their troughs. Perverts find all fair game quiet enough. It is only a photo. But everyone. Audience and artist. Want it to be more. Ugly men so degenerate to need to broadcast their self-flagellating as revenge. Old men for whom silent sad objectification is the only way in. Cumming on her is a warning. Cumming on her sold photo is the best she deserves. The photo her daddy took and kept from me. The photo that I shouldn't have seen or shouldn't have fucking sexualized. She doesn't want to be treated this way. She doesn't even know that. Her friends should know what she's like. What she sells. What she would accept. How low others think of her.

A skit in one of the hundreds of videos that porn entrepreneur Rodney Moore provides is him cumming on a porno magazine featuring photos of the starlet who, until she kneeled down to lick the cum off of her own printed shots, was paid to sit and watch and wait while he tossed himself off. Rodney Moore has the money and access that these poor jagging saps and suckers don't. The great untouched deposit their drives and rejection at the same time. Rodney Moore has a set amount of scenes and product that he has to imagine and finish in any given month. The hunchbacks dictate what Rodney Moore sells by capitalist votes. Up to a legal talking point.

Comfortable with your damage. Tell yourself that dogs don't see the cage the way their simpering petting owners do. It's a place to retreat to. To get away from the petters and noisy brats that need protecting.

Cum on my hot body and repost.

I'm a hot cum slut who loves to see men cum all over my pictures! Cum splatter me with your man milk and post the results.

And.

My cum for Ladies pics – Ladies, post your pics to be cum splattered.

This club is now 400 members strong. Ladies, I hope you will continue to post hot nude or semi nude pics to be sprayed by the men who lust after you! If you post please leave a message indicating the folder name in which your pics are located. Luv and jism. Funkyspunk.

Rats will eat birdfeed for as long as they're mazed and fed. The internet is a simple system of files and links that's taught you how to masturbate to poses and badly reproduced captures. Again. Pictures more than acts more than ideas. Folders are searched for erotic charges that are higher and more exact than the ones discovered just before. Promised next is something better. The worldwide supply is endless and available. That's what the links are for. A specific rarefied knowledge that tells the obsessives they aren't stagnant. Fat lazy invisibles that they are.

Which rats stop pecking at the cues. Which ones want to. When will it give up and look elsewhere for something more appropriate, more significant, more relative to the compressed reality of the material they mimic sex acts on. When will it tire of what little bits are all offered flat. It should be so much better than this.

Replace this. Seventy-two shots of the same reddened cock sinking in size after cumming all over the face of a young girl surreptitiously photographed. She didn't know the animal that saw her or looked for his best chance to catch her pretty face and tightly clothed growing body. She has tits and that was what he was hunting for. The best angle he could find of her tits. And then her exposed navel and then the curve of her ass under the bulky fucking shirt she cruelly wore tied around her waist and draped down too far.

It would have have been better if she had seen him. The photo where she flashed recognition would have been the one that produced the thickest longest reality. The first, bottom metaphor. Then he'd look for the fullest selection of her breasts. A hint of cleavage. Evidence of a thin teen bra when more is needed for such perfect grade heft.

He would have had to run if she screamed or made a scene. Pretended to be rushing to his car where he forgot his model releases. She could have actually posed for him if he didn't look so obviously degenerate. If the only masturbation possibilities weren't so sweatily corpulently elderly obvious.

Replace the pictures you took of yourself wearing the wrong panty hose you bought in a sex shop that caters to fat faggots like you. The tiny yellow panties that let your hot cock slip out the side and burst at your emboldened balls. Pictures of you unable to stay soft and packed in the satin because of your overexcitement. Your fans love the shots where they see the pre-cum staining through. You've been told how nice a cockhead you have. Smooth and sloped with a deep dark pisshole. How some other fat queen ignored your belly and hairy asshole and dived straight in at your luscious heaving balls and long cock. He wants his tongue to the urethra and his fingers around your sac while you wriggle against your slick straining nylons.

One last time before you move out.

Photos of others like me.

Pictures of daddies who have fed me ideas. What the crowd wants. What I've responded to naturally and what I'm willing to give to get.

Replace the makeup pictures. The bright red lipstick. The pancake over stubble. The dorky humiliating high heels shots. The flash in the mirror that blurs the top of the dress where you carefully positioned yourself so as to not show your neighborly face.

No more photos of you masturbating over worthless women. No more rape fantasies. No more thinking you're special as you wait in line at the office depot.

No more drunks and caress memories. Every single time I try and masturbate to a picture that I like the immediate look of. I'm flooded with the last few cums in faggot mouths that I've let happen to me. I can't cum anymore. I like this little rat girl best. I don't get the same uncontrolled memories over her. Unless they look like I remember her spreading her pretty ass for me. The way her cunt didn't taste like cock or bad health. The way she licked at my balls to help me cum before I supplanted her female face with my little agitation. Her preening childhood or the gloryhole child molester that I face fucked last time I fucking looked down and over my blubber.

My cumshots on your pictures – Huge cumshots on your pics from my 9" black cock.

Hi ladies, I'm Charles. Please post some pics of yourself and I'll show you what you look like next to my 9" cock and then cover you with cum.

And.

spurt on my ex girls – the cum on club.

*after I had trouble about the pics in english territory I changed the club to the brave americans *999* so members cum on my girls an post the pic back in here. u can send pics of our ex-gfs/gf/wifes to work on. it would be a pleasure to cum on them. so now have fun with the pics and do a good work.*

These animals all know how to best photograph the tips and shafts of their veiny cocks flopped and rubbed down on top of the computer print-outs. Big thick soaking puddles of cum splotched and dripped all over the three color faces of photo'd women, mainly, preening somehow. Cum often captured still being squeezed from attractively widened and pursed prick holes.

Getting ready to cum.

Cumming.

Cum slathered.

Holding the page up for others to see is the point. Some of the hogs think it's another stab at sex. Some ridiculous connection along the lines of phone sex or video trading or trotting your suburban cellulite wife over to a swingers' ball. The way idiot women search for orgasms with other tooled and clawed plastic reeking women. The way they look for something extra in the grunts and shoves of hating men they want to believe love them. The same way men think there's something better at the end of their beery local. Even though she's not all that chubby. Even though she dresses like someone who doesn't know she's fat. And, no matter what, that, dumb and old as they are, men think they can get whatever they like just because they think they want it. I'll tell you what I think is better. Mexican boys. Hung uncut young worthless mexican shit. Suckable straight boys.

Young men. Sucked off and licked down by old ugly foreskin yanking gnawing tongue probing faggots. Cum lickers who like the look of large puddles of sperm and the pornography that caused the slugs to act like slugs. Place your squeezed down balls in the picture. I want to see where those fresh loads start and store. Sold and positioned pools of hatred. Shy'd vengeful trolls aiming your eyes down to their ratting cocks. These cunts. This specialized genre of pornography. It's what I think of the closeted creeps that buy it. Care about it, make it and don't know what to do with their shame, guilt and inexhaustible rage afterwards.

Men masturbate onto photos of women they'll never fuck. Movie stars and porn actresses and big titted women standing in line at the ballgame. Thin college girls out in the summer sun, tightly dressed as if they didn't care that old fat men might stare and daydream about their thin shirts and push-up bras and exposed navels. Their taut teenaged asses in thongs. Pictures taken innocently and then posted on sites that advertise their snotty attributes and youthful bodies. Girls shopping in cut price bargain department stores. Girls in bikinis. Girls at night clubs. Drunk girls. Girls in blue jeans. Tank tops. See-thru pastels. Cleavage only. Upskirtings. Panty lines.

A couple clicks down and the same shots can be found soaked in sperm and uploaded for even more degradation and privately divulged lust. Give them what they don't want. And, now, what they deserve.

Photos of sleeping ignorant women. They'd sleep their entire lives away. No matter where they are or how they're standing or what they're wearing when they're sleeping. It's impossible to see them as one apart from a group. If it's special, it's only a particularly apt example of what the troll is yearning for. Women who don't know that they're being photographed. Don't understand that they've been uploaded onto the world wide web. Maybe don't even suspect that the person next to them needs them or hates them as much as this. They'll masturbate onto photos of them as if to humiliate them. Like they want to. As they wish they could. As if they could slice a razor across her face and then send her out into the big cold image conscious world. Rats spitting all over the feet of little mice and running away, tired and frightened.

There are excellent sites dedicated to child stars. No sex. No nudity. Pictures of made-up little pampered dollies like the teening blonde Olsen twins and vulnerable Anna Paquin covered in heavy slob amounts of human sexual disgust. These young girls are shared as beautiful, untouchable until the shots are mucked in simple biology. Then the needless text turns bitter and it becomes slightly more acceptable to masturbate onto photos of children who have become rich.

For the very few who worry about such things. The effect could be misconstrued as offering something similar to what would-be rapists look for in child pornography until you've actually seen child pornography. So many of these sick fucks believe that their messy human sewage is a tribute. So many of the men

These animals would piss, drip and look down at their slimy cocks and walk over and push fuck anything given the chance. But I'm no fucking faggot looking to lick someone off like Brenda van Dam and her bready spread corset tied thighs. I cum into my hand and onto the seat and all over my toilet water shit. I'll leave the mess for the other child fuckers or company men like Damon van Dam to see and think about what refuse there is living all over the place. Before he understood that his daughter was trade. Not all of the lazy creeps in here want to fuck two women at the same time. How long before the breathing hotelroom photos make their press carried way out. Then, slime. Darlee's kids I've seen. Lisa finally. Lesley twice. Masturbators and asshole fingerfuckers and men with mental deficiencies fleeing their homes and running riot behind their mouths and fists and, especially, their erections.

More than that. Some seething worm will tell you. About the internet group that collects photos of children, real children, dead and covered in indecent human issue. It makes sense that this group would degenerate quicker than most.

One hand on the camera to his eye and the other rubbing his criminal hardon down and across the smile the poor little poser gave so naturally to her mother. His grieving mother fixation barks out as much swallowed bile for himself as it does for the mouthed stupidity of the parents. As much as it also stamps the child as sex, wrapped up the way someone who loved her thought best. And as much as the dirty fast act has a chance, now, to get back at the parents through a quote hungry media. The private psychotic hate spills up all over himself into social problems for everyone. Cums on the child's photo because he's actually hoping to anonymously infect the mother's fragile grasp on reality. Stalks her. Drops himself into her pain to see how real it is and how much more he can teach her. He didn't fuck her. He didn't spread her bawling confused legs wide open with a slap across her fucking rat pink face. The mother's blind willful temerity. Her casual acceptance of white trash talkshow offers and pampered hotel stays. Her pompous empty advice. The stupid loud trust of tabloid level chatter as acceptable ways to behave now.

It won't last. Replace it. Pedophiles collect photos of darling mice like old comic book collectors keep buxom model shots. The dead children site, cum splattered and coke ravaged, would slowly seep into just photo files of little girls that the frightened masturbators want to fuck but never will.

And they'd be hated and hounded and arrested all the same. The fact that all they did was indecent down a photograph that a million other quieter fucks looked at is proof that they would, sooner or later, lose the control that the others adequately managed. The taste for such things is enraging enough to support any argument against the lonely perpetrator. Public disgust breeds a thin excuse for public paranoia.

The cocksucker who swallowed my KP money and entire sexual worth barely listened while I slurred shitty little wrong details about Javed Iqbal. These fat effete queers all have Burroughs fetishes for skinny smooth pakis, nut brown, and I was drunkenly trained over whether or not he saw any of the photos of the boys that Iqbal murdered. Iqbal took photos of shirtless garbagedump street children before he murdered them. Smiling. Unaware. An aesthetically different third world from the famous cage shots.

He didn't like boys, mouthpig lied.

Not enough to bother with.

He liked getting beaten on slightly. Moving to more. Face fucked and ass plowed during long popper bouts. He told me his favorite drug is viagra mixed with coke and that it fucks up his vision to snort amyl at the same time. So he only does it on special occasions. When the pig is in a relationship that isn't based on money alone. So he can keep hard longer than his cum. And get plugged and replugged.

You fuck a bobbing head too hard, you want to piss in it. Which is why I got to see his piss pictures.

In Iran, justice is swift and dramatic. Gholamreza Khoshura, 28, confessed on television to raping and killing nine girls and women, age 10 to 47, during four months of terror in the capital city of Tehran.

First, the killer received 214 lashes from a leather whip wielded by the male relatives of the victims. Then, a rope was placed around his neck and he was lifted by a crane. A crowd of 20,000 people cheered as he slowly choked to death.

"It's a sweet death for him," says survivor Maryam Bakhti, who fought her way out of Khoshrou's clutches. "He deserves worse."

(**JUSTICE, IRANIAN-STYLE**, The Examiner, September 2, 1997)

His slurping shiny dented head sunk against my sore gut while he sucked on me. Shoved my churning stomach as far into my ribs as he could push. Just so he could get as much cock and balls as he could mouth.

When I cummed, I assed further in. I slapped and yanked the flaking wet stringy mess on the sides of his overheated head and masturbated my fist and cock onto his gump and cheeks.

I didn't want the KP to remind me of him later. I've bought far too much child pornography that included unbecoming insulting sex in the price. Cuter rats don't buy drugs this way. It's a life style I'm responsible for. That I've forced. That I'm dug in deepest for. I am dead in front of any other material.

There's too many stomach aches and swallowed vomits every fucking time I think of something that I've had adult self sex on. And the naked held kids are all stained. I can cum, quickly, before the thoughts of law enforcement ruin everything as long as I don't do it directly online. I can see the little beatens treated like human shit and it excites me rather than deflates me. But I don't see enough of it. And it's why I've fallen in love with the little rat with all her clothes on. My single option and last chance. To just fucking cum. Once in a stupid while.

Drop your pants all the way.

Turn around.

I want to lick your big balls. Give me those fat fucking balls, soldier. Gimme your browneye. Gimme your doghole.

Come on.

You let someone lick up inside you and you're ready to get fucked.

Let the walrus make you feel warm and dumb and harder than usual. He does this to boys half your age and still not boys at all.

Gimme your doghole.

You have to resist the temptation to call them animals. Dogs. Pigs. Sats. Obese flopping sunning sea lions. It makes them presentable. Call them human, however, and it sounds as if you expect more from them. As if it's natural or unnatural. Shared. Recognized. Poorly judged and bitterly accepted. When it is not.

Your doghole. You love it. You like it like this, up your big beautiful doghole.

You don't let anyone eat your ass. Especially after a long night of drink and bar drugs. I've left grease stains on my underwear, on the inside of my long coat, even my chair at home and couldn't tell if it was blood, badly managed gas or thick drainage from various health medicines that swell through my lumps and then leak out once in awhile.

I bleed into bar toilets from the stomach damage I've created. I left a stool sample with a doctor that was unrecognizable from all the blood in it.

I had to be lifted off a bathroom floor after I hemorrhaged so completely that I fainted. Blood ran all over the tile and my fat naked ass and thighs and knees to the tub that I had crawled over to slump and vomit.

He licked and jabbed as far as he could and tasted absolutely none of it. I backed up into his tongue and spread my own wobbly ass around his bloated face. I started to masturbate. Pushed my hairy wrinkled testicles back into his wet gobbling mouth. Bite on it then.

He sucked my spat sac into his fat hole from behind, like I was the fucking canine, and he started to thumb rim my gaped, now lubed, asshole. I turned around to let him slather the shit into a cockhole.

Erin Runnion, mother of viscously raped and broken little five-year-old Samantha, sat across from Larry King, as angry and uncontrolled as she could manage and struggled to publicly comprehend what had happened to her. Her skinny angular frame looked pale and beaten. Long previously luxurious red hair could embarrass the damage she obviously never expected to live underneath. She shuddered and spat and welled up during the hour long interview. Talking about the "*sickness*" of the man that killed her daughter just so he could rape her.

The young mother caved in over the vivid memories of her extra bright daughter. Especially when she talked of potential. But her most intense shakes and clenches quaked loose during the harangues against stupid juries and hideously guilty men who don't know where to best deposit their illness. The murderer of her little girl had been found not guilty on a previous child molesting charge. Against two different little somewhat related girls.

Erin described her cracked, crushed daughter as *"Mantha"* and positioned herself as a last-word expert who knew that all children everywhere were infallible. From her first appearance on Larry King, July 25, 2002, the night before her dead daughter's sixth birthday and only days past her baby's Crystal Palace funeral:

> *"I blame every juror who let him go. Every juror who sat on that trial and believed this man over those little girls, I will never understand. And that is why he was out. And that is why his sickness was allowed to do this."*

And:

> *"The... people... have basically told me that I need to talk to them. (laughs) By reaching out to me, I feel like I have a duty to reach out to them. By being put in this position... I feel like this is my opportunity to make something out of my baby's death. That this gives it some purpose; that we will hopefully save some babies' lives. Um... educate some people."*

The over-sized wetback slob that bent her baby daughter's legs behind her five-year-old contorted pixie face should have been locked away. There was dysgenic rage and mental disease. Psychotic straining filth. Twisted and angry and misshapen and, most of all, unstoppable once it started.

David Westerfield had a relatively small child pornography collection. All, apparently, culled from the internet. The size of his kiddy selections were nothing when compared to his other collections of masturbation material. He had downloaded over 64,000 porn images that included bestiality and coprophilia. Westerfield, as seen in the police interrogation films released to the public after his sentencing, told the cops that he was only investigating the different sorts of pornography available in the vast internet.

It takes only one slip to create an entire life. Which is what makes mere possession of child pornography so dangerous. It often seems as if it should be of such minute importance. From the cops that chase it to the perverts that wring hell out of their lives to find it and keep it. Just pictures. So different from the knowledge that comes from the reality of the experience. The rend of child pornography is defined first by it being a record of a crime. And if a direct legal link can't be drawn from production to procurement, the evil still remains in the crime's cultural definition as the most repugnant taste a scumbag could even consider. Children as innocent, vulnerable, unsafe. The compulsion to sully, nullify purity for a psychotic moment of petty selfish pleasure as opposed to a lifetime of intense trauma for everyone else, personally realized or not, is what defines the interest as horrific. Child pornography's importance, as defined by those who've actually seen it, exists in the knowledge that absolutely nothing better ever existed. Metaphysically. Artistically. Viscerally. Empirically. It is every once-boring sex act stripped to its essence and rendered as potentially worthwhile. All the family campaigners sound like shrill phony liars to the KP au fait. And all the KP jagoffs become demons with their eyes fixed on what the families own and can't help display.

Established arthouses choose to explain their publishing of artists who photograph sexy children by using the exact same fairy words that the crusaders do. Innocence. Purity and natural grace: either erotically discovered and examined or daringly flaunted and distanced. Depending on the pitch and market.

"I had no knowledge about pedophiles and sex offenders when my daughter was killed.

I got a rude awakening, and an education I might not have necessarily wanted, but it's one that parents need and that could possibly mean the difference between life and death for a child in the future."

("IT BREAKS MY HEART YOUR PARLIAMENT CARES MORE ABOUT THE OFFENDERS THAN KIDS" – MAUREEN KANKA,
Trevor Ward, Daily Record, December 15, 2001)

Fucked far more child molesters than I've ever fucked queers. I don't believe the grievers know the difference.

Police officer Douglas McMurdo cross-examined by C.M. Campbell (advocate for the families of the deceased children, the children absent from class and Mrs Harrild and Mrs. Blake)

C.M. Campbell: Now, please don't follow my example, but if we could try to avoid mentioning specific names?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: But if we see the statement of this particular child, and if we turn to I think the fourth page. This is a time I think when the children are being video-ed for the purpose of some film that Hamilton was wanting to make, and I think we see from the previous page that he had a bag of trunks and the children were asked to put on the trunks?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: One of them got trunks that were too big for him, and we can read much of this for ourselves. The child was asked to lie in freezing cold water. The witness was crying, wanted to come out of the water, and Hamilton then said "We're no' fucking going to get this film done," and then he was swearing at another boy called Ross, and he said to him "You need fucking disciplined"?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: "When we were on the island it started to rain and we all had to stand, and nearly everybody was greetin'"?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: One boy was allowed to put a towel over himself, but everybody else had to stand in the rain for about half an hour, asking if they could go back, and he said "No, we still had the video to do." Then the sun started to come out and Hamilton rubbed suntan oil over everyone "and we had to rub it in to each other" – they had to make out as if they were enjoying themselves?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: And then there is a reference at the bottom of the page to Hamilton shouting and swearing at another boy; do you see that?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: He shook the boy back and forward, had a hold of him by his clothes, and he threw him back and forward, and then threw him down into his seat. There was another time the child was spanked on the legs because he had been picked for the football team. Hamilton took him into a green tent and when he came out he had red marks on his legs. The child was crying?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: Now, that can't just be dismissed as some equivalent to parental chastisement?

Douglas McMurdo: Excuse me, that is a statement that you have chosen to read out. It is not typical of all the statements that are there. There are very different views of the incident, and the one you have picked out is not the only view. I think somebody, to get a proper perspective on this particular case, would need to read all the statements and not just pick out one statement which can put an emphasis on a thing and which is totally different from all the other statements contained *within the report.*

C.M. Campbell: Well, you may be back here tomorrow, and I will certainly have a look through the documentation to see whether I am being unfair, but are you suggesting that there is some information in Detective Sergeant Hughes' report which would suggest that this particular witness's evidence is actually incorrect?

Douglas McMurdo: No, I am not saying that at all. I am saying that the different children in the report have different stories to tell, they are conflicting, and all I am saying to you is that not every child saw it in that way. That is all I am saying. I am not saying that is not the statement that was taken and that is not what the child said. All I am saying to you is there are very different views between the different children.

C.M. Campbell: Well, one understands that some of the children perhaps were not assaulted and therefore their views may be somewhat different?

Douglas McMurdo: But they saw the assaults differently, they saw the reasons for them differently. That is what I am saying.

C.M. Campbell: Well, if you just forgive me, I won't take up a lot more time on this, but if you look on to the next witness statement – have you got that one?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: And turn on to the second page of that, we see about the middle that the witness says that the child was taken into a tent and Mr. Hamilton's hand was lifting up, and he thinks it hit across Ross's face; that Ross came back out of the tent crying, holding his face, but he couldn't see any red marks. And then a little while later football teams are being picked?

Douglas McMurdo: I don't know if I have the right– could you just excuse me a wee moment?

C.M. Campbell: Yes, sorry. It is the third page of narrative. It may be my fault?

Douglas McMurdo: I have a blank page here.

C.M. Campbell: Yes, so do I. The blank page is the second page, so go on past the blank page and then there is a page of typing starting at the top "couldn't afford it"?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes, I am with you.

C.M. Campbell: And then the next page is the one I am wanting to refer to. It begins at the top "We were on the island. The child swore at Hamilton and Hamilton said to him 'You need fucking disciplined, ya bastard'"; do you see that?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: And all the child was really doing was he was talking to a boy standing beside him?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: And then there is another incident, as I mentioned earlier, where there is evidence of Hamilton hitting the child across the face; do you see that?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

5. Does he believe if he always trys hard, he will succeed? Ask him if he knows what real success comes from?

According to Judith Levine. From her book **Harmful to Minors: The Perils of Protecting Children From Sex**, University of Minnesota Press, 2002:

The vast majority of so-called pedophiles do not go out and ravage children. So-called criminals are most often caught not touching but looking at something called child pornography. And their desired objects are not "children" but adolescents, about the age of Kate Moss at the start of her modeling career. "The clients are usually white, suburban, married businessmen who want a blow job from a teenage boy but don't consider themselves gay, and heterosexual men who seek out young girls," said Edith Springer, who worked for many years with teenage prostitutes in New York's Times Square. "I have never in all my years of therapy and counseling come across what the media advertise as a 'pedophile.'"

On The Howard Nichols Society. According to the website of The Canadian Centre For Missing Children:

This group was run by David Sonenschein. He was a former consultant to the 1970 Presidential Committee on Obscenity and Pornography. He is also a pedophile. The Society was formed in 1981. The name was taken from a fictional character in the movie, Fallen Angel, who preyed upon young girls. Sonenschein was arrested in 1983 after police found copies of his pamphlet, "How to Have Sex with Kids," in his apartment. Unfortunately, he beat the charges on a technicality. In this pamphlet, Sonenschein provides hints for child molesters on how to get *victims. "Friends are a good source... It's also a good idea to get to know the parents... you can get babysitting tasks." He goes into further detail about the best way to sexually abuse children.*

According to feminist performance artist Nikki Craft. From her website dedicated to exposing pedophiles in nudist communities. Written specifically about Robert Epps; arrested for advertising for young female models in nudist magazines. From **BARE IN MIND NUDIST NEWSPAPER RUNS PEDOPHILE AD:**

> *In 1989, when a search warrant was executed against Epps, police confiscated about ten videotapes of hard-core child pornography, which law enforcement believes were furnished by David Sonenschein.*
>
> *Correspondence regarding the videos was also confiscated. The unsigned letters were written in Sonenschein's handwriting. According to law enforcement, in Epps' house there was a newsletter entitled GL (Girl Love) which appeared to be produced by Sonenschein as well. Sonenschein is a pedophile and the publisher of a pamphlet entitled "How to Have Sex with Kids." Epps was not prosecuted because of a heart condition.*

In 1998, David Sonenschein self-published **Pedophiles on Parade** in two volumes: **The Monster in the Media** and **The Popular Imagery of Moral Hysteria.** Two richly detailed surveys on the pedophile as cultural nightmare. And although the books feature a passionate collector's knowledge of pedophile literature and art, as well as lengthy softcore filmographies, neither volume contains a single mention of **Fallen Angel** or Dana Hill. The author's own history is conspicuously absent.

According to the highly unreliable Tim Tate, Sonenschein helped form The Austin Pedophile Study group in 1977 and then the Howard Nichols Society in 1981. He was a pamphleteer, researcher and anthropologist. And in an interview Tate conducted with the Texas DA who tried to jail Sonnenschein:

> *The members of the group exchanged child pornography amongst themselves. Sonnenschein had access in his office to a very high quality Xerox machine, and he would photocopy child-pornography photographs on it. He would then distribute these amongst the group. He used to do this at weekends when he had secure access to the machine. The photocopies were very valuable.*
>
> (**Child Pornography: An Investigation**, Methuen, 1990)

Tate says Sonenschein was a pedophile who molested pre-pubescent girls *"by his own admission."*

Sonnenschein was also the author of **What Is Pedophilia, Anyway?** and **Some Homosexual Men: Interviews from 1967.**

From **Pedophiles on Parade**:

Another supposed major character flaw was low or lack of "self-esteem," a psychological cliche' of wide currency. This accusation continued the tradition of seeing sexual deviates as weak, passive, insecure, inadequate, impotent, insignificant, socially and sexually inept, lonely, immature, and childish. Fans of classic assertions on homosexuality are quite familiar with these generic stigma. Others charged that pedophiles were "regressed," "fixated," had 'major aberrations," and were "borderline psychotics." Low self-esteem coupled with manipulative tendencies drive the pedophile to "acts of self-degradation and defilement" (Crewdson 1988:62) to which he somehow then becomes addicted. Hillman and Solek-Tefft (1988:136) assumed pedophiles come from a subgroup of men who are unable to deal with increased women's status and power, so they retreat into "hobbies, work, social groups and clubs, other men, children, pornography, prostitutes, or exotic adventures..."

Rimmer told me he liked boys when they're pretty and then pointed out one young actor after another. Each one got cuter. Then just lil' cuties. I like early Emma Watson. She's featured in the **Teen Vogue** swimsuit issue. The models all have their names listed in little profiles. The editors construct quickie interviews of young model types that they find on the street and on the beach. I was masturbating while I talked. As he was. I pulled off his face and wagged my tongue around his swollen lips. Then squeezed his hardon and shoved my ass straight back flat onto the bed. Licked his lips like I could his cock and started to yammer drunkenly, again, about Jena Malone. This ugly monster sucked me up hard in the clubhouse of Touché. There's very little human in these kneeling old grotesque formers. This is where trolls like me can talk about fucking children and this is where trolls like him have to accept anything that is thrown at them. Anything is dirty fun to these lessened degenerates. Everything is permitted and nothing asked of them is unfair.

If I come across Jesse Timmendequas, I square out his wrinkled tight package in white pants and I'll look hard at his manacled hands. His long fingers. His lips and sorry jawline. I'll have the fatter girls then. I'll have the faggier more dysgenic stabs at exposed hard cocks too.

Fat men like yourself. Fat bottoms. Grown men who recede into childhood while they slip black dildos into their assholes and pinch their thicker nipples. While they stare at me massaging my cock and yanking on my balls and slapping my naked greased belly. Truck drivers with perpetual dry rubbed and pushed raw hardons. You take a quick hit and you drop your tongue to the tip of his standing knotted pulsing meat. Lick away the pus. Swallow and help him out on his floppy genitals. While he fucks himself like one of these teenage bedroom cunts who thinks she may be prettier than she really is. Women suck cock like that. Girls masturbate like that. Some tall long would-be cocksucker hits eighteen and gets the brains to walk into an adult bookstore in paris. Where she carefully picks out a fat dildo to fuck herself with. I see these cunts making loud purchasing noises in the places I go. I head straight to the back peep show booths. These nice ladies don't understand the sex they think they own. Lube that dysgenic slapper down with your cum. Take it out of your ass, faggot, and spit on it. Now stick it in. Open your mouth. Your precum tastes better in you than in me. And one of the cocksuckers follows the eighteen-year-old all the way home. And keeps going back to her apartment. Where he knows that upstairs somewhere is some pretty girl stupidly fucking herself with just her fingers and latex cleaned father when she'd do so much better with his real cock and hands. Exhibitionists hang outside doorways of pretty young women for this reason. She needs to have an image of what she really should let inside her. While she fucks herself or some stupid bar mistake.

The men I go home with are rapists. The sleazes that let me cum into their mouths and get hard and thick in mine are men struggling with sexual hatred, misery, abandonment. Barely controlled. They're all sick and aware of it. And all you have to do is put in a little effort and they'll all tell you about the kids they fuck or want to fuck. They all fuck their children. Or their friend's children. All got fucked by relatives and think little girls playing in car seats next to their mothers are sexy. One methhead said he fully intended to steal a car with a toddler strapped into a baby safe seat and fuck it locked and held that way until its tiny round head slashed open. Another told me at Slammers in LA that he liked to chop up little kids and he had thousands of kiddie cocks and cunts on his laptop computer at home. This is while he yanked on his soft long cock telling me anything he thought would get me to suck him. He sat across my lap while I smoked his rotten tina but I pushed him off. I watched him later piss a hard stream onto the same toilet licker I had used earlier. It was better watching him do it.

Who's your favorite.

I have these shots of a girl sucking on some big bellied nigger in a basement.

Is she wearing a thin pink negligée.

Just in the first few shots. Then she's completely nude.

I think I've got a few of those.

I saw on the news that there were some of a british boy shackled to a pipe. I'd like to see those. The boy's face was blanked out.

I've never seen that.

He moved as soon as he knew I was hard enough. Talking about the children helped make me raw again, like it figured. Licking at my fat ass again would too. Lay flat, I told it. Squeezed the base of my cock and fit in. Slid in. Glided back. Dripped. Pushed my head around at his hole and listened to the girl pretend it was as sensitive as any tickled, flicked clit. Humped his sloppy hideous hanging flab with my tongue, a small nicked black dildo and my fat drunk child's erection. I flattened the back of his slippery thinning red haired head into the bed and lost my footing. I had to mount him like a dog. My hands all over his huge bleating and shoving shivering corpse. My face hurt from boredom, hatred and alcohol. I cummed inside his stomach. Almost when he finally let go. Me injecting harder and faster. Unlocked dogging. When he started moaning and jiggling and shaking. Like a heterosexual whose sole goal is to orgasm at the same time. As if his pleasure equaled or matched mine. It didn't. It isn't. It's easier to cum a second fried time when they're bucking and the blur of raping the little girls fighting against you well up and squeeze around my uncovered stinging cock.

We had discussed how miserable it is to have lost LW Sales. I told it I didn't think I would care. Glad to see the cesspool closed and the owners depleted of what little cash the monstrosity could have provided them. The human waste stench combined with the broken booth doors and busted peep machines meant only absolute last chance cocksuckers like me and him would end up there. Too many pushy short-cocked mexicans. Sunken men in silk panties. Roaches and fleas and cum watchers. Half the detritus ever in there wouldn't swallow anything. They'd barely even suck. They were mostly too frightened and wouldn't even drop enough clothes if they acquiesced to a full other's pleasure. They just want to give handjobs. Convince you they don't really want to infant your cock. You can't put a condom on a soft cock, dear. Do you mind if I cum on your cock. You got a big cock. I really like your cock. Take your balls out too.

I used to want the old faggot who mined the cash register to suck me off whenever he had enough time. He never refused me if the place was empty save the both of us. He'd walk in the back with his cock out, viagra'd and thick and straight up like a teenager's on a sweaty bloated old jewelry wearing queen. I'd find makeup on my pants after he was done. Licked deeper inside the tip of my pisshole when I cummed and I always kissed him and thanked him. I'd yank him a little but there was never enough interest or time for a reciprocal blowjob. I can't imagine what he'd think if he saw me now. He wasn't a shirt lifter then, I doubt he would be now. I'm sure he's dead, in fact. He'd tool himself while he sucked and I saw him yellow and cum sometimes, often enough. I would pass the eyesore on the way home almost every single day for years. I never thought the convenience was something I'd miss. I'm not sure that's the right word, though. I never saw this queer there. I must have gone far more than he ever did. I knew alot of the animals that crawled around there. They had their place and you didn't see them hulk themselves to the bars otherwise. I'm sure alot of them have gone up to the next cheapest pigsty on north avenue that, last time, was knock for entry only. The guy who runs that shed sucks off his revolting share as well. Letting johns and slobs in to the backroom for three dollars in quarters. I got thrown out once for bringing one of the wicker park street niggers in with me. This being a crackhead and me not having a car. I can't let her in there, scumbag said, pointing at the trash but looking at me. And I didn't argue. I didn't care at all, anyways. And the hooker in the salvation army flower print dress left and I went into the back where all the faggots were doing a worse, less clean, job than a fucking dying drug addicted worthless black mother of many would have done.

> *A dozen years before David Westerfield abducted 7-year-old Danielle van Dam from her bed, he snuck into the bedroom where his 7-year-old niece slept and fondled her, she testified Wednesday.*
>
> *"My Uncle Dave had his finger in my mouth and he was kinda playing with my teeth," said the witness, a 19-year-old college sophomore identified only as Jenny N. to protect her privacy. She was asleep initially, but when he put his finger in her mouth again, "I bit him really hard for as long as I could."*
>
> **(NIECE SAYS WESTERFIELD FONDLED HER WHEN SHE WAS 7,** Harriet Ryan, Courttv.Com, August 27, 2002)

"Jenny N." did her best. Appearing before the court with her face hidden from the tv viewing public that hates the illegal broadcast of underage witnesses and sexual assault victims. She described as vividly as she could remember what happened to her in the dark all those years ago. She had briefly expressed her concern over her beloved uncle's plight but also felt she had a greater anonymous truth to contribute. From the transcripts of her testimony:

> *Jeff Dusek: "And describe for us as best as you can what he was doing."*
> *Jenny N: "He just had a couple fingers in my mouth, like rubbing my teeth or massaging them. And that's it."*
> *Jeff Dusek: "Are you able to… Did you say anything to him?"*
> *Jenny N: "No."*
> *Jeff Dusek: "Did you acknowledge at all that you were awake at that point?"*
> *Jenny N: "Only when I bit him."*
> *Jeff Dusek "And that was the second time?"*
> *Jenny N: "Yes."*
> *Jeff Dusek: "I'm just talking about the first time first. Did he say anything while he was doing that?"*
> *Jenny N: "No."*
> *Jeff Dusek "Had he ever done that before to you?"*
> *Jenny N: "No."*
> *Jeff Dusek: "How long would you say it lasted?"*
> *Jenny N: "Maybe a minute or two."*
> *Jeff Dusek: "If one hand he was using to put fingers in your mouth, do you know what he was doing with his other hand?"*

Jenny N: "No."
Jeff Dusek: "What was he wearing?"
Jenny N: "He was wearing dark colored little running shorts."
Jeff Dusek: "How do you know?"
Jenny N: " 'Cause when I rolled over and looked at him when he was at Lisa's bedside, I just remember the shorts he was wearing."
Jeff Dusek: "When he left you the first time, you went where?"
Jenny N: "Over to where my sister was sleeping."
Jeff Dusek: "How far away was she?"
Jenny N: "Right next to me. But he went on the other side of her from where I was."
Jeff Dusek: "What did he do over there?"
Jenny N: "I have no idea."
Jeff Dusek: "Why not?"
Jenny N: "Either I don't remember or he didn't do anything. I don't know."

Steve Hart photographed a single puerto rican family's decline for nearly seven years. He compiled his documents and memories into a slide show titled **A Bronx Family Album, The Impact of Aids** and released it as a cd-rom through Scalo in 1997.

The photos click at a comfortable speed while Hart narrates the hemorrhaging of lineage. Starting with Ralph and Sensa; the young AIDS infected father and mother. They live over four daughters, with only the 1&1/2-year-old baby being theirs. Sensa, Hart says, has six children all from different fathers.

CD-ROM format has loaded photos that give way to optional extras such as audio interviews, transcripts and more graphic scenes. Hart conducted the interviews with a concerned, condescending and appropriate voice. A badly swollen black eye on the cutest member of the family, little 6-year-old Sensita, explained by her as a bee sting, is just an asterisk click away to further tales of abuse and bottom-rung welfare existence. Mother Sensa at her lowest point, homeless and whoring for crack money, slurs herself to Hart before he explains why he could buy her dinner but not give her cash. The kids are there to compare what it feels like to see your mother hiding from you to finding her fucking in public.

Generous little Sensita with her dirty doll and aging tragedies needs that context. He doesn't defend her. Or suggest you should be reduced by her.

There is a CD-ROM that accompanies the special edition version of the updated and rereleased **Evaluation of the Sexually Abused Child** (Heger, Emans and Muram, Oxford University Press, 2000). Among the seven case history studies is a brief film of a little 4-year-old hispanic-something girl then living through an interview for possible sexual abuse. A professionally attired blonde woman asks the 4-year-old cutie:

“And who do you live with?...

And.

...And anybody else you live with?”

Later: The little one aggressively spreads her legs and jabs her fingers towards her snugly clothed vagina. Earlier: She climbed down off her chair and shook her tiny little ass. Made the very same poking motions towards the slight space between her little butt cheeks.

She calls her vagina her *“stuffing.”* And talks about the *“lotion’* or *“motion”* that ran all over her legs and butt so that *“it could go in easier.”* She calls it *“slobber.”*

“Where did he put the spit?”

“On my butt.”

She fidgets and gets up twice to run to her mother in the next room. Just to ask her if it’s all right to answer the lady’s questions. She tells the woman, in her tiny excited child’s voice, what her mother’s friend Keith told her:

“If he wanted a girl... ‘I would’ve gone to a payphone.’”

Little Emma is going on eight and interviewed in exactly the same manner by a different carbon copy professional. Emma will serve as your perfect model when you further consider the audio only histories of seven-year-olds Danielle and Xiana.

Emma holds the teddy bear just given to her. When asked it’s name, she thinks like an even younger cutie and slowly pronounces it *“Mister Bear.”*

She has long brown hair, worn halfway to her nonexistent child’s chest. She is a first grader and likes her teacher very much.

“First he pulled down his pants. And his underwear. And then he abused me in the wrong way.”

She doesn’t want to name the delicate parts of her body as pointed out to her on a cartoon graph. She can stutter out the first letter in the word she knows for the drawing of the adult penis she is shown. More shy than traumatized.

“I’ll be afraid... a D... a D...”

Substitute mother explains that some people call it a “Dick.” And the little one settles into the word.

“He made me pull down my pants.”

"He made me put his dick in my mouth."

"He wanted this."

And points.

There are no photographs of entirely naked children in the book that houses the CD-ROM. But there are hundreds of color close-ups of vaginas and anuses, most of them very young. Pulled as far open as is possible without causing further pain. Very few scopophiles see vaginal worth as attractive. Some, however, find it worth obsessing over. Some of these photos will be the perfect model for those confounded by the physical impossibilities in the brutal attack against only five-year-old Samantha Runnion.

N. Gonorrhoeae vaginitis. *Profuse green vaginal discharge in a 5-year-old with a history of sexual abuse. Culture positive for N. Gonorrhoeae. (Jenny)*

Avulsed anal tag. *Anal tag "avulsed" after acute assault. (Jenny)*

Hymenal transection. *A 13-year-old incest survivor, 3 months post-abortion. Note transection of hymen (arrow) where redundant hymen is pulled aside by cotton-tipped applicator.*

The tip of a Q-tip often dominates the photos. The degree of magnification is disorienting. The corners of the shots are not the edges of the thighs or tummy or pubis. Rather they are inner walls and membranes. These are not children in mimicry of pornographic spreads.

Special kid that used to live in a subway in Bucharest. The subject of another award winning documentary. Another one with hard filmed truths and phone numbers and addresses at the end. More celebrated street children. One of five children watched carefully by an impotent but caring filmmaker; Ana was ten when first captured in her Romanian habitat of paint huffing to rough sleeping. She was taking care of her little brother Marian who was only eight. Then. You see the blonde little dirty girl, wearing a figure hugged purple and black dress, shivering. Begging in the street. Taking money from an old man. Getting harshly beaten by a gang of older kids; angry that she stole some paint from them. Crying hysterically over not being able to find a play park. Stripping off to splash in a pool. Wearing nothing but wet white skivvies. Naked, taking a bath. Kissing her brother's forehead and rubbing her soft lips back and forth over his head when he gets hit there. Fighting with an impossibly cute boy named Mihai, twelve, another one of the elite five. Visiting her mother and her stepfather and ultimately being rejected again. Breathing Aurolac, the silver paint the kids spend all their money on, and stumbling stupid before eventually nodding out completely. Buying the Aurolac from a hardware store that tries to sell her one bottle for the price of two. Laying down to go to sleep on a thin layer of cardboard. Waking up hard.

She has beautiful little eyes. Where the skin at the edges of her sockets doesn't pinch exactly at the bridge of her little nose.

She has tiny budding jiggling breasts and a little flab around her ten-year-old waist. Little pink pointy nipples. Fuck. She has wide hips for such a little skinny rat. Her nose is covered by a butterfly bandage after she is beaten and later swollen to the size of half of her compact pale head. She gets kicked straight in her face and the filmmakers do not intervene. She screams and cries and runs after the much larger kids who set on her, only to get kicked and punched again. She screams uncontrollably. Even more.

She starts hitting little Mihai on a park bench after a crying jag and spouts loud obscenities. Most along the lines of "Suck my dick." She looks on, confused and agitated, as Mihai's response to the assault is a frenzied rush of self-mutilation across his skinny arms. Mihai has to be stopped finally by one of the child advocates who follow him around. But not before his thin bony arm is a long series of deep bleeding gashes.

Mihai smokes. Well. Better than the others.

When he talks to the filmmakers, he holds the cigarette up and to the side, his hand aloft, his arm resting on his elbow.

In his first on-screen interview, little Mihai keeps putting his fingers in his mouth. From **Children Underground**, directed by Edet Belzberg, 2001:

Edet: "What do you like best about living in the streets?"
Mihai: "To live free!"
Edet: "Is there anything you don't like about living in the streets?"
Mihai: "Yes."
Edet: "What don't you like?"
Mihai: "Not to be educated. That no one is there to teach me."
Edet: "When was the last time you went to school?"
Mihai: "I did three grades and started the fourth."
Edet: "What did you like best in school?"
Mihai: "I liked science."
Edet: "Nature science?"
Mihai: "Yes."
Edet: "Yes?"
Mihai: "Organs and stuff like that. And medicinal plants. For this you need to be schooled to death."
Edet: "Do you want anything specific for the future?"
Mihai: "Yes."
Edet: "What?"

Mihai: "To have my own house."
Edet: "And how will your house be?"
Mihai: "Pretty."

Edet and company attempt to take Mihai home to his family so, if nothing else, he can get his identity papers and finally attend school. He gets on the train and travels there but then decides he can't go on. The little twelve-year-old, wearing a clean shirt and pants and a nice sweater, turns around and heads back to the subway.

The filmmakers got luckier with Ana and her littler brother. They film the family discussion – in front of the kids and with their limited, somewhat stunned, participation. About whether or not the family would be happiest all back together. With Ana laying on a bed, her face bandaged, her clothes clean, the stepfather explains her true nature to the camera crew:

Dad: "The girl is a little psychopathic."
Edet: "But what does Ana do to make you think she is sick?"
Dad: "You take a look. She cut her arms. A child, a normal child, would cut her arms?"
Edet: "Aside from that? All the street children do that."
Dad: (pointing to Marian) "He didn't run away from home for a year, she came and stole him. Broke the window and stole him from home. Is that true? There you have it."

In an interview with National Public Radio's Korva Coleman for **All Things Considered** on March 2, 2002, director Belzberg talked just a bit about what she couldn't film:

> *"I have to say one thing that I was so amazed with these kids… is… this undying spirit that you see, that, you know… Mihai left home because his father was abusing him. Ana left home, I believe, because she was being physically and sexually abused. And I think they were going on a… they were searching for something better. They were searching for a better life. And they left home. They ran away. They think Bucharest would bring them something better. I think the psychological damage can not even be calculated. Ana would not even speak about what happened at home."*

What happens when the movie gets old. At the end of the film's shooting, the five kids are already in varying degrees of change from the life that the film sought to freeze. The only one who is still on the streets has fractured worse and now talks about a mythical twin sister that is happy and shares her own name. She's as close to a bag lady that a child can be at that age. Ana sits on a bed next to her mother while her brother is seen playing soccer with his buddies at a new rehabilitation shelter. Mihai survived an almost fatal beating and was forced by law to move back with his family. His hair, which went from short and cute to shaved and unhealthy, is now longer and full bodied. Just before his attack, he had been living with an older woman and her new baby in an abandoned building. He and the woman were interviewed in front of each other. She telling the filmmakers that she took Mihai in because she was always seeing him getting beaten and his money stolen. He, smoking, answers Edet's question about whether or not he likes living there now:

> *"Yes. Then again. This life is hard. Quite hard. Very hard."*

In another interview, this time with **IndieWire**, Edet told filmmaker Nick Poppy about her documentary film ideal:

> *"The purpose might be to show another world, to go places where society usually doesn't go. And then, something I did want to avoid was for the film to be in any way didactic. I wanted people to see through the children's eyes, I wanted to tell the children's story. I had seen many documentaries and magazine pieces and news pieces on Romanian street children, and all of them were images and montages of the kids and the Aurolac and everything, and that was something I felt didn't really capture what the children were actually going through, and then also, I felt that it was something that a viewer doesn't really absorb. It's a news piece, another news piece, the children were still nameless, still faceless even, and it was equally dehumanizing, and that was something that I wanted to work against."*

Film eager.

Edet Belzberg asked parents and teachers and caregivers to talk about the children's problems while the children sat shoulder to shoulder with them. The children learned their place as props in her film, first, and then in their own daily lives. She picked out five exemplary darlings from a large waiting group. Something uglier, better, than simple time constraints and organizational difficulties.

An English nun arrives to take Ana and her brother away to try and enroll them in a shelter. As she hurriedly bundles the two little ones into a car, the other kids start to get angry and try to crawl in. Macarena, fourteen, female, and the most dedicated and tragic drug addict, the one that breaks down so obscenely at the end of the film, starts to cry violently:

> *"She took Ana to dress her and she's not gonna buy me any clothes. They'll only dress Ana. The Englishwoman took Ana to give her clothes. And she won't buy me any clothes. (howls) She's dressing Ana, not me! (screams) Because she saw me with the bottle!"*

Compassion doesn't come egalitarian. Sympathy is a selfish impulse. Temporal definitions of patronage posit that Edet Belzberg is naively exploiting the handpicked children for her art. It's her decision to single out specifics in order to give a voice to the general that starts the contradiction between her stated aim and her transparent practice.

Edet Belzberg: "The biggest question people have after watching this film is why the filmmaker did not intervene."
Nick Poppy: "What do you tell them?"
Edet Belzberg: "Basically, I tell them what is shown in the film is a fraction of what actually takes place. That what you see in the film doesn't even compare to what the children endure on a daily basis. A child could be beaten as many as four or five times a day by a passerby, a shopkeeper, another street kid, and so I really felt that it was my responsibility to show the reality of the situation and to really focus on long term goals rather than short term solutions. Had I intervened once, twice, ten times, even a hundred times every day while I was there, it wouldn't have changed the situation at all, and it wouldn't have been an accurate representation of the children's lives. People who had seen rough cuts often said to me, you can't show this, you can't do this, people will not be able to handle it. People often suggested I dilute it and take out the violent scenes, and that was something I was extremely opposed to."

You listen at these muttering gluts. Belch about their skinny favorites. Check the stills. The author of **Dans La Rue**, probably unaware of **Pervateen**, sells the same idea but pronounces it differently:

"Thieves," "Delinquents," "Addicts," "Prostitutes" To label a child is to stain his life ...And to stain him for life. Labeling Children in this way poisons their hope for a future.

In her NPR interview, Edet talked of new and bigger shelters being set up for the children and the different shifts in thinking that have occurred. After she stopped filming but before her movie started showing. Heroin had already replaced Aurolac as the drug of permanence. The story she sold had already mutated. Grown. Extended. Lucked out. Before her film and best intentions could get her important foothold in.

"I have to say things have changed dramatically since I filmed their stories. I filmed their stories. At that time, they were struggling to survive. They were struggling to find food, to find clothing, to find shelter, to avert abuse. I have to say the most... um... the most prevalent problem was just a relentless violence. And then what you see is that many of these children internalize how they're

treated. And many of these children self-mutilate. And we're talking about children as young as six and seven."

The director is correct. She should not have intervened when the children were beaten. Truth is, there are a few moments when a little intervention is impossible to deny. Some that happen regardless of her best artistic and humanistic excuses. Such as hardware store employees readily refunding 10-year-old Ana's money for a double-the-price bottle of huffing paint when they spot the cameras. And the two trips to meet the parents of the children for reasons that might seem ostensible to more cynical types. But the decision to stop and stand and record is correct. Masturbators shouldn't pretend that they're directing change. An artist shouldn't feel like she has to dilute her inaction by pronouncing it a greater act of compassion.

The footage will follow the children around for the rest of their lives. More accessible and mainstream than any grotesquely explicit child pornography. The film is more than perfect. It allows the children to be specific rather than lumpen. It's not only pedophiles that'll fall in love with crying unprotected sick Ana and the gorgeous sucking and puffing Mihai. The unseemly sex that supposedly drips off of perfectly emotional love remains the private problem of the individual voyeur. The photographer establishes her own voice by choosing and disseminating the material. The thrust of the movie is no longer whether or not this will fund letter writing campaigns or give big ideas to lobbyists and tourists. But what exactly happened to the little kids after Edet pointed at them. And what did she really want to show about them and their grimy situation as opposed to what Edet had to go through to capture and flatten them. Edet's voice as an artist has everything to do with her preferences and nothing to do with her obligations.

The last photograph in Mary Ellen Mark's indigenous career retrospective **American Odyssey** (Aperture, NY, 1999) is of a sudsy naked Tiny in a bathtub. Fat and bloated by years of abuse, Tiny, the little doll that Mark came across and made the star of her documentary work on Seattle street children in 1983, looks up at the camera with all the appreciation of a cow. The little skinny child of twelve that Mark followed around for her book **Streetwise** (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1984) and the movie of the same name created with her husband, Martin Bell, is now gone. The puffy idiot beast that soaks in her place is adequate proof that Mark's syrupy interest in her subject had little effect on the visual descent that was the darling child prostitute's only real chance.

"(Tiny) is now a single mother with five children all by different fathers. She is still beautiful. For the first time since I have known her we related to each other as adults and peers. Her own children are wonderful. I especially bonded with twelve-year-old Shawnee (La Shawndrea) and was deeply moved by her

autobiographical poem, which I have included in this book. Tiny's life is so difficult. She tries very hard to make it work and yet she essentially survives on welfare. Still, Tiny has many dreams."

The lies Mark slithers on are even more shameless when superimposed over the photos of contorted bovine Tiny at thirty. Mark has always been photographing the decline of the attractive and available child. Started with the very first shot. Back when she was cute. Mark now feels she has to prod her readers into believing Tiny is still beautiful. In the same paragraph where she explains that Tiny's children come from five different fathers. Understandable that to say otherwise could cause her dull offended subject to break off contact. But. It doesn't look like Tiny tries hard at all. Doesn't look like she ever has.

Bad non-decisions are overcome by the ability to continue breathing. Wear and tear and perpetual loss are noble and enlightening when posed.

It's fair to question whether or not Mark's presence in Tiny's life hasn't always been a negative influence. Making the little queen think that she'll be forever this special and loved for being little more than unlucky and lazy. Certainly the infamy of her movie could have added to her prolonged life on the streets. What scumbag wouldn't want a piece of the pig, then or, still, even now. Is it surprising that the children she has whelped are of mixed race. What color were the johns who fucked and paid her. That she came to so slowly despise. And what color were the drug dealers and hustlers she came to befriend.

The same week that ended with **America's Most Wanted's** special exposé on missing and abducted children was started with the first and second parts of a three part **Nightline** series on the filthy hardships of North Korean refugees. The last part aired the following week. Culled from a one hour documentary titled **Shadows and Whispers** by Jun-Eun Kim, **Nightline** had the filmmaker re-edit her footage into three half-hour specials. In the first, a tiny cheeky toddler is filmed over and over smoking his father's cigarettes. In the second part, a pan-faced dirty boy of about twelve displays the five crusty deep burns that his profiteer has pushed into his forearms. The poor little boy, sitting on a muddy floor, crammed into a corner, doesn't talk about child prostitution but the rank is impossible to miss. However, a voiceover just before his interview explains that childless couples in China look for small children to own and raise.

Q: "How did you get those scars?"
A: "How did I get them? They're cigarette burns."
Q: "Who did that?"
A: "Mun-chul."
Q: "Who's he?"
A: "This guy..."
Q: "Why did he do it?"

A: "He told us to bring him ten yuan a day. If we don't, he bullies us by beating and burning us."
Q: "If you don't bring him the money?"
A: "Yes."
Q: "He leaves you alone if you do?"
A: "Yes."
Q: "How do you know him?"
A: "How did I meet him? At this church, there was a North Korean kid called Yun-chul. He hung around with three Chinese kids. They were going to sell me. At first, they were going to sell someone else. They took me to the plaza by the railway station. They were told I was too big, so they couldn't sell me. They wanted little kids. They said to bring small kids. There were three brothers and the youngest was very small. They sold him for money and that's how they lived."
Q: "They sold kids?"
A: "They sell kids, the kids escape."
Q: "Who do they sell them to?"
A: "To people somewhere inland. 2000 yuan per kid."
Q: "What do they do with little kids?"
A: "I don't know, they never told me."

In the third part, he and his less than fourteen-year-old friends are shown begging in the street and then, endearingly, carefully folding their garbage korean cash into tiny square tabs with plastic and string before swallowing them. So they could smuggle the cash back to their families. Children eating money is a fantasy of most sex touristing pedophiles and boy minded perverts. It will be better from now on.

Just like kids smoking. Just like kids begging for cash.

The third episode centered on children who live in streets and on rooftops. The main difference between their homeless plight and that of the kids of Bucharest is in the presence of the families. Both system breakdowns, we are told, are due to political turmoil and extreme poverty. The refugee kids in the streets of Northeast China fight to bring back money to their parents who have been reduced to living under hiding place floorboards and border hill holes. The cuter Romanians are fleeing the families who have turned their troubles inward and rejected their children rather than the system.

Of course, network american TV being what it is, the possibilities for cheap sensationalism as well as political propaganda are going to keep the truest reality just a bit further than your wide open pedophile mind. So will the heavy manners of prudish censorship regulations. But aside from the little rats doing little scenes of what little they do can do best, the footage of **Shadows and Whispers** is thin and ineffectual. The closest you're going to get is a shot of a long hallway to a 24-hour video arcade and a voiceover that says some of the kids spend their begging money on a ticket so they can stay warm for a night. However, the narrator warns, they're not safe there either.

The skin these children come wrapped in has never been their own. It always belongs to their parents first.

You want to know why kids putting cigarettes into their mouths is especially sexy. Ask him if he wants one.

I don't care why these pedophiles create art. The same way I don't care why these mothers need to create attention. The thought that art, some art, needs to be made is the most offensive part of their stories. These dumb slugs and singers will tell you how they came to devise their grand creations and display inordinate excitement about the lucky synchronicities. While all sides of their audience only try to rip the wording apart to locate the prurience. Like. A nigger that tells you he doesn't want to see a photo of that porn star you like flat on her back spreading her shaved cunt with her fingers because he only wants to see it happen live in front of his gorilla face. Or. A woman that trims herself so that you can taste her cunt the way it would have been when she was ten.

Spending their entire lives discharging pleasure for others. My job is to make men cum. You'd never see it any other way. After they tell you what's wrong with them.

Networking. The sharing gene. So many quiet pedophiles who don't need to tell others about their lurking, searching, hiding obsessions. That, absolutely, do make their lives worthwhile. Better than anyone else's. And then the others that want you to believe that they had to make contact with the rest so that they could only get more of what they want.

Thomas Hamilton is wrongly labeled in **Pictures of Innocence** by Anne Higonnet (Thames and Hudson, 1998). Just after the author attempted to separate masturbation aesthetics from art liabilities:

> *The arguments for censoring sexually ambiguous photographs of children carry enormous emotional force. The issue is not arguments about photographs that record explicit sexual acts with real children, or any photographs that are used instrumentally as evidence of such acts. The issue is the arguments for criminalizing photographs on the basis of nudity alone, a nudity whose sexual meanings have to be interpreted, or, even more subjectively, images of clothed children someone deems sexually suggestive. There are basically four of these arguments, and they are all both highly charged and problematic. The first is the correlation between sexual child abuse and possession of pornography. The second is the use of pornography to entice children into abusive situations. The third is a market for pornography that motivates the exploitation of children.*

first as a sexual toy is refuted by the lack of openings and the heavy sharp tin construction. The importance and process of making them, sculpting, forming them and, most of all, concentrating on them counters those excuses. McBride's intense dedication and craftsmanship, as well as his ugliest bent, are all furthered by a color photo of the artist hard at work on a plastercast of a boy in his autobiography **I, Will McBride** (Konemann, 1997). Tall, old, thin and intensely focused, McBride works on his boy with a sculpting tool. He shaves the ear of the thing from behind. Flexing his legs at the knees to place him at eye level with the back of the boy's head, McBride has to push his bluejeaned crotch into the child's nicely shaped ass.

Uli, in photos, paintings and the tall statues has a thin penis with an extra hang of puckered foreskin.

McBride explains a little about his art and reasoning at his website:

> *The boy's laughter and his sparkle light up an otherwise rather dreary life. Women have seemed too dangerous to me. And in fact, 10 years with a lovely and charming wife were breathtaking and uplifting until she left with our three sons, and sent me spiraling downward, ending in a crippling fall. Reduced to being a good friend, the father role having been taken over by another, I suppose I keep looking for my sons. My oldest remarked one day, as he watched me sculpting, "Papa, you are Gepetto, trying to make a real boy." I guess I am. But he is a special kind of boy. First of all (don't laugh!), he doesn't talk back. He is made of cold and heavy bronze, about a quarter of an inch thick, life size, and very still. He is a very, very long moment in time.*
>
> *Is that what I am trying to do, like Faust, to preserve that moment and to make it stay? Yes, I think that that is, what I am doing. Well then, why not just do the photographs? They, too, preserve the moment. Although photographs only give the illusion that they describe space, there is actually no space in them. You take a photograph between your fingers and there is nothing more than a fraction of a millimeter there. If you turn a photograph on its side, there is only a thin line of white. I have spent some 40 years taking photographs. I am more than frustrated with this process of reducing the real world to a rectangle, that only has one flat surface of chemicals on a flat piece of paper. I am convinced that I have become space-sick, meaning that my relationship with the world around me, which has space-depth, has become completely disturbed.*
>
> *Then what do I do? I make the boy in bronze and put him in space. Who is that boy? Of course, he is me. At least there is enough of myself in that sculpture, that I can say he is part of me. The model boy, who I have admired and have taken into me, has become a part of me, has been reformed and put back into space to be admired.*
>
> *But to my complete amazement I have discovered, that not all people admire*

> *my sculpture. In fact, many people are disturbed by it – not because my boys are not beautiful, but because they have a strong sexual component. My boys have sex, which is especially disturbing to a lot of people. Male sex in images has been out for the last couple of thousand of years. The boy's sex (lets call him what society wants to call him: the child): the male child's sex proposes a series of problems to society. They are not easily resolved. Many societies forbid boys sex or choose to ignore it or even to repress it.*

British tabloid **The Sun**, with Sara Payne's Rebekah Wade firmly in the middle, published an outrageous attack on an East London gallery after they exhibited sixty-three, mostly nude, photographs that a mother had taken of her young daughter. Artist Betsy Schnieder told her audience:

> *"The aim of these pictures is not to provoke or to shock. The idea is to show time, change and growth."*

If time and change and growth were important to show. If a pedophile has the moral high ground on truth in art. If this is a worthwhile use of the greater public's time. If you can see through her little body. If you fucking can't even imagine that someone could. Something beautiful, fulfilling, instructive, challenging. How lucky to come away with all that after a daytime visit that had you squirm publicly with your silent intentions towards children made – presented, perverted – as seriously fucking sexy. Growth would be something else if the mother slammed her country dressed ass up against the wall that her photos were pasted to. Dropped just her top. Show yer tits. Stretch your neck out. Honey. Wipe your lipstick off and fluff your undyed hair into a replica of what you chose for the head of your bright eyed soft skinned naked baby.

Schneider's dirty blonde daughter is named Madeline. Schnieder is also working on a similar series based around her younger son.

From the Guardian newspaper, March 8, 2004, written by Steve Morris as **GALLERY CLOSED OVER NAKED PICTURES OF GIRL:**

> *One block shows her aged nine weeks; in the second she is 2 years old; in the third, which caused offence, she is aged five. In most of the images she is naked, though in a few she does wear clothes. She is standing up and looking straight into the camera.*
>
> *Ms Schneider accepts that in some of the photographs her daughter is posing in a fashion which might be considered pornographic if the image were viewed in isolation; but she does not consider that the work, seen as a whole, could be interpreted as obscene.*

The **Sun** provoked outside advertising editorials when its disgust with the art, gallery and the american mother's little idea moved the paper to publish a picture from the exhibition next to a photo they said came from a child pornography website. Madeline on one side with a black bar exing out her little slash but not her flat chest. Eating a carrot, mann popsicle style. And a messier girl with cartoon carrots magic markered onto her skinny shoulders. Posing. Pubic and eyes, this time, blacked out.

Further blurring was caused by the rumor that a visitor to the gallery had used a cellphone camera to take snaps of the naked, framed and named little daughter.

Grace Tyndale interviewed Betsy for the Guardian, March 8, 2004, in "**I REALLY BELIEVE I AM NOT DAMAGING THEM BY DOING THIS**":

> *"My concern is about what my daughter might hear from the outside or how she might feel about the pictures.*
>
> *I cannot chase any pictures that might have been taken and I cannot chase what people might read into them. When you decide to exhibit your work you're deciding to put it out there, once you show them you have to let go.*
>
> *Frankly, someone taking a picture doesn't bother me, putting them up on the wall means anybody can look at them and people will have certain reactions some of which might be revolting, I just don't want my daughter to find out."*

Additional connections to the history of child pornography include the minor revelation that Schneider worked with Sally Mann as a *"live-in assistant from 1993-95."* She was previously investigated by child-protection officers who were acting on a tip from a photo processing lab. And she now prefers to get her work processed in Norway.

Schneider wrote a brief account of the affair in the summer 2004 issue of **The Source.**

On her contribution:

> *For this exhibition four artists, Sue Andrews, Ingrid Hesling, Heather McDonough and myself showed works addressing issues of childhood. My work consisted of three selections from a project in which I photograph my daughter every day. Each selection contained sixty-three consecutive daily photos of my unclothed daughter. The vertically oriented pictures had been individually scanned from negatives and were each roughly the same size as machine prints one would get from a high street photo lab. On the computer I tiled the images into seven rows with nine pictures each. The blocks I selected to exhibit in Inventory were taken from three stages of my daughter's first six years of life: as a newborn (Block 1), a toddler (Block 15) and a pre-schooler (Block 32).*

On her dissemination:

> *The Sun went to my web page and took an image entitled carrot from another body of work that was not in the show – they cropped the image, removed the*

background, changed the hair to make it appear more messy and put black bars over my daughter's eyes and at the bottom of the image to imply that there was full frontal nudity (which there wasn't). They then took an image which they claim to have taken from a 'child porn site' and ran it next to my altered image with the heading "One of these images is from a trendy London gallery, the other is from a child porn site. CAN YOU TELL THE DIFFERENCE?

It's not a mother's fault that children are turned into masturbation fodder for lonely men. The newspaper published more than enough to satisfy those fat pigs who like the bend of a naked child's titless torso. Nice pink tiny nipples like both of theirs aren't all that hard to come by. They can blame each other. Mother's website is visited by would-be pedophiles who're building legal excuses. Just like shy teenage boys.

Another mother. Talking about how uninteresting her daughter is.

Decades later, after she hears it from someone else and understands the marketable option, mom tells a new public that her art was born of jealous rage. She had worked alongside a famous artist and seen the reaction wrought from simple photos of unspectacular children. Needed to cause her own trouble. Ready for it. My children were made to be even sexier. Color instead of self-conscious black and white. Younger and more of it.

Or her art creates significant changes in viewership potential as it becomes clear through the posthumous publishing of her diary that she had been molesting her children everyday. What the audience was really seeing was the aftermath of the daily abuse. It doesn't show. The photographs don't cause bruises just like little inside licks and sucks and paws don't. The arizona slobs that knew the kids and encouraged the monster's craft were either fooled expertly or too busy to care. No one would dare suggest that they knew what terrible acts were taking place.

A film exists on the net of a fat man pulling his little cock off onto the spread out prints of mother's innocent photos. The short badly pixilated film is easily located due to its gray market status. Broadcast by a name artist who felt that the original context needed further attention. His only addition to the pornographic document was to sloppily splice a soundtrack over the grunting and lapping of the blubbery masturbating hog that didn't even show his cromagnon face. Rosie May Storrie, ten, was murdered by a seventeen year-old relative. To memorialize the child's sad death and to help various child oriented charities, Rosie's father released a CD single of him singing "Brown Eyed Girl." Rosie's favorite song sung by her favorite singer. New artist explains that he may be commenting on the nature of parental relations this way. Thinks the problem is that the shaky concept of the pedophile as ultimate truth teller leaves out significant aesthetic contradictions. And those that speak for children, from every side, simply don't know what they look like when they open their mouths to just speak first.

Such little fucking skin.

Such little fucking little skin.

New skin. All over. New fucking skin.

Get to see some little skin, don't I. You fucking little pig.

You show me.

You fucking show me you little fucking pig.

Look at your new skin. Fuck.

Get to see a little skin. Fuck. You fuck.

I like your fucking little tits.

Little tits. Little fucking.

Sweetheart. Little sweetheart. Fucker. Little fucking skin. Little fucking skin, sweetheart. I like your new skin.

You got a fucking nice cunt.

Little one.

That's a nice fucking cunt. Little fucking cunt.

I get to see your new skin.

Darling. Darling little fucking Madeline.

Eat honey. Just eat honey.

Cum on her tits. No tits. No little titties. Let me see your little no tits, little sweetheart.

You don't have any tits. No little squeezed fucking rotten tits. You little cunt.

Cum on her tits.

Cum on tits. There you go.

Cum on her tits.

You show me, sweetheart, little cunt.

Show me what you do.

Browneye.

Cum on her. Cum on madeline.

Fucking madeline. Little maddy.

Turnaround, browneye.

Cum on your little tits. Show me your little tits.

There you go, little cunt. Little fucking cunt little shit madeline. You little fucking slob. Little blonde cunt slob madeline.

Repetitive degeneracy.

Teach empathy.

Cum on those tits. Little tits.

Little fucking tits.

Pinch your little tits for me. You little fucking cunt. You little fucking cunt daughter cunt.

Cum on her fucking little tits. Little tits. Little tits. I like her little fucking no tits. Where are your tits. Where are your tits. You show me.

You come back. This is what happens.

The old faggot's beating his dick at home staring and collecting and storing his little skinny favorites. He only needs the photos, he understands, and this is how to get more. Lucky enough to see them breathing and scheming a couple of times a week and wait for his next best closest proximity and, yet, he thinks about his chances as opportunities to only get photographs. Hates, more than anything else, the times when he didn't get photos of what he saw. It's how, he knows, he thinks about it now. Flat, keepsake, available. He's correctly frightened of anything else that could happen. This is all he does. And this is nothing. No matter what any other idiot says, what any perverted mind contorts, what he does and gets and sees all the time is absolutely nothing.

Fantasy photos that aren't fantasies at all, actually.

The third and fourth soundtracks are more satisfying. Also the most self-conscious and depleting. Only compelling. Instead of perfectly ugly and second-rate real. Since whether or not the pornographic points are scripted or taken from casual interviews is not explained. The last soundtrack is badly spliced and looped faggot bar talk. Art is permanently stuck at what kitschy Paul Cadmus, on the occasion of his first solo exhibition of almost-gay paintings in 1937, wrote and distributed inside a one page manifesto:

"Most satirists…claim one purpose for satire, that of high-minded and usually socially-oriented moral and intellectual reform; however they engage in something quite different."

Art that doesn't attempt to explode a language that perpetually hinders specificity will never be worth the time it takes to find it. Additionally, it must be better than the prurient impulse you start milking as an excuse. Art that trades in naked children is the only art that should be critiqued in terms of its aesthetic value. How cute or ugly the children are and how much better it is or isn't to see them without their clothes. She isn't pretty. Have you seen its mother. Is she ugly.

Just like everyone else in this sickness. I hated the old men. Old trolls. They were insistent and blind to their deficits. So many wouldn't even take their cocks out while they sucked on the others you'd see them devour. Everyone my age avoided them. I didn't understand that this place was created for them. Not for anyone else. It, unlike all the other monstrosities, is still there thirty years later to what should never have been a surprise. It's never been the gay place it is advertised as. It was, is, a sewer. The gay stink lures the younger men in for the old gumming vampires. I know now that it's not an unnatural construct or progression of any sort. It was all bound to happen. It is designed this way.

Because you're looking away from the old men, you find yourself thinking of younger and younger men and then boys. As you find anything really available as ultimately as ugly as yourself. It's how I found myself finding the little girls even prettier. I used to sit in the back of the Bijou watching flea after roach ticking around the different mazes they set up for themselves and all I'd think about, when I got the chance, was that I wanted to lock one of the doors behind me and have a little skinny naked boy with me. And that changed to me wanting to cut off a boy's little hairless penis with a pair of scissors that I would have to carry in with me. I wanted to drag a little boy in with me. Into this place, pay his admission. Have the caged money clerk size us up. And let us in. Take him through the dark theatre and yell at him to ignore the noisy cocksucking and staring jaggoffs. Strip the son naked and have him hairless and available and scared in here. Soft and smooth and pushed hard back and forth. Naked boys have that about them. I started to think anything else wouldn't be good enough and tried to stick with looking at little girls. Hairless cunts. Absent any real genitalia. But not surprisingly, I came to like the little babies' mouths best. I look at children all the time now. Just on the street. And I like to see their faces most of all. I'm happy enough when they smile and giggle and I have my favorites that I look for. One soft flowing pretty girl in particular. And now all I want to do is put lipstick on all of their little fresh faces and stick my pigging hot tongue into their gaping mouths and taste all that heat and growth and bitchy waiting. I like that some could be taught to respond and others just wouldn't.

I remember, most of all because his mother would point it out, his bright blue eyes. Beautiful and crystal clear. Even in photographs. He had a very wide smile and his teeth had a prominent gap in the middle. Thin, blonde and beautiful in every way imaginable.

He liked camping because he loved the little birds in the morning. I don't remember more than that, really. His mother hated camping, I remember she said that. She used to do it just for him. And then he'd try and convince her that she could find things to enjoy too.

The Public Inquiry into the Shootings at Dunblane Primary School on 13 March 1998 by The Hon. Lord Cullen

4.40 DS Hughes had not encountered Thomas Hamilton before but learned that he would be likely to be quick to complain. He therefore decided to become involved in the investigation and visited the camp on 25 July in the company of DC Kirk. The main purpose of this visit was to return camera equipment which Thomas Hamilton had surrendered 2 days before, but it also provided DS Hughes with an opportunity to look at the camp himself. As regards the assault Thomas Hamilton admitted under caution to slapping a child across the face. His justification was that the boy had been disruptive, a bully, had assaulted another child, had thrown a stone which hit another child in the eye and needed chastisement. He also admitted to slapping the same boy across the leg and grabbing him. Concerns had also been raised about the nature of the photographs *which he had taken and about a trip to an island where the children had been forced to take part in the making of a videofilm on the lines of "The Lord of the Flies." In particular one child was forced to lie in cold water against his will. The children were cold and wet and were dressed only in swimming trunks during a rain shower as Thomas Hamilton prevented them from putting their clothes on. When he was asked to provide photographs he had taken Thomas Hamilton denied that he had taken any still photographs.*

4.42 One of the boys who was interviewed later said that he had been singled out by Thomas Hamilton, taken alone to an individual tent and photographed in red-coloured swimming trunks. DS Hughes feared that this boy was being singled out for special treatment and perhaps for future abuse. Thomas Hamilton denied any such intention and denied taking such photographs. On 30 July and in response to a request from the police he handed over 6 boxes of slides and about 150 still photographs. There was reason to believe that he deceived the police. DS Hughes discovered at the shop in Stirling where Thomas Hamilton had handed in what was to be developed that he had in fact received eight boxes of slides: and that a ninth had recently arrived for him. DS Hughes did not take possession of that box at that time, but at a later date when it was handed over by Thomas Hamilton. In the result there were two boxes of slides which were never recovered by the police. Among the photographs which were recovered there were a large number of the particular boy who was plainly a favourite and had been given special jobs on the camp. However, there were no photographs of him wearing red swimming trunks. A processor in Livingston had also contacted the shop in Stirling in order to express her concern about the content of some of the photographs. It is impossible to know whether the boxes which were not recovered by the police contained photographs which would have given rise to even greater concern. As regards the photographs which were recovered by the police, although there were various different poses by boys wearing black swimming trunks there was no explicit indecency. DS Hughes considered that Thomas Hamilton had been untruthful about the photographs. The nature of them made him concerned about the "stability" of his personality and his unhealthy interest in children.

6. Why didn't he tell it to fuck-off when it was screaming at him?

The mother language that Nancy Grace uses to sugar up her concern for the well-being of the poor parents who have to sit in court *"just ten yards away"* from the man they suspect killed their little seven-year-old daughter included her regret that she had to use the inescapable *"like trash"* when forced to describe how the child's body was found in dirt. Grace also confessed appreciation for her co-anchors taking some of the pressure off. They now all shared the fearsome burden that had welled up inside her from all these years of having to listen to, and formulate quips from, the great black pool of information that rapists, murderers and child molesters have seeped into her big blonde life as a previous felony prosecutor. Current crime newscaster. Says she can no longer eat breakfast because of the stomach turning nature of so many of her dreadful ear and mouthful mornings. On June 25, 2002, on **Court TV**, she argued for the side of common sense and hard justice when she boiled down the implications of the child pornography charge against David Westerfield:

"There is no rape charge, or child molestation charge. Because, obviously, the little girl's body was so decomposed she could not be examined in autopsy for semen, or for tears in her vagina or... anus. Couldn't find that – it was impossible to do that kind of examination. But we do know that the little girl was nude when her body was found. We do know that he had child pornography – depicting the rape of a little girl."

Finger through easy words. Look for familiar. A safe, removed, asspicking rat's interest like yours. Fetishize their glossy sliding mouths. Clumsy inarticulations and transparent intentions. All pimping and vending and capable of nothing more than delivering your tastes right back to your overheated cock imagings.

Sticking your tongue towards the tv head that mutters *"She is, in fact, a little angel"* and, fuck better, *"discarded like trash. Nude."* is the sickness that forces these monkeys into their whiter roles. They become correct because you can't control yourself or your hopelessly tiny indulgences.

At Florida-based Webe Web Corp., which runs one of the largest networks of child-modeling sites, co-founder Marc Greenberg insists that no child featured on his sites has suffered any physical harm.

"If I said pedophiles are definitely not looking at these sites, that would be a crock," Greenberg said by phone from his Fort lauderdale office. "But the majority of people looking at them are not bad people."

(**CHILD MODELING WEB SITES CALLED 'FIX FOR PEDOPHILES'**,
David Craby, Chicago Sun-Times, September 16, 2002)

The tapes contained numerous vignettes of teenage and preteen females, between the ages of ten and seventeen, striking provocative poses for the camera. The children were obviously being directed by someone off-camera. All of the children wore bikini bathing suits, leotards, underwear, or abbreviated attire while they were being filmed. The government conceded that no child in the films was nude, and that the genitalia and pubic areas of the young girls were always concealed by clothing. The photographer would zoom in on the children's pubic and genital area and display a close-up view for an extended period of time. Most of the videotapes were set to music. In some sequences, the child subjects were *dancing or gyrating in a fashion not natural for their age. The films themselves and the promotional brochures distributed by Nather demonstrate that the videotapes clearly were designed to pander to pedophiles.*

(**United States v. Stephen A. Knox**, Opinion of the court, Circuit Judge Cowen, October 15, 1992)

It's an obvious psychology. Women placed on a pedestal due to their inaccessibility. The troll's perpetual, concrete rejection tumors into lunacy to escape an even worse reality. The immediate comforts he applies makes him even more unacceptable. The old men he fucks fast-forward straight through him until he's slobbing on his knees without even the benefit of sucking off someone as young as he once might have just barely been. The masturbator implodes and the women stay as flat and cruel as they've always been. Looks follow ugly.

It can't help but notice the stains on the glass get cleaned a bit quicker when there's women on the other side. At the five dollar entry Machine Shop, a queer suckhole next to an old leather bar, the geriatric behind the counter refuses to go in the backroom even if there's a fight. He turns down his QVC channel and calls the cops. He tells you this when you come in drunk. Otherwise he ignores you and your money for as long as he can.

I suspect he sucks off his share. Has sucked off more than his share. Which is why his midget stopped life is here sat behind a tv monitor and potato chips and the inability to gauge subtleties between wetbacks and leather queens and lonely yuppies and fat old lumps except if they're obviously inebriated. I'm still coming to and looking for these places. This old queer and his sex garage replaces another horrible blob of wheezing nigger in a dancer's booth joint. A three-hundred-pound stench that had to lay down as he clocked his worthless time and punched his cash register with a stick. His licepit was part of an entire city block that was razed for a new mini-mall years ago.

The stains across the scratched plastic windows that protect the tv screens is coated in thick brown streaks and old yellowed smudges. There is no reason to scrape them clean. No reason to sweep the floor except for mice and roaches. There are no health code violations that can't be bought, apparently, with the answer that the place's appeal is for men who like rough dirty sex. The campy sleaze set. This, however, is not true. It is for lazy sick men. The perspex protects the televisions from being smashed or from having the electricity fused with pig liquids. It keeps the animals from breaking them out of disappointment and spite.

Men who fuck themselves off while they fill their empty burning heads with small hard circumcised cocks. One slouch waits for another inside a black creaky closet the size of an empty toilet stall. The usable toilet towards the back, in fact, has a wood plank fixed above the tank to keep the greeding vermin that sit on it from breaking through the porcelain. There is a sink next to the commode but the hot and cold knobs have been stolen off. The screws are rusted and stripped. The toilet is essentially for superstitious and stupid men who want to quickly shit out the cum that's been deposited into their spiraling systems. Many think it's possible to wipe HIV out on the tip of big strained shits. It's for men who want to piss your taste out and for alcoholics to vomit into. It is also the only place in the maze that has a light brighter than murky red and is sometimes used by serious faggots to see what they're getting when it might be closer to what they want. Or check for personal sores.

19-year-old Brandon Wilson slit open the throat of a 9-year-old boy named Matthew Cecchi by coming up behind him in a public beach restroom in Oceanside, California. The little boy had gone into the toilet to pee while his aunt politely waited for him outside. Wilson did not rape the boy yet needlessly stabbed him so many times that the boy's blood pumped out of his little body to soak the entire men's room.

Nancy Grace of Court TV appeared on a special clips episode of **The John Walsh Show** for November 29, 2002. The idea for the show being that John and Nancy discuss the impact and general importance of scenes and outcomes of famous moments from the courtroom files of Court TV. One clip that made the producer's cut was of Brandon Wilson taking the stand in his own defense. Wilson, head shaved butch and neatly dressed in a white shirt and tie, answered the prosecutor's questions in a short video from the trial that had been broadcast live only a few years ago:

> *"...you take the knife and you plunge it in, to his left side, correct? To his neck?"*
> *Brandon Wilson: "Yes. It was easy. I mean I didn't have to use that much force."*

The footage stops almost as soon as it begins. The scene now becomes Walsh and Grace in the studio:

> *John Walsh: "Wow. Nancy. Chilling. Um... tell us, who is Brandon Wilson, what did he do?"*
> *Nancy Grace: "Just when I saw that, it just hurt my chest because it all came flooding back. You know why it was easy? Because the victim was a 9-year-old little boy. And the little boy, Matthew Cecchi, I can see him right now in his little baseball outfit, had been... at a family picnic at the beach. And he had to go to the public bathroom. And his aunt walked him TO THE bathroom! And waited at the door! And that man, Brandon Wilson, was waiting inside. And in another part of his confession, he showed police how he pulled the boy's head back and slit... his throat all the way across. I've never gotten over Matthew Cecchi."*

Nothing else was said by either host. Mr. Walsh cut professionally to a commercial. He wasn't allowed to compare his son's death to the Cecchi boy's even though Ms. Grace had opened the door more than far enough considering that the forever frozen face of the late Adam Walsh is of him wide smiling under his favorite baseball cap. Nancy had been very animated in her description and drawn her hand across her own aging throat as well as hanging her head or looking up to the heavens depending on which seemed more appropriate. However, the real unease of the all too brief segment was that there was a bit of extra footage shown just before the clip of Wilson on the stand that had led into Walsh's question and Grace's completely nonexistent answer. It was the scene that Grace had thought was worthy of mention as *"in another part."* Coming from the original police confessions and also broadcast through **Court TV** as part of their much maligned and short lived **Confessions** show. Bad quality stationary footage of Wilson on one side of a table in an interrogation room, a friendly understanding cop on the other:

Wilson: "So I grab him by the head and pull it back."
Cop: "Mmhm."
Wilson: "I reach around with my right hand-"
Cop: "Right."
Wilson: "And do this... Just drive it..."
Cop: "Okay. Now what happens?"
Wilson: "The blood comes."
Cop: "Okay. Where's all – where's all the blood go?"
Wilson: "It's goin' in front of him. It's going – I'm behind him, he's in front of me – it's going this way..."
Cop: "Okay."
Wilson: "And I'm holding him there, and I'm like pulling, I'm pulling his body this way and his head this way, to let that blood out."
Cop: "Okay. Then what happens?"
Wilson: "It's flowing, it's flowing, it's like, he's... he's trying to scream, he's trying to talk, but his throat is cut. So he starts – he starts to kind of go down because the blood's flowing. I have my knife in my hand. Just stabbed him – like here somewhere, you know?"
Cop: "Mmhm."
Wilson: "All right. And then. I let him fall to the ground. And I stabbed him one last time – here... in the back."

It seems from her description of the other footage that maybe Nancy Grace didn't realize the confession had already been shown. It's even more possible that she was told to set up the clip and that the original intention would have been to follow her words with the more explosive, more graphic, confession cop film. Which might have looked a bit more bloodthirsty than the show was ready to admit to and the bookend approach was necessarily switched at the last moment. Of course, it's just as likely that simple time limits and lazy editing contributed to the insubstantial dip in petty continuity. Perhaps it was a producer's understanding that the audience for the show isn't the type to pay enough attention anyways. The audience being many more gasping housewives than vain self-aggrandizing pedophiles.

The footage of young Wilson in the gray police room is more notable than what was never even discussed on the little Walsh show. It displays a young man overly itchy during his graphic descriptions and passionate reasoning. He had shaved his head just after the child murder and that is exactly how he is seen in the grainy confession footage. The young man almost pumps the table as he describes holding the little dying rat. He swings and stutters and almost twitches. It is an extremely lusty, lustful performance. The **Court TV** website that still keeps a downloadable clip from the **Confessions** series shows him walking back and forth and holding the taller cop just as he did the little boy. Or. In more desperate minds. It would be how he could look sliding his cock in and out of any silly faggot hanging around a men's bathroom in a california beach resort. With his bald head and thin countenance, he looks enough like a young pre-wasting Christopher Rage to work for any pigmeat sucking methhead.

> *Wilson's videotaped confession is a case study in psychotic symptoms. Throughout his rambling monologue, Wilson often laughs inappropriately, evades eye contact, stares off into space, and manifests odd body language and mannerisms like rocking and peculiar hand gestures. He is extremely suggestible to leading questions by the interrogator, latching on to descriptions like "hunting" and "rush" which were inconsistent with the general tone of his spontaneous expressions. Wilson makes bizarrely and gratuitously self condemning statements answering that he would kill as many as he could – "Anyone and Everyone." An evil, cunning thrill killer does not respond in such a recklessly incriminating fashion.*
>
> (**Calif. vs. Wilson**, Confessions website, Court TV analysis by Barbara Kirwin, Ph.D.,)

Too many gay porn videos take place in seedy backgrounds. Old and cartoony S&M fetishists have been rejected by the firm and cut youngsters that turned sex into immaculate bathhouses and work out rooms. Dirty broom closets filled with irritating black gnats and aged old cum have been bulldozed into antiseptic steambaths where pussy gym queens suck and fuck each other alternatively. Leather sex clubs still look like dungeons and functional bathrooms but the patrons have become fatty bears and thin flannel corpses. Shining regulations are nervously minded. The good old days are mimicked in slimy spitting and cheesy insults and chewy cigar chomping. And on the videos that play at the front.

Piss and shit and cum aren't that hard to find. The american dying male now much more blasé about their goofy spiritual pigdicking. Barebacking videos pretend to separate the community into those who do it and those who don't dare. Fuck. Slump. End. No AIDS fucks. No cancer holes. No ugly lonely men renting porn to help them cum even lonelier. And the content of trade videos have sadly stayed the same. The advertising may seem more frank and less polite these days. The box covers and web copy selling the footage of young men selected off LA streets and slurp buddies' recommendations is less documentary or troublesome insight and now more campy cruel vulturism. But no matter what. Shaved. Just barely legal street scum like Brandon Wilson isn't too hard to find. Young hard baldheaded mentalcases on the edge, masturbating fat juicy cocks to orgasm, isn't an unpopular stereotype. Nor proxy. Sex will always sink to this level. Just wait.

The sex in the scenes that ended little Matthew Cecchi's life aren't as smutted as the guesses that created little Danielle van Dam's eulogy. But the footage of savage Wilson twitching like he has well hung crabs and a hardon that would fuck everything from mad street trash like himself to fatty old blonde whores who think they mint their own sex is what follows the victim's family around:

> *During her testimony, Mrs. Cecchi showed how she rubbed her son's head and told him she loved him as he lay on the bathroom floor.*
>
> *Prosecution witness Brian Kennedy, a blood spatter expert, described the bathroom floor and walls after the crime. Kennedy concluded that Matthew suffered before he died, that the murder was not quick and painless. In addition, Dr. Brian Blackborn, from the coroner's office, testified that Matthew painfully choked on his own blood.*
>
> (**"EXECUTE ME," WILSON TELLS JURORS**, Latoya Hunter,
> Court TV, October 4, 1999)

A thin mother with a southern accent introduces a selection of gay sex videos. Wouldn't be hard to find a faghag willing to do that. All the sex takes place in a bathroom painted in red splatters.

Choose one:

A couple rough trade fags. One thin and scraggly and full of nervous ticks and meth damage; the other fat and old and doling out cocaine in stingy amounts because he doesn't have enough to go all around. Some ass digging and rutting and some slippery wet finger sucking. Some foreskin play and testicle lapping. Some rimming and a cum shot bent over the toilet dumped into the water. The blood on the walls is old and dry.

Or. An old fat beast sucking inside some pretty woman's spread open cunt. Not doing enough, the woman tells the hog to put two fingers inside her. Crabs her finally. Jamming one short stubby finger into her long wombed cunt and his dirty thumb into her ass. While she cums all over herself imagining herself being unable to degrade herself lower than this.

The voiceover to the video has the moaning appreciative slug blubbering uncontrollably about how pretty she is, how young, how unworthy he is, how much he thanks her. And how he spat on her and cummed across her tits and pretty thick lips and drooled vodka into her mouth just like he's done with all the faggots he usually fucks instead.

Or. An artshow that places poster size blow-ups of Adam Walsh, Matthew Cecchi and even fucking cuter 9-year-old Jimmy Ryce, all in their bright baseball caps, along the now freshly scrubbed clean walls of any man's public restroom. A hidden camera system records all sorts of men pissing into urinals and entering bathroom stalls. Once in awhile a cock watcher is spotted. Once in awhile a man takes his son in to help him use the urinal. But little else of sexual interest.

The second part includes the same set-up at a restroom known to be a popular tearoom. Men come in and watch for cops while they masturbate themselves hoping to entice others interested in trying out some cock tasting for the first time. Old fags reach over and help younger desperates piss. The noises behind the stall doors include a wetback "suck that cock" and a lispy "do you have a condom."

A man unable to locate any one else at the wrong time of day stands in the middle of the restroom. The stalls behind him. The urinals in front. He masturbates himself while he tries to soak up the atmosphere of the sex soaked joint. Oblivious to the sensible incongruity of the children's poster faces staring out at him. It doesn't matter. Another fucking memorial. The kind the idiots on tv sell constantly. He cums on the tile and doesn't bother to stomp the thick puddles into the caulking with the bottom of his shoe. He waits a few minutes, so sick in himself, and starts to purposely piss and splash all over the floor.

Allegations. Barbara Curley and Robert Curley, plaintiffs, v. North American Man Boy Love Association, defendants.

(Filed May 16, 2000 in U.S. District Court of Massachusetts)

13. Defendants Radow, Powers, Thorstad, Miller, Herman, Hunter and Schoen collectively organize, manage and control the daily organization of NAMBLA at all times material hereto.

14. NAMBLA is an organization which falsely alleges it is non-profit in nature as defined by the Internal Revenue Code of the United States of America and exists for the purpose of changing society's attitudes about man/boy love through publications, educational and political activities and membership conferences.

15. Although NAMBLA represents that it is a lawful non profit organization working to change society's attitudes on pedophile activity in reality it is not a recognized non-profit organization by the United States of America or any state in the United States.

16. NAMBLA publishes a quarterly bulletin which it distributes throughout the United States and Europe and maintains a website on the Internet at www.nambla.org.

17. NAMBLA attempts to associate itself with the Gays Rights Organizations in the United States to justify its advocacy of men having sex with male children. NAMBLA attempts to equate lust and sex with love in order to justify men illegally raping male children.

18. By its publications, meetings and website NAMBLA encourages its members to rape male children. Public libraries have been identified as places for its members to meet or visit. Upon information and belief NAMBLA members travel to Thailand to have sex with young male slaves.

19. NAMBLA serves as a conduit for an underground network of pedophiles in the United States who use their NAMBLA association and contacts therein and the internet to obtain child pornography and promote pedophile activity.

20. NAMBLA maintains two mailing addresses in the United States. One location is a mail box location at 537 Jones Street, P.O. Box 8418, San Francisco, California 94102 (a photograph of this location is attached hereto, marked Exhibit A and incorporated by reference). This mailing address is maintained by Defendant Schoen. NAMBLA's second mailing address is P.O. Box 174, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018. A photograph of this location is attached hereto marked Exhibit B and incorporated by reference. This mailing address is maintained by Defendant Radow from his residence at 17520 Wexford Terrace, Jamaica, New York 11432. A photograph of this location is attached hereto marked Exhibit C and incorporated by reference.

21. NAMBLA maintains two voice mail telephone numbers. One telephone number is 415-281-0767 and is located in San Francisco, California. The second telephone number is 212-631-1194 and is located in New York, New York. NAMBLA's voice mail system is established for the purpose of providing communication to and between its members and to impede law enforcement investigation of its members' activities.

22. NAMBLA regularly publishes a publication called the NAMBLA Bulletin. The Bulletin contains various articles and letters encouraging men to have sex *with young male children. The articles and letter allegedly report of the sexual experiences between men and male children and contain statements such as "call it love, call it lust, call it whatever you want. We desire sex with boys and boys whether society is willing to admit it, desire sex with us." Lust – NAMBLA Bulletin No. 18.4.*

23. NAMBLA members describe the Bulletin as "a nice collection of photos of cute boys (practically on every page)" NAMBLA Bulletin No. 18.4. A sample of some NAMBLA Bulletin photographs and drawings is attached hereto marked Exhibit D and incorporated by reference.

24. For a profit on or about October 11, 1996 Defendant John Doe was the internet service provider to NAMBLA and intentionally, negligently, recklessly and carelessly provided technical support to NAMBLA to create and maintain the NAMBLA website.

25. John Doe Inc. at all times material hereto provides the international website communication systems for pedophiles in North America under the name of NAMBLA which intentionally promotes child pornography and pedophile activity. John Doe Inc. allows NAMBLA to "reach more people and provide a more scattered target for" law enforcement officials. NAMBLA Bulletin No. 18.4.

26. At all times material hereto Defendants NAMBLA, John Doe, Radow, Powers, Thorstad, Miller, Herman, Hunter and Schoen intentionally, negligently, carelessly and recklessly promoted, advocated, conspired and urged the general public to illegally rape young male children and provided information to assist the general public in obtaining child pornography and pedophile related material.

27. In the Fall of 1996 Charles Jaynes also known as Elizah Woods, Anthony Scaccia and Scott Eastman of 42 Peterson Avenue, Brockton, Massachusetts joined NAMBLA.

28. Prior to joining NAMBLA Charles Jaynes was heterosexual.

29. After joining NAMBLA Charles Jaynes received and read the NAMBLA Bulletin, accessed and read the NAMBLA website which is provided by John Doe Inc. and by said means of communication began to collect child pornography and various pedophile material.

30. As a direct and proximate result of the urging, advocacy conspiring and promoting of pedophile activity by John Doe Inc., NAMBLA Radow, Powers, Thorstad, Miller, Herman, Hunter and Schoen, Charles Jaynes became obsessed with having sex with and raping young male children.

31. As a direct and proximate result of the urging, advocacy and promoting of pedophile activity by John Doe Inc., NAMBLA, Radow, Powers, Thorstad, Miller, Herman, Hunter and Schoen, Charles Jaynes stalked Jeffrey Curley of Cambridge, Massachusetts who was ten years old and tortured, murdered and mutilated Jeffrey Curley's body on or about October 1, 1997. Upon information and belief immediately prior to said acts Charles Jaynes accessed NAMBLA's website at the Boston Public Library.

Police officer Douglas McMurdo cross-examined by C.M. Campbell

C.M. Campbell: You then in the next sentence wrote "It would not be good sense in my view to associate with an organisation or person where serious allegations were under investigation, as has been the case with Mr. Hamilton since 1989"?

Douglas McMurdo: Yes.

C.M. Campbell: What did you mean by that?

Douglas McMurdo: This is one of the great difficulties with Mr. Hamilton. He went out of his way to ask us to come to his camps, to come to this, come to that; but while somebody is under investigation it is always difficult for us to endorse wholeheartedly his organisation. In other words, we were being asked to put a stamp of approval on something which was under investigation, and that to my mind would not have been wise.

C.M. Campbell: So it would not be good sense to associate with Mr. Hamilton, but there was no problem in giving him a firearms licence?

Douglas McMurdo: We are talking about two separate things entirely.

C.M. Campbell: And then in the next paragraph we come to the passage which my learned friend Mr. Bonomy read out to you earlier on this morning, and again we can read that for ourselves, but what it boils down to is that Mr. Hamilton was to be distinguished from most right-minded people, that he was a bitter and petty-minded individual, he was somebody who could pervert a straightforward relationship into something sleazy and dishonourable, he was somebody who imagined undercurrents of corruption, he indulged in vindictive correspondence, and there was a background of almost four years of irrational outpourings, dealing with him was like trying to reason with a zealot, and he was somebody who adjusted the facts selectively to suit his ends, and then it all begins again.

7. Does he think like a little girl? Ask him if he's closer to the little girls he doesn't touch or the old men he does? Does he think he runs the risk of becoming too sympathetic to teenage thought? Does he expect to mature beyond genital obsession?

I have three favorite photos of Christina Long that I've taken from the internet. I have other photos from newspaper articles. The color shots in **People** (June 17, 2002) include a snap that may just show how big her tits were for a slightly overweight thirteen-year-old.

But the pictures from the computer are three full face shots. You can easily settle on her jagged teeth and sloppy crooked smile for your focus. **MSNBC** broadcast and then placed on their website a shot that looks just like it should be her school picture. Long blonde hair, chubby face and adolescent blank for only those who love her. Dirty and fucked. Deservedly or not. For everyone else.

The vidcap on the **Today Show** site is also a clickable video. That, frozen, recalls, alarmingly, a blunt tonya harding-ish lack of composure. All the worse for her supposedly tender age.

A selection from the **Hartford Courant** site has her in fat tart mode. Still only a portrait but loaded with eyeliner, lip gloss and scraggly hair. This time her angular smile seems obscene and drunk. Full of herself and not yet old enough to know that her sweaty pudge won't later offer the same immediate promise that it does right now.

Christine Long's limited history was something of a daring twist for the tabloid audience of that particular *"summer of abducted children."* Christine had met the 24-year-old Brazilian immigrant that ultimately killed her, Saul Dos Reis Jr., in an online chatroom. She had created her own website, complete with her photo and references to her *"dead sexy self"* and her motto *"I will do anything once and never back out on a bet."* From her bedroom in her aunt's house, she used the internet to talk with prowling men in chatrooms about sex.

Police said the teenager routinely had sex with partners she met on the internet and that she had been with Dos Reis several times, The News-Times of Danbury reported.

Police found e-mail indicating the two had agreed to meet Friday night. Dos Reis told police he accidentally strangled Christina while they were having sex in his car in a mall parking lot, the News- Times reported.

(**MAN HELD IN SLAYING OF GIRL HE MET ON WEB**, Chicago Tribune, May 22, 2002)

Chrissy, say friends and neighbors, was a young teen wrestling even more than most with her own sexual identity. By day, like all the sixth-grade girls at the co-ed St. Peter Catholic school, she wore a plaid uniform and no make-up. She *was an honor student, an altar girl and co-captain of the cheerleading squad. Away from school, though, she wore heavy make-up and provocative clothes that made her look considerably older. Other kids sometimes mocked her for her attire and flirtatious behavior, but friends viewed it as, for the most part, an act. "She loved to play football out in the road, play tag and horse around," says Marianna Lasita, who lived down the street from Chrissy. "In the neighborhood she was just one of the kids."*

(**FATAL GAMES**, Bill Hewitt, People, June 17, 2002)

A photograph of the young girl, sitting pensively next to a pool, taken the same month that she was murdered, shows a girl already growing into her family's buxom body type.

The background for Chrissy's featurette on **The John Walsh Show** was a slide show that moved from nice smiling uncomfortable adolescence to a dowdy big titted thirteen-year-old in her cheerleader outfit. Joyce, Chrissy's birth mother, appeared on the stage first. To talk about her drying out and her dealing with her hard life. Then Chrissy's aunt Shelley, the one that inherited her sister's problem when she couldn't handle her, talked about what life with the young budding teen was really like.

Guests on Walsh's show also included Chrissy's half-sister, Shawna, now 21, who confessed to having had her first child when she was 15, and a "psychotherapist and family counselor" named Donna LeBlanc. The October 29, 2002 episode was titled **How To Keep Online Predators Away From Your Child** and the following exchange could have been helpful:

Therapist: "It's not either of your fault. And it's not Christine's fault."
Shelley: "Can I interrupt?"
Therapist: "Yes. Please."
Shelley: "Um... the fault is the predator, definitely. That's first in my mind. But... some of the fault lies with me. Not with anyone else. But with me... because... (cries) I didn't check the e-mail and I should..."
John Walsh: "Wait... wait..."
Shelley: "Let me finish. And I didn't check... um... and...I trusted Chrissy. And I... But I should have checked to see who she was going with. I shouldn't have left her at the mall – with her friends – when she was thirteen. That was... between thirteen and sixteen... Before that, she trusted my rules. Implicitly, without questioning. But I think between thirteen and sixteen, that's when they start testing rules on their own."
Therapist: "Absolutely."
Shelley: "And I should never have let her go to the mall with her friends. That was wrong. And should have definitely checked the e-mails. And I really want to implore you... with the parents... to no matter how much you trust the child...

and believe me, Chrissy and I were so close. We were as close as two people can be. And I know I wasn't her mother... but I loved her like she was my child and... and... she loved me back. And... and... we were really close. And yet. She wanted to keep this secret from me. And I always told her 'Don't lie to me, don't keep secrets from me because I can't protect you if you do that'."
Therapist: "Hm mm."
Shelley: "But when they're thirteen to sixteen, I've been finding out from parents, they do that."
Therapist: "Hm mm."
Shelley: "So you can't. You can't... give them that trust that they want. That's very important to earn that trust. But you can't give it to them if you want to protect them."
Therapist: "This is a very good message. I also want you to know that is is the reason you need to do some counseling on your own. Because this guilt you're feeling – it's not going to be easy for you to just say 'Oh I shouldn't be feeling this way'. You need to be going through a whole process of grief until you go into a state of healing. Because the pain and suffering is over for Christine."
John Walsh: "Absolutely. And I gotta say one thing..."
Therapist: "She's okay now."
John Walsh: "You can't blame yourself. You've gotta listen to this lady. I walked in your shoes. I'm the parent of a murdered child. I could look at my wife and say 'What could we have done differently?' There's nothing we could do differently. The person that killed Adam is the person to blame, the predator. I know you did the best you could. And you know what? I hope we start here today. Your sister is hurting terribly in this audience. You're hurting terribly here. This sister is hurting terribly. You know something? We gotta move upward on it. Great advice. Great advice."
Therapist: One piece of advice that I'd like to give for the sister, Joyce, is... to... start her own counseling process. To get some help for her own grief. Because I know she carries the grief of the mother-"
John Walsh: "That I wasn't there."
Therapist: "That I wasn't there. And she was... everyone was doing the best they could. Unfortunately, it doesn't help when we try and tell them 'Don't have these feelings'. They need to go through a grieving process. Till they come to a state of healing. And Joyce and her sister very much need to heal. Because I'm sure that's what Christine would want."
John Walsh: "Well... I... absolutely, if she could come back for thirty seconds, you know what she would say? 'I'm in a better place'."
Therapist: "Yeah."
John Walsh: "'I'm safe. I'm not in my pain. You're left here with the misery. I don't want to see you feel this way. I don't want to see mom feeling this way.'

You know what? Let the healing start today, ok?"

Isolated from the photos of promiscuous Christine and the details of her new teen trysts, the words of the therapist and the host melt into one big slimy american smile. They don't listen to what's being said except to spear their best chances to talk about themselves or their sales opportunities. The aunt meanwhile, sucking in all the help she can get, tries to make sense of her overwhelming pain. Seen as a Mary Ellen Mark photograph, it's the aunt that makes the piece memorable. A vicious case of poor intuition. A lurid capture of someone railing against their inability to understand, act and care. Her words can be seen as little more than desperately honest. Excused. No matter how desperately wrong. And her plain christian background and idiotic belief system can either be seen as crumbling in front of her or backfiring all over her. Strangling her just as much as it would have strangled her expanding young lady. Christine was looking down at her body and back at her family and checking the opportunities and contradictions. Never all alone with her hips and tits and practiced grinds to fall back on. Everything else was phony and lying. Possibly. Still such a little girl.

Chrissy's prowls were filled with the knowledge and excitement that sex wrought on the cheap side of her family. Chrissy became a computer troll the way so many old men do. Grazing on all the information that is promised and untouchable but available and approachable. Proof is everywhere on the net but never conclusive. She owed it to herself to try and find something more, something better, something worthy of her efforts. And as much of that as she could peck loose for free. Ultimately, it is what is not there just yet that drives the lonely beast further. The amount and breadth of lazy availabilities stretch through the entire black hole world but get fed back to him in such tiny little stingy bits. It's supposed to be the sleazy reinforcements that he responds to. Combined with its essential hatred of the birdseed feeder and his fucking measly shitty rat pellets and the delays and the links and the lowlife membership requirements.

CHILD ABUSER 'TOOK POISON', This Is Nottingham, March 18, 2004:

A child abuser became so full of self-loathing he swallowed rat poison, a court was told.

The day after Andrew Millott was reported to police by the father of a victim, he went to Mansfield police station with a container, which, he said, held some of the rat poison he had taken, Nottingham Crown Court heard.

Millott, 46, of Stanton Place, Ladybrook, Mansfield, was jailed for three-and-a-half years and was placed on the sex offenders' register for life.

He admitted six charges of making indecent images. At a previous hearing, he had denied indecently assaulting a six-year-old girl and taking an indecent photograph of her but was found guilty by a jury earlier this month.

The child said Millott offered her £1 to pull down her trousers. On one occasion, *she pulled them down and he took a photograph of her.*

As a reward he took her to a shop and bought her favourite ice cream, said Michael Auty, prosecuting. The court heard Millott also persuaded the girl to take a picture of him exposing himself.

When the police went to his home, Millott was frantically deleting material from his computer, said Mr Auty. But child porn images were recovered.

> **Skinnerbox: Want early suck.**
>
> Mihole: Early sounds good. Where?
> Skinnerbox: Your place.
> Mihole: ABS is best for me. South side guy.
> Skinnerbox: Black?
> Mihole: No. You?
> Skinnerbox: Absolutely not. ABS on north side?
> Mihole: Mimi at Central and Belmont. Always AM action there.
> Skinnerbox: Then what's the point of this?
> Mihole: Ouch. You only bottom?
> Skinnerbox: Thanks anyways.
> Mihole: Bye bye boy.

Define important. These cocksuckers won't come back to me, anyways. They avoid me after they find out what's basically wrong. It doesn't bother me as much as you'd think. Because I don't think of them as having any particular worth. And if I sound like I'm denigrating myself, I assure you, my opinion of them is far lower. Not that it makes any difference to what I do. Continue to do. I wish I could say I thought it was worth changing. I haven't been as moved as so many of the others have. There's no space between lust and lazy. The one that's easiest. Especially since these cocksuckers still keep coming in, one after the other. And the absolute truth is I don't see too many of them growing old. Because they just leave. This isn't a big enough part of their lives. Good luck to them. I don't think they're hypocrites for not acknowledging their little forgettables. They understand it far better than me. But maybe they just didn't care enough. To make a fucking lifestyle out of this.

I used to go to this bookstore when I was younger. A regular bookstore in a gay neighborhood and it had a large section dedicated to queer lit and independent publications in the back of the store. The store is still there. Still has a large gay section and advertises it just as much as it used to. But you won't find NAMBLA paperbacks or magazines there anymore. Or the photo books with naked kids in them. And, sadly, the later rags and anthologies that used to mimic **STH** are still there. Still the same, in fact. Which is even more depressing. But the reason the slime aren't there has less to do with morality and more to do with the fact that the faggots that shop at the joint don't want a place that would stock stuff that people like me are looking for. Still.

I was drinking in Little Jim's and went to piss. This beefy faggot walked in and checked out my cock at the urinal. One does the same. But he pissed easy enough. Next door at the Ram, after we both closed Little Jim's, I kept running into the queen in the walkways. Finally he leans in and starts to kiss me. He's a good twenty years younger than me. And in very good shape. Strong chest. Tight shirt and pants. He starts walking to the booths in the middle of the joint that don't have holes between them. They have a little more room. For two. But they're as dark as all the other pigholes. He immediately starts to make-out with me again. This prick saw me in Little Jim's all night and knows I'm ratted. My face has to smell like fat and cigarettes and my mouth like old hot vodka and gas. He unbuttons his pants and takes out a thicker uncircumcised cock than what I watched urinate. Keeps my mouth inside his and, while I try to make him hard with my fist, he unfastens my pants and drops them to the floor. I'm drunk and soft and irritated at all the faggotry. His mouth slobbing my balls and penis while his head wets itself back and forth. But he sucks quick like a piston and stands the same to trade mouth for cock. Hard. Warm, clear wet slit. Trimmed. Much larger again. So big and thick that it has a bend in the middle and he still has enough tough foreskin for me to pull over the pisshole to lick inside both. He kicks off one of his shoes while I'm swallowing at his balls and lapping at his long clean shaft. Steps out of his pants completely. I turn him around. And finally kneel in the filth that may or may not cover the floor here. The cocksucker squat I was in wouldn't allow me to lick out the inside of his ass. I yank his balls and his fat hardon back up between his muscled butt and tongue as much as I can. Unclean cock, balls, asshole. I bite him and slap his ass. He encourages me by moaning when I suck the tip of his cock and maybe play with his foreskin. He stays perpetually hard. He turns around again and starts shoving that fat cock into my throat and then pulls me up so he can taste himself in my drunk ashtray mouth. Then drops to suck on me some more. All this time, I'm struggling to get and maintain a decent hardon. So I start bunching up my balls in a fist, underneath, and flop them into his face to eat. He stays on my cock. I pull back on his head and start to slide in and out of his repulsive mouth. Hung open like a cow. And glide my cock over and down his flat breathing human hole. I want to stay hard. And I want to cum. I masturbate myself into his typical face and then drop to suck his long cock some more. He was stroking himself off while he sucked me. I tend to use my hands too much. To hold someone's ass open or cup their balls or yank their shaft or scratch their chests and finger their assholes. I drop, suck, lick, swallow some pissy precum warmed from his foreskin and start to lick down into the ridge that leads to his asshole. He spreads his strong legs further apart and I suck both of his chubby balls into my wet slurping pig mouth. Then I turn him around to get more shithole. Look for some rank sweat and feces and grease. And I bite the sides of his ass some more. I always bite. I don't care enough to stop. I bite thighs sometimes but mostly ass. But I don't usually kneel in booths with hung men half my age. Has enough, pulls me up and sinks back down to his own beat-off squat. Fuck this. I pat his dark sweaty close cropped haircut and start to hug the entire square head as he sucks and I fuck back. I'm going to cum I say to see if he'll stop and I can just jerk off. He sucks harder and noisier. I pull his face away and let him make a cow divot if he wants. You want it. And he starts to lick at the head while I pull back and forth at my wet shaft. When I start to cum he plants his dead skull all over my cock and sucks in. He licks me after I inch out and continues to taste as I lean down to french my cum out of his mouth. Which is sadly absent. He stands up and I make no attempt to go back down on him. He says he's alright and I politely ask if he's sure. He stuffs an enormous erection into his already too tight pants. He starts to kiss me some more just as my drunk hits me a bit harder. Asks me if I'm visiting from somewhere. But I recognize him from the Eagle, weeks ago. I tell him some lie about where I live and he tells me he never goes to the Eagle. Uses the same ridiculously identifiable name now that he did there, however. And then starts to tell me that he followed me into the Ram from Little Jim's. That he was looking for me. And that he was upset that I rejected him before in the urinal. I tell him that I'm the lucky one in this situation and that he knows it. Starts to make plans to find me at Cellblock or Eagle on the weekend. Leave him with his hardon and hardly bitten buttcheeks and his disgusting hatred of my turgid meager cock and drunken fumbling. If I run into him again he'll avoid me. And it's not just knowing that, that would make me avoid him. He had a terrible time with me. If he enjoyed himself then it's at my expense. Not that any of this matters. I cummed into his mouth just like I've cum into a disgusting amount of men's mouths before him. As I get older. It's not me beating myself up. And it isn't these polite faggots with gay written all over their lives and televisions and idiot shiny foreheads. It started with the girls I'd fuck. My hatred for them grew as I watched them perform the same acts that these old men would perform every night they went to the Bijou. Every time these women I'd find myself listening to told me about their fathers. I knew they didn't know what kind of seething animal they were talking about. What's more they didn't even know what they wanted from the animals. So it stopped. The women were uglier. Sucking on your cock or offering to lick your asshole or spreading their legs and concentrating while they tried to get the promised and prayed for shakes. Even now. I hear them talk about how they like to get fucked and their unique pleasing abilities and what they do to keep everyone potentially interested.

I know that these thirteen-year-old girls, and the ten-year-olds, don't dress any more provocatively now than they did back when I was that age. Back then, I just

thighs, taint and sac. I like his balls. Love his meaty chewed foreskin. Jam my stinking probe so far into his spread open asshole I can taste shit he didn't hope to leave there. Give me his cum like he's doing me a favor. Or as if I had just done one for him. Suck in hard. Steady. Don't tire. Until he starts to enjoy my lips and pink and secured pumps. It's a long healthy fat load. Full of deep spasms and sweat and that stinging sour piss taste that separates sperm from agent. You can piss if you want. Because I lick the still seeping drops of cum wetness from his pisshole and from in around the inside of his foreskin. I plopped my own cock out and tried to work it up hard but gave up when I wanted to glom his mucus from my fingers. When I wanted to dig inside him but knew, suddenly, that I shouldn't go too far or start biting like a little fucking poodle again. He starts to sit on my cock. His asshole is tight and taut and I can cum far too quick this way. He jams his azt coated tongue into my mouth as I try to fuck him. Lean back on it so I can see your flat stomach and hard chest and your cock flop with my face all over the dangling loose thing. Pull your cock for me. I love your cum. I want you to cum again. When I get home tonight, I'll be able to cum again thinking of what your cum tasted like and the way your big dick grew harder and fatter and the way it looks soft and stinking and red now. Pull your foreskin back. Let me see that fat clean cockhead. Let me see your glans. Show me the inside of your cock. Pinch it. Open it up. Drool. Show me your balls. Lean back further. I would've taken his piss best. I already took his shit. I don't want him to move. Don't like it when he wiggles like a girl with a cock in her cunt. You don't feel it the same way, boy. When he thinks I've had enough, because I'm old and bloated and straggly and bright red and sweating like a sixty-year-old hog, he stands off me and, instead of pissing down on me and everything in the disgusting cubicle. Climbs back down. His bare feet in more filth. And starts to suck my cock. Naked. I grab his head and look at his siphoning nudity and the muscles in his arm and wide shoulders and I cum into his face. Into his mouth. Down his neck. Tastes his own body and mine. And soon, after he's kissed my cock hole open and wriggled his eel tongue inside, snowballs some of his sickness into my open stomach and wheezing lungs. I like the littler boys. I like old men with fat ugly stumped cocks and demands. I like it when they fuck boys and give their entire lives over to it. These lonely faggots and lonely househusbands. At TJ's downtown, I saw a penis so small on a man so short and fat, he couldn't even collect enough flesh to stick through the hole. I'm not lying. I don't like waiting anymore. It disgusts me that they act like this.

A thirteen-year-old girl identified by her former professional name, "Tina," was white, with blond hair, brown eyes, and a fully developed 36-33-36 figure. She was from an upper middle-class family in the Miami area, but she became a whore.

(**Children in Chains**, Clifford Lindecker, Everest House, NY, 1981)

A teenage prostitute was confronted yesterday with a nude photo of herself at age 15 to counter her claim in a Superior Court trial that her body wasn't fully developed when she had sex with Francois Houle.

Defense lawyer Francois Huot spent the morning questioning the hooker about whether she told Houle she was 18 the night she dined with him and another client.

Just before lunch, the girl, now 17, made a startling comment.

"In any case, I didn't look 18," she said, insinuating her clients should have known she was a minor. "My breasts weren't developed and I'd just started to grow hair under my arms."

Huot stopped in his tracks and asked the girl to clarify her remark. "So, let me get this straight: Your breasts weren't developed and you didn't have pubic hair?" Huot asked incredulously.

On her return to court after a long lunch break, the prostitute was confronted with a photograph of herself and another girl in a sexually explicit pose. It was taken the summer before her alleged encounter with Houle, when she met two supposed millionaires in a bar and partied with them at their hotel.

The girl burst into tears as she identified herself in the picture.

"It's not me, that's accused. it's him," she shouted, pointing at Huole. "Why are you punishing me?

I don't want everyone to see me nude."

(**TEENAGE PROSTITUTE UPSET BY SNAPSHOT**, Allison Hanes, The Gazette, May 22, 2004)

The **NAMBLA Bulletin** and **FAG RAG** were not my first exposure to photos of clothed children put in a sexualized context. Photos of little boys smiling and playing, often shirtless, often in swimming trunks, were placed next to articles on whatever it is the old bitchy editors wanted to think they were talking about. The photos, so often blonde, almost always skinny, were included to amplify and settle the sexual arguments of the group. But my interest in innocent images stemmed from the little dead kittens I was spending all my immature time with. The gay groups were never real. Never important. Never not shrill. Deluded and self-important. Exactly like their butcher detractors, they needed a public voice to help them think better of their private time. They didn't want to be as ugly as they think. Most of the child porn lore around during my formative years had been lies dreamed up by christian cop mentalities. Sickness after sickness. The ideal all these creeps grew fat and old on ended up sliding into the halved-lifestyle joints I only thought I was taking advantage of. Married men, Mike Echols, wasting cocksucking queens and, most of all, smart men with no better ideas. Inarticulates. Isolates. Touchedlesses. Insignificants. Grouped insignificance. Stop separating the cocksuckers from the cockfeeders and stop looking for the obvious charges in them that sound like you. They crawl. They back up. This is what I like to beat myself off to. I rub my balls on photographs. I push the tip of my prick onto the colored paper and jab it at the little bite-size asses and mouths. Lick small dildos sold as novelty items but bought as child penis proxies. I suck my thumb. Lick the fingers I've shoved inside my asshole. As many as I can fit in. Fuck myself with a tiny pink dildo and concentrate on the less than full. Look for bigger cocks that will feel smaller when pushed all the way in. Find better looking men and women to remind me of better chances and unsuspecting, unharmed rape-victims. I convince these plugs easily. I want to lick you while you masturbate like I would. Use my face and my mouth and my sick punched asshole. Sell me the child-pornography I know you have. Manipulate them into getting more. Telling me stories. What do you know about Jeffrey Curley. What do you think his parents would think of the way I suck on you as you talk about how much you barely know about the case and why you don't fucking care about him and them.

When did you lose your faggot virginity.

Boys are wearing pants in every picture.

Now only worth thinking about as an example of the pornographic taste that Hamilton fed. From. Into. How his personal reduction was more desperate than unique. And how the context for his interests is no longer just considered silly.

Curt Newbury, teen model photographer and webmaster, doesn't argue for age of consent laws but instead triumphs the spiritual joy of purely innocent images. He runs the famous Cindy-model and, even better, Summer-model sites and their personal histories. After suffering a hostile reaction to his membership web marketing ideas on a national talk show, in front of his best twelve year-old cutie, Curt compiled a list of things the host didn't address:

> *1. Almost all professional actors and models of all ages have web sites. Why can't Cindy have one, too?*
>
> *2. The only times Cindy has been hurt or portrayed sexually in her modeling career was by TV people.*
>
> *3. Cindy's dearest fan was a 15-year-old girl who died of AIDS given to her by a man who forcibly raped her. We are setting up a special fund to funnel money into a rape crisis center in the hometown of this victim.*
>
> *4. Cindy is very popular with her friends at school and is on the Honor Roll.*
>
> *5. Cindy has been awarded a certificate of good Citizenship by her local city Chamber of Commerce.*

6. Almost every night thousands of people are watching on TV a Movie called Lolita which depicts a middle aged man having sex with a 12-year-old girl over and over. What are Oprah, John Walsh, 48 Hours, Maury, Jerry Springer, and the like doing about that?
Lolita is an important work of art.

7. Katy Ford, the CEO of the prestigious Ford Agency in New York, was shown pictures of Cindy by 48 Hours' Paul Ryan. Katy said Cindy was adorable. 48 Hours neglected to mention that in its television show featuring Cindy. Sometimes the whole truth gets in the way.

8. We who work at CindyModel.com are happy to talk publicly about what we do. So far, our reward for being forthcoming is to be ambushed, jeered at and distorted in front of millions of people. But we still have hope for a fair forum. Our dream is alive and well.

9. Our methods include getting Cindy seen by millions and at the same time seeking every opportunity to get Cindy television roles or movie parts or tv commercials. Oprah said on the show that Cindy was beautiful and talented. She told Cindy to contact her after she took some acting courses. Cindy is enrolled in acting classes.

10. I have principles and a purpose to my work. My photography is uplifting and gives a special look into the human spirit. Looking at Cindy's site, many see a child expressing a rare, innocent beauty, strength and humor. Not everyone understands it. Some people didn't like The Sound of Music or Pulp Fiction. You can't get through to everyone. Cindy is becoming popular on the Internet and the Internet has a lot bad things going on in it. Our work has a positive influence on the Internet. Our effect is positive.

Newbury's child-star sites are littered with links to his teen model magazine and political messages. He sat on the oprah and 48 hours shows, spouting just what was expected of him. Including his bad fitting suit and sweaty balding corpulence. Cindy's photos seem to be taken more by her mom these days. Swimsuits included. And he drops hints in his webmagazine that he wishes she'd deliver more. He tells that Cindy's mom finally got a job as a part-time secretary and her husband recently received a bonus from his new plumbing profession.

Nonexistent NAMBLA, as a collection of sad individuals, is still being sued by the parents of a murdered ten-year-old boy. The Curley's son Jeffrey was suffocated to death with a gasoline soaked rag and, like Megan Kanka, rumored to have been raped after death. One of the two child-murderers had NAMBLA literature in the car he used to abduct and attack the boy in. Like the parents of Megan Kanka, Jeffrey's parents sought a greater enemy to answer for their private pain.

Fat fuck faggots.

I have a video of an eighteen year-old LA hustler speeding out of his stretching faggot brain. Very skinny. Dirty chopped blonde with a couple queerish rubber rings on his wrists. Tries to talk directly to the camera but can't help looking to the sides and smiling and laughing nervously. Wipes his nose like a junkie. But jumps around too much. Gets a hardon. Takes at least ten minutes to step all the way out of his pink and white boxer shorts. And wiggles his naked bony pale ass at the camera more than his long thin cut tough cock. Big lucky balls. Finally convinced to just lay down on the couch and jerk off, he needs to talk to the queen behind the camera. You want to suck it. You want some of this. Shot from his feet. His thin long fingers sliding a long way up and down his meaty smooth cock and stopping just at his bright red thick prepuce. Like skinny boys with large cocks and heavy balls, sparse hair and smooth bodies, on speed. Laying flat, when he cums, his sperm flies youthfully all over his face and pools inside the bones and softness of his throat and neck.

In another episode, he fucks a boy, his age, from eastern europe. An even bigger, bushier, uncut long responding cock. And he has to teach the idiot how to suck. How to do it better. Still the prerequisite clean Caucasian chest. Ageless and sleek and without a strain of aged hair. The mental difference between twelve and sixteen is enormous. The living space between sixteen and eighteen just as huge. From eighteen to twenty to thirty too close to matter. From there to forty; the divide is extreme again.

Your days are filled with constant bother. You are no longer running behind self-discovery. Your sex is all speech and dreams and minute length plans. Stuffed with pornography and niggling struggles to make simple masturbation more complete and closer to touch. The joy that, one is told when young, is possible to pull from flat representational art is only found after fat, forty and, wisely, alone.

From **2 ACCUSED OF ABDUCTING, KILLING BOY** (Chicago Tribune, October 4, 1997):

> *Based on rumors about the men in the Cadillac approaching Jeffrey in the past, the boy's older brother and four other men went to confront Jaynes at the car dealership where he was working Thursday.*
>
> *"You're coming with us. You're coming with us," the men told Jaynes as they tried to get the 250-pound man into a car, according to sales manager Robert Harrah.*
>
> *Police intervened and arrested Jaynes on outstanding larceny and fraud charges.*
>
> *Prosecutor David Yannetti said investigators were continuing to question Jaynes in the boy's killing and that further charges were likely.*

Outrage over the slaying erupted after Sicari, wearing a bulletproof vest, pleaded innocent Friday to murder and kidnapping charges and was ordered held without bail.

As he was led from the courthouse to jail, 15 to 20 teenagers swarmed Sicari and had to be held off as they peppered him with obscenities.

73-year-old Arnold Hartley was strangled and beaten to death by 42-year-old Adrian Brown during a drunken rage. The official cause of death was asphyxiation. The old man had swallowed and then choked on his own blood as his face was stomped.

After midnight, Adrian Brown was walking with two friends, one a sixteen-year-old girl, when he drunkenly decided to break down the door of Hartley's house.

The 16-year-old, who witnessed the killing, told police she saw Brown kick his way into the house.

She went into the house where she could hear somebody shouting "Help, somebody help me" from a back room.

(Prosecutor) Mr. Sloan added: "When she entered the room the deceased was lying on his back in the corner. There was an overturned chair adjacent to him and the defendant Adrian Brown, when she entered that room, was stamping down very hard on the deceased's face with his right foot. At the same time the defendant placed his hand and then hands against the wall in order to lend himself support as he stamped. She saw about four or five stamps and she also saw there was blood upon the deceased's face. At that point she shouted 'you are going to kill him'."

Thomas Croft, 42, who was with Brown and the 16-year-old as they walked that night, had tried dragging Brown off his victim but Mr. Sloan added: "As he did that Adrian Brown continued to stamp upon the deceased another couple of times."

(**'HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVES'**, Evening Gazette, July 20, 2004)

Brown broke into his home during the early hours of November 29 last year, after drinking heavily the previous evening. He punched the pensioner in the face several times then repeatedly stamped on his face and neck before strangling him.

Even as a friend tried to drag the defendant away, he continued to stamp on the pensioner's head.

Brown shouted: "He deserved it. He's a paedophile. He deserves everything he gets."

He then rifled through the old man's pockets and stole some money before fleeing.

A few days after the murder, Brown laughed about what he had done and boasted to a friend: "All paedophiles should suffer the same. They all deserve it, they want putting down."

(**PERVERT'S KILLER GETS LIFE**, East Cleveland Advertiser, July 30, 2004)

The 16-year-old, who cannot be named for legal reasons, told jurors that Mr. Brown went inside the house, followed by Thomas Croft, 42, who was with Mr. Brown, and then she heard someone shouting for help.

She said that she saw Mr. Hartley on the floor with Mr. Brown standing over him. When asked by Paul Sloan QC, prosecuting, if Mr. Brown was doing anything she replied: "Yes, he was stamping on the man's face."

Mr. Sloan asked her how many times she saw him do that and she replied: "About five times. It was like sharp, one after the other. I said pack it in because you are going to kill him. I shouted it twice. I said he was dead and Adi (Adrian Brown) turned around and said 'he isn't'."

The teenager said she could see blood on Mr. Hartley's face and that Mr. Croft had also tried to pull Mr. Brown off his victim, but he continued to stamp on him regardless.

(**SEX ATTACKER WAS KICKED TO DEATH, JURY TOLD**, East Cleveland Advertiser, July 28, 2004)

Poor old Hartley had been released from prison in 2002 after serving a year for eight counts of *"making indecent images of a girl under 14 and one charge of indecent assault."*

Mr. Hartley moved back to the address he kept before going to prison. In the same neighborhood he had grown up in. He lived alone and unwelcome by the community after his conviction. He had given up replacing the front windows of his two story house and tried to keep the neighbor's bricks out by attaching cheap clipboard to the frames. His car was frequently attacked and dented. The lights and windows usually smashed. He did his shopping at 6AM to avoid being bothered. And chose to live in the back of the house. Away from the rain soaked and warped window boards and the thugs that routinely pounded and kicked at his front door. Usually in the hours just after pub closing.

Adrian Brown had served time in Borstal at the age of sixteen after being convicted of sexually abusing a girl *"under the age of fourteen."* He got life for a drunkenly incapacitated attack on a pedophile:

Sentencing him, Mr Justice Fulford said: "The seriousness of what you did isn't lessened by the apparently sordid way of the life of the man you killed. The courts in this country will not tolerate vigilante-style behavior."

(**MURDER OF PAEDOPHILE GETS LIFE**, BBC News, July 28, 2004)

"The fact that he was a convicted paedophile who preyed on young teenage girls does not give you any justification for assaulting and killing him."
(**PERVERT'S KILLER GETS LIFE**, East Cleveland Advertiser, July 30, 2004)

A few wreaths and floral tributes had been left at the front of the old man's house after his murder while some locals gave interviews comparing pedophiles to lepers and offering little sympathy to either Hartley or Brown. Just after the murder, Detective Superintendent Brian Dunn of the Cleveland, UK, police called Hartley a *"sad, pathetic figure"* but added that he was disturbed by the neighborhood's attitude towards the man.

"Quite clearly, feelings are running high," Mr. Dunn said yesterday. "Feelings have been running high since his conviction for sex offences. I can understand why people are concerned, but at the end of the day it is not justified to systematically target and bully someone so they are left with nothing of any value and stripped of large amounts of cash."
(**SHOCK AT MURDER RESPONSE**, The Guardian, December 9, 2003)

Jesse Timmendequas' home was purchased by the local rotary club, razed and turned into a park. On the tenth anniversary of Megan's murder, Maureen Kanka told the associated press:

"The park is like a double-edged sword – I'm grateful that I at least don't have to physically see the house, but it's very hard because that is where she was killed."

The first three campaigns launched by the Innocent Images Unit of the FBI focused on men having sex with boys. Part of their plan was to isolate molesters' faces from child pornography stills and release the carefully cropped portraits to the public as wanted posters.

Two of the campaigns resulted in arrests.

Thomas Richard Evered was recognized by a family member who saw his face broadcast on a saturday night TV show. She called other family and then the police. Evered was a truck driver, living mostly out of his truck. He surrendered to Missoula, Montana police in a grocery store parking lot.

Innocent Images' John Doe #1; Thomas Richard Evered. Fixed him reclining on a bed, just face and upper naked torso, looking directly into the camera. A thin smile on slippery lips, possible bad skin and a sexy, slightly furry, strong chest. Tight neck, short graying top and sides. Not an unattractive man. Not a troll. The most engaging aspect of the digital reconstruction is the blacked-out head in the lower corner of the frame. As if a child's head was laying comfortably on the man's hard and accepting masculinity. Depending on the age of the child, the unit might have censored an entire body.

Smiling, unlikely frightened. Thomas' smirk could come from being either a man happy that he'd got the position of his camera in order or from a friendly, sated, detumescent hug now captured for posterity. Leaving the abstract child out of the picture, for legal and hyper-sensitive il-logistics, works to the gentleman's benefit. A handsome, sexually satisfied man.

Kevin Quinn, John Doe #3, was identified through police work alongside some helpful drivers calling in information about vehicle characteristics they spotted from the background of the very carefully chosen portrait. Quinn was arrested as he showed up for work. Another truck driver. Carelessly filmed some of the child sex in the cabin of his truck. The original source porn had been found in a priest's seized KP cache. Father's collection included a film of Quinn with another man molesting two boys in the truck. Plus multiple stills of the boys solo.

From the US Department of Justice's press release announcing Kevin Quinn's guilty plea for sexual exploitation of a minor for the purpose of producing child pornography, production of child pornography, transportation of a minor with intent to engage in criminal sexual activity and possession of child pornography:

> *Kevin Quinn admitted that during 1998, while he was living in Arlington, Texas, he was actively involved in an internet relay chat room (IRC) in which he engaged in online conversations with Ronald McQueen who lived in Colorado Springs, Colorado. McQueen was married and had a minor son. Quinn and McQueen both shared an interest in child pornography and in performing sex acts on minor males. In 1998, McQueen drove his tractor trailer truck from Colorado with his son who was then approximately 6 years old, to Arlington, Texas, where he picked up Quinn and another minor male who was approximately 9 years old. From Arlington, Quinn, McQueen, and the minors traveled in McQueen's tractor trailer to Dallas, Texas, and from Dallas, they traveled to other locations out of state. On this trip, Quinn used McQueen's digital video camera to record the minors performing sexual acts in the cab of the truck while McQueen drove the truck. At Quinn's direction, one boy recorded Quinn performing sexual acts on the other boy. McQueen carried a computer in the cab of his truck, and downloaded the video recording of the sexual activity between Quinn and the boys. McQueen made a copy of the video recording for Quinn, and returned to Colorado with a copy on his video camera and hard drive, and Quinn took his copy of the video to Texas.*
>
> *In documents filed in court, Kevin Quinn also admitted that sometime in 1998 he persuaded and enticed three minor males, (approximately ages 9, 6 and 11) to engage in sexual activity with him and each other, with the intention to videotape the activity. Quinn used his personal video camera to record sexual activity*

Shorter jail terms for sex offenders to ease overcrowding

By **James Slack**
Home Affairs Editor

RAPISTS and sex offenders could have their jail terms substantially cut under controversial plans revealed yesterday.

New guidelines could see 15 per cent shaved off sentences, meaning a rapist given the current average jail term would walk free after only 37 months.

The Sentencing Guidelines Council, which advises all courts in England and Wales, justified the plan by claiming custodial punishments had become 'more demanding'.

But opponents claim the proposal is merely the latest in a long list of attempts to cut the prison population, which stands at 76,500.

Nicole Westmarland, chairman of Rape Crisis for England and Wales, said: 'To reduce sentences sends out the wrong message to future offenders and to victims who are trying to decide whether to give evidence in court, a process that is already very distressing.'

'Sends out the wrong message'

The council, headed by Lord Chief Justice Lord Phillips, is also examining whether men convicted of domestic violence should escape jail if they convince the courts they are capable of changing.

Instead they would be sent on courses challenging their attitudes to women.

And sex offenders could be allowed to have 'mitigating circumstances' taken into account in sentencing.

They are expected to include cases involving 'sexual familiarity' between rapist and victim before the attack, such as when a couple are intimate but the victim is overpowered after refusing full sex.

Sandra Horley, from domestic violence charity Refuge, said: 'It would be a travesty if the Government accepted the SGC proposals on rape and domestic violence – they will put more women at risk.

'In short, they give licence to men to rape and batter women.' Shadow Home Secretary David Davis said: 'To suggest that today's prison regime is tougher than that of, say, 20 years ago, is simply at odds with the facts.

'At a time when there is serious concern about the record of catching and convicting rapists, to reduce the deterrent can only make the problem worse.'

The current average sentence for rape, which has a conviction rate of only six per cent, is seven years and four months. Slashing this by 15 per cent would take it to six years and three months.

The offender would be entitled to release at the half-way point of three years, one month and two weeks. It would free up cell space more than 13 months sooner than at present.

The guidelines are out for consultation over the next few weeks, before being finalised later this year.

Prisoners are being allowed to watch Sky TV in their cells as a reward for good behaviour.

Government figures show 1,536 inmates – one in every 50 – can choose one channel from the broadcaster. Most opt for Sky Sports.

Tory MP Phillip Davies said prisoners did not deserve the luxury, which usually costs £42 a month. 'How many of their victims would love to have Sky in their homes but simply cannot afford it?' he asked.

Comment – Page 14

j.slack@dailymail.co.uk

At ease: Hoare seen near his £700,000 mansion

Strolling the street, rapist who won the Lottery

THIS is lottery-winning rapist Iorworth Hoare enjoying a walk near his £700,000 home.

He purchased the six-bedroom mansion on a millionaires' estate after buying a £7million-winning ticket while on day release from prison in 2004. Two companions – a man and a woman who are thought to be relatives – joined him on the Saturday morning shopping trip but walked at least 250 yards behind.

Hoare, who was released on probation a year ago, lives in Darras Hall on the outskirts of Newcastle. His house is protected by security gates.

The coalminer's son has been sentenced to a total of 33 years since 1973 for rape, attempted rapes and indecent assaults.

Hoare served 16 years of a life sentence for his last offence, the attempted rape of a woman in Leeds, his home town.

The Government launched an elaborate scheme to protect the 52-year-old's identity after his release, costing taxpayers £10,000 a week. Home Secretary Charles Clarke ordered an inquiry after it emerged that probation officers and security guards were being paid to keep watch over him.

Sun-Times 4/21/98

Sex offenders' licenses will carry notice

Delaware Gov. Thomas Carper signed into law Monday a measure requiring sex offenders to be identified as such on their driver's licenses. No other state has such a requirement, said Rep. Roger Roy, the bill's sponsor. Under the legislation, anyone convicted of a sex offense would be required to get a new driver's license after getting out of prison. On that license, there would be a letter "Y" designation, indicating the person was a sex offender. The designation would be explained on the back of the license, with the usual explanations of driving restrictions.

Sex crime law invoked

A convicted Cook County sex offender was ordered held in custody Tuesday under the state's six-month-old sex predator law. Gregory Baskin, of Chicago, was scheduled to be released from prison but was ordered held by Chief Criminal Court Judge Thomas Fitzgerald. The law allows prosecutors to keep sex offenders in custody beyond their prison terms and to commit them to mental facilities indefinitely if they can prove to a judge or jury that the offender might commit more sex crimes.

7/1/98 Sun Times

Probation revoked for man accused of sexual abuse

U.S. District Judge Suzanne Conlon sentenced Skokie businessman Allen Levinson to 15 months in jail, finding that the 54-year-old owner of U.S. Machinery Movers Inc. of Skokie, whom she sent to jail in 1994 for insurance fraud involving the killing of a race horse, had violated his court supervision in that case: Police in Wheeling charged that he had sexually abused a 7-year-old girl in an elevator Oct. 29.

According to Assistant U.S. Atty. Bennett Kaplan, Levinson, was charged with aggravated criminal sexual abuse, and is scheduled to appear in the Rolling Meadows branch of Cook County Circuit Court on Jan. 22.

Levinson denies any wrongdoing in the alleged incident.

While Levinson was allowed to remain free until Feb. 25, a request to visit his mother, who lives out of state, this weekend was denied by Conlon. Levinson plans to appeal.

1/15/98 Tribune

5/3/98 Sun Times

METRO BRIEFS

Sex offender is arrested near school

A registered sex offender from Chicago's Ashburn neighborhood is free on bond after he was arrested in the parking lot of a grade school in northwest suburban Roselle. Peter M. Hooper, 53, is charged with unlawful presence within a school zone by a child sex offender and possession of child pornography, police said. He was caught in the school parking lot Thursday. A 1996 state law requires convicted sex offenders to register with authorities every year or within 10 days of relocating.

Daily Mail, Thursday, September 9, 2004

What Chechen fan

From **Richard Pendlebury**
in Vladikavkaz

OVERNIGHT, he became a symbol of the terror inflicted on the children of Beslan.

video, crouching with his hands on his head, next to a masked gunman and a bomb, seemed doomed.

Within hours of the film being shot more than 200 of his schoolmates would die when Chechen terrorists carried out the worst hostage massacre in modern history at School Number One in the Russian city.

Surely the black-haired boy in the white shirt, who seemed to have caught the terrorists' attention, was among the dead.

The gunman with the bomb had even said to him: 'The Russians killed 20 of my children and now I am going to kill you.'

Yet Georgy Farniev, aged ten, is alive, the Daily Mail can reveal. Showing amazing presence of mind, he hid in a bookcase when the massacre was at its height and then, wounded in the leg by a grenade, hopped to safety.

The news will be greeted with delight by the millions around the world who saw the minute-long film when it was released on Tuesday night.

Taken by one of the 30-strong gang, it showed the booby-trapped gymnasium packed with children, teachers and parents.

Yesterday, using a blurred photocopy of the video image, I discovered the boy's identity and that, miraculously, he had survived.

I tracked him down at a hospital in the nearby town of Vladikavkaz in North Ossetia and sat at his bedside to hear the incredible story of his ordeal and escape.

Safe from harm, Georgy has a wonderful smile. 'I feel great,' he beams, in spite of the serious wound to his right knee. Today he will be flown to Moscow for surgery.

He doesn't want to go to Moscow, but it could mean that he will be able to walk properly again.

He is the only child of a single mother, Marina Farnieva, 31, a shop assistant. 'He is all I have in the world,' she tells me, tearfully.

Last Wednesday Georgy and 900 other children were due to celebrate the first day of the school year with a parade in the grounds.

'He's all I have in the world'

Georgy was about to start the fourth grade, in the class of teacher Olga Soskieva. His cousin Elbrus, seven, was starting school.

Both boys were taken to the parade by Marina's sister, Larissa. Georgy's mother had planned to attend but she has heart problems and did not feel well that day.

Aunt Larissa, Georgy and Elbrus were among those herded into the gymnasium when the terrorists burst into the grounds.

'We all managed to sit together,' says Georgy. 'They took our phones, made us put our hands in the air and threatened us. From time to time they fired shots into the air and everyone jumped.'

Georgy became worried about his mother and asked the terrorist standing on the bomb: 'Can I get my mobile phone so that I can call my mother?'

'Sure,' replied the gunman.

'But when I went to the pile of phones I could see they had all been smashed,' says the boy.

Deprived of water, Georgy stripped to the waist. And, peratic told the little boy who survived the Beslan bloodbath

The Russians killed 20 of my children and now I am going to kill you

Smiling again: Georgy in his hospital bed yesterday

Face of fear: The video image of Georgy at the feet of a gunman

haps because he was at the front, he came in for particular attention from the gang.

'They kept putting their machine guns against my head or pushing them into my neck,' he recalls.

'One of them even told me, "The Russians killed 20 of my children and now I am going to kill you". I was very scared.'

Georgy says he witnessed the apparent accident which led to the final bloodbath. A bomb suspended on a wire at one end of the gym fell into the hostages below, exploding.

Georgy was not close to the blast so was unhurt. But in the ensuing chaos he could not see his aunt or cousin and was dragged by a terrorist into an office, where a number of children were being gathered.

He says: 'When they weren't looking I managed to hide in a bookcase. There were so many people they didn't see me.'

He cannot remember how long he stayed there. But it saved his life. 'I decided I had to get out,' he says. 'So I ran to a window and broke it and climbed through.'

As Georgy fled across the grounds a grenade exploded next to him. Shrapnel tore into his right knee. 'It was very painful, but I just began hopping instead,' he says.

He remembers being snatched up by a soldier and taken to a first aid post. He had made it.

For his mother the ordeal continued a little longer. When the detonations ripped apart the gym she went to the hospital in Beslan.

'I looked in every ambulance as it arrived, praying one would contain Georgy,' she says.

'Then at last, I saw him on a stretcher. He was groggy and tried to get up, but couldn't. He recognised me and said, "Don't cry mummy, everything's OK".'

Larissa and Elbrus also survived with wounds. But it has been confirmed that at least half of Georgy's classmates will never start their fourth grade. The fate of Mrs Soskieva is unknown.

But Georgy, the boy with his hands on his head, is alive. And that is one piece of good news in this unbearable week.

Predators Among Us

Joseph Smith, the Florida mechanic accused of killing 11-year-old Carlie Brucia, managed to avoid major jail time despite a long criminal record. The scary thing, as these cases show, is that he's not alone: Legal glitches and overcrowded prisons can send monsters back onto the street—with fatal consequences

A DEADLY SECOND CHANCE

Bright, beautiful and just 16, Marissa Mathy-Zvaifler wandered away from friends during a hip-hop concert in Albuquerque's Sunshine Theater last July; three days later police found her strangled corpse in a storage room. The pain and shock of her murder, say Marissa's loved ones, were intensified when they learned who allegedly killed her—theater janitor Dominic Akers, 22, a convicted sex offender who only a year earlier was facing decades behind bars. "I was outraged, in disbelief, that this guy was let out," says Marissa's mother, Erica. "They knew this kid was not right."

How did Akers—who police say confessed to the crime despite pleading not guilty—slip through the cracks? In March 2002 he admitted to repeatedly molesting a 4-year-old girl, a charge that could have landed him 33 years in prison. But last July, District Judge Ross Sanchez agreed to suspend the sentence and instead gave Akers five years' supervised probation. Sanchez, who declined to speak with PEOPLE, told the *Albuquerque Journal,* "I believed, based on [doctors'] reports, that therapy would be the best option." Akers got the theater job without notifying his employers of his record.

THE PREDATOR
Dominic Akers "was considered a high-risk offender," says an Albuquerque law official.

THE VICTIM
"For being 16, she got a lot of living in," a friend says of Marissa (in '03).

Still, Akers complied with the terms of his probation and even received counseling, says Sheriff Darren White, whose office monitored Akers. "The bottom line is that he should never have been free to begin with," says White. Last August Albuquerque passed Marissa's Sunshine Law, which requires sex offenders on probation to notify employers of their criminal past.

Meanwhile, Marissa's shattered classmates say losing their friend—a vivacious high school junior who made her own clothes and wanted to be a dolphin trainer—has made them less open to the world. "I am in fear for my life," says her best friend Chelsey Stephens. "There are animals out there."

THE FAMILY
"There should be no second time," says Marissa's mother, Erica (with her daughter's ashes). "Every week we're losing our kids."

Photograph by KAREN KUEHN

KOB-TV/AP; COURTESY ERICA ZVAIFLER

Defender 1/2/99

Web site posts Va. sex offenders

RICHMOND, (UPI) — Convicted violent sex offenders in Virginia will now see their pictures, names, home addresses, and arrest records posted on the state police's Internet web page.

Concerned residents can now search the Virginia State Police site's data base by name, address, city, zip code, or county to determine whether their neighbors pose a risk.

Police spokesman Charlie Vaughn says Virginia has more than 6,000 sex criminals living in the state, but the Web site only lists the 4,600 offenders convicted of crimes involving violence. All but 81 of those listed are men.

The American Civil Liberties Union claims the easily accessed blotter sheet is an invasion of privacy for the ex-offenders who have already paid their debts to society.

Vaughn says, "My response to that is the state of Virginia passed a law requiring us to post the names of violent sex offenders on the Internet, and that's what we're doing."

Police say that harassing offenders listed on the Web site is a crime that will be prosecuted.

The state police home page's address is www.vsp.state.va.us/vsp.html.

Bogus fliers in mailbox falsely accuse counselor of being child sex offender

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEWARK, N.J. — It's exactly what opponents of Megan's Law feared would happen: Someone slipped official-looking but bogus fliers into neighborhood mailboxes last week, falsely accusing a high school guidance counselor of being a child sex offender.

Prosecutors were searching for the culprit and sent out letters informing residents of the hoax — the first of its kind since Megan's Law took effect in 1995.

Some neighbors recognized the fliers as fake and called police: The masthead belonged to the fictitious "Department of Sexual and Predatory Crimes."

The counselor, Arthur Goldsworthy, 63, has worked at Bridgewater-Raritan High School since 1959. Prosecutors say his record is clean.

The fliers began appearing March 12, warning that Goldsworthy was a "serious potential threat" to young children.

Megan's Law requires that released sex offenders register with local police and that community organizations and neighbors be notified when an offender is deemed to pose a risk of offending again.

The law is named for 7-year-old Megan Kanka, who was raped and murdered in 1994 by a convicted sex offender who lived across the street. Versions of New Jersey's law have since been adopted in more than 40 states.

Chicago Su
Tuesda

METRO BRIEFS

Girl, 12, says men sexually assaulted her

Chicago police are investigating allegations by a 12-year-old South Side girl that she was sexually assaulted by 16 men at an all-night party early Monday. The girl was at a party in the 4500 block of South Michigan Avenue when the alleged attacks took place about 3 a.m., police said. Wentworth Area detectives have talked to one suspect and are looking for others as they continue the investigation, police spokesman Pat Camden said.

2/6/99 Defender

Alert issued in attempted abduction

The Chicago Police Department has issued a community alert for the South Side of Chicago.

There was an attempted child abduction in the vicinity of 1000 W. 18th Place Tuesday, Jan. 26, about 4 p.m.

The victims were walking home from school when they were approached by one unknown white male, 40-50 years old and bald with gray hair at the sides. The man wore brown framed glasses and had a gray and black mustache. He was wearing a heavy brown coat.

He was driving a 1980's style Chevy Caprice 4-door brown with no license plate.

The offender called the victims to the car and to tried persuade them to get into the car.

Police are cautioning parents to not let children travel alone.

They should walk in groups or with an adult.

Parents are also advised to:

- Arrange to have your child follow a specified route on the way home from school, shopping or play
- Develop a plan with your children to use in case of emergency or in case they are approached by a stranger
- Develop safe houses with other neighbors, so young children have a nearby place to go in case they need help.

If you have information, call the Monroe Police district at (312) 746-8396 or Harrison Area detective division at (312) 746-8252. Ask for detective Loeffler.

— Leslie Jones McCloud

AP photo by Steve Mille

Two boys fold an American flag Tuesday at St. Peter School in Danbury, Conn., where a memorial was held for Christina Long.

Man held in slaying of girl he met on Web

Associated Press

DANBURY, Conn. — At her Catholic school, 6th grader Christina Long made good grades, led the cheerleading squad and was an altar girl. On the Internet, she used provocative screen names and routinely had sex with partners she met in chat rooms, police said.

Police said 13-year-old Christina was strangled by a married restaurant worker she met on the Internet. Her body was found early Monday in a remote ravine in Greenwich.

Saul Dos Reis, 25, an undocumented immigrant from Brazil, confessed Sunday to the killing and led law officers to the body, U.S. Atty. John Danaher III said.

Classes were canceled Tuesday at the St. Peter School so students and parents could attend a memorial service and meet with grief counselors.

"I'm so devastated," former teacher Andrea Cappiello said.

"She was a very good student and a very good cheerleader. She was very spirited, just a doll," said Cappiello, who taught Christina's 5th-grade English and religion classes.

Christina

But the girl also had a tougher side, Cappiello said.

"She was streetwise," she said. "But you could see the other side coming up, too. It's clear she was very torn in both directions."

Dos Reis was arraigned Monday in U.S. District Court in Bridgeport on a charge of using an interstate device—the Internet—to entice a child into sexual activity. He was ordered held without bond. A bail hearing was scheduled for Friday.

Police said the teenager routinely had sex with partners she met on the Internet and that she had been with Dos Reis several times, The News-Times of Danbury reported.

Police found e-mail indicating the two had agreed to meet Friday night. Dos Reis told police he accidentally strangled Christina while they were having sex in his car in a mall parking lot, The News-Times reported.

Police said Dos Reis then dumped her body about 25 miles away.

Harold Pickerstein, Dos Reis' court-appointed attorney, declined to comment on the allegations but said he expected his client to plead not guilty.

Pickerstein criticized Danaher for releasing details of the alleged confession.

"It's inappropriate, in my opinion, to discuss evidence in case in which there has not eve been a charge or an indictment," Pickerstein said.

Christina came to Danbur two years ago to live with he aunt, Shelly Rilling, after he parents divorced. Her father Bruce Long, of New Milford said "there was no hint" that hi daughter was using the Interne to arrange encounters wit men.

"I would give anything to tak that computer back," Long tol The News-Times.

Rilling, who was eventuall awarded custody of the girl, ha declined to comment. Polic said she apparently did no know anything about her niece's online activities.

Dos Reis has lived in the U.S since he arrived from Brazil a age 10, police said. He attende Greenwich High School and ha no criminal record.

told on 'Good Morning America'

Like most people, I was stunned by the abduction in Florida of 11-year-old Carlie Brucia, which was captured on videotape.

Until her body was found behind a church five days later, videotaped footage of Carlie's abduction that was caught on a car wash surveillance videotape was broadcast daily on national TV programs.

Still, until the girl was confirmed dead, her abduction seemed questionable.

What we saw was a man approach a girl and lead her away. We didn't see her scream or struggle or in any way indicate that he was a threat. When asked about this by "Good Morning America" host Charlie Gibson, Carlie's mother and stepfather were adamant their daughter had been abducted.

Her family's insistence helped propel this crime from a local story into a national tragedy. The videotape proved to be the eyes and ears that law enforcement needed to solve this crime.

People who thought they knew the identity of the tattooed, uniformed man called police, including a woman who claimed to live with him. Thanks to them, Joseph P. Smith, a man with a long criminal history, has been charged with kidnapping and killing Carlie.

We were riveted to this tragic story because Carlie was so young, and because the kidnapping was memorialized on videotape.

It was also inescapable. "Good Morning America," my favorite getting-dressed-to-go-to-work show, kept the story alive throughout the search.

And you know what that means. Questions have been raised by some readers about why some victims get this kind of national outcry and others do not. It is a tough question to answer.

Nearly 40 percent of the homicides in Chicago last year were not solved. It is an appalling number, but one that is not out of line with the rest of the country. Because the majority of these victims were people of color, the perception is that these victims are not getting the same quality of justice as others can expect. But boiling this issue down to race is too expedient. There's more to it than race.

For instance, I can't say whether or not a week's worth of segments about the abduction of Chicago's Diamond and Tionda Bradley in 2001 on a show like "Good Morning America" might have shaken loose the tips needed to solve this crime. But these girls didn't just vanish. Someone knows what happened and he or she has been unwilling to talk to police.

After following up on hundreds of tips, police are no closer to determining the whereabouts of the Bradley sisters. Recently, the girls' case was moved to the Chicago Police Department's Cold Case Squad. It is still frustrating to me that in a close-knit community where they grew up, Bronzeville, no one saw anything that could help police solve this crime.

Another missing child case in Kansas City, Mo., involves an unidentified African-American girl known as "Precious Doe." Investigators have hounded this case for 2½ years and have not yet discovered the identity of the girl, let alone her killer. The young girl's naked body and severed head were found in a wooded area. Despite national news coverage, police still don't know who she is.

How does a little black girl disappear from her home, her school and her neighborhood without anyone knowing a thing? Where were the eyes and ears of an entire community?

Giving voice to victims

The truth is not all victims, white or black, will get their story told on "Good Morning America," nor will every abduction be videotaped. It will always be up to the family — and the community — to demand justice for them.

Last year, Nancie Walker, a well-known black businesswoman, disappeared after stopping by one of the properties she owned on the South Side.

Although she was known to travel by public transit, witnesses told investigators that Walker willingly got into a black van on Jan. 28 in front of 4459 S. Indiana. Her body parts were found three months later in two plastic bags near 108th and Stony Island after police received an anonymous tip.

Walker's family and friends had to pressure police officials to treat Walker's disappearance as an abduction. A week before her body parts were discovered, police told family members they didn't think she was a victim of a crime. But like the Brucia family, the Walker family knew instinctively that something was terribly wrong.

The family pushed to have Walker's photo placed on the Chicago Police Web site, and never wavered in their belief that Walker was abducted. Recently, they gathered at the site of her disappearance to raise public awareness about this case and announce that the reward being offered has been raised to $50,000.

"We are looking for any information that will lead to the arrest of the person or persons involved in the abduction and murder, because we want them to know that they didn't get away with the perfect crime," said Nancie's sister, Myrna Walker.

There was no tape of that abduction. But there were eyes and ears.

WEDNESDAY MAY 22, 2002

House OKs bills to protect kids surfing Internet

Wiretaps, '.kids.us' domain proposed

By Dennis Conrad
Associated Press

WASHINGTON—Saying the Internet holds dangers for children, the House voted Tuesday to expand wiretapping authority to target molesters who find young victims online and to establish a new domain for kid-friendly Web sites.

The wiretapping measure was approved 396-11; it would allow investigators to seek wiretaps for suspected sexual predators to help block physical meetings between molesters and children they meet via the computer.

Lawmakers cited the recent death of Christina Long, a 6th grader from Danbury, Conn., in urging passage of both bills. Police say she was strangled and her body dumped in a ravine by a 25-year-old man she met in an Internet chat room.

"The threat to our children is real," shouted Rep. Nancy Johnson (R-Conn.), the chief sponsor of the wiretapping measure.

Wiretaps could be authorized for people suspected of engaging in child pornography, of trying to get children to perform sexual acts for money or of traveling to or bringing children for sexual activity.

Rep. Robert Scott (D-Va.) argued against expanding wiretap authority, voicing concerns that even current limited use by law enforcement typically results in overhearing innocent conversations.

Rep. George Gekas (R-Pa.), a former prosecutor, countered, "It is the court that will decide whether it's helpful or necessary. . . . So all the safeguards are in place."

A similar wiretapping bill passed the House last year but died in the Senate.

A second bill approved Tuesday on a 406-2 vote would have the federal government oversee a ".kids.us" domain on the I
ternet that would have only m
terial appropriate for childre
under 13. Web site operator
participation would be volu
tary. Parents could set compu
ers to only allow a child acces
to addresses ending in .kids.u

Supporters of the bill, spo
sored by Rep. John Shimkus (
Ill.), say that it should reduc
the chance of accidental exp
sure to pornography and to oth
er Web sites considered harm
ful to children, and that
would not provide any access t
interactive features, such a
chat rooms.

Groups opposing the domain
including the American Civ
Liberties Union, have called th
legislation a backdoor attem
at censorship.

Marv Johnson, an ACLU at
torney, said the Commerce De
partment's National Telecom
munications and Informatio
Administration would hav
general responsibility while a private firm acted as censor and was exempt from liability for removing any content from the domain.

> ***'It essentially gives them carte blanche power to kick out whatever they want.'***
>
> —Marv Johnson, an ACLU attorney objecting to the structure of the proposed .kids.us Web domain

"It essentially gives them carte blanche power to kick out whatever they want," he said.

The bill provides that the government cannot renew its contract with the registry or enter into a new one elsewhere unless the registry provides written content standards for the new domain. Access to the domain is to be "suitable for minors" and "not harmful to minors."

Shimkus said parents need to be aware of what Web sites their children are visiting.

● crime

Fatal Game

Christina Long, 13, used the Internet to meet men. One may have killed her

"She was getting a lot of attention from the guys she was meeting on the Internet," friend Thamaris Silva says of Long (in May).

COURTESY SHELLEY RILING

Not long ago, like the rest of her friends, Christina Long spent a lot of time playing outside. Then something changed: Christina got her first computer and spent more and more time alone in her room surfing the Web. After a while, "I didn't see her for the whole entire week, and then it was two weeks, three weeks, four weeks," says her best friend Thamaris Silva, 12. "She would spend hours on the computer."

At that point, Christina Long's story becomes every parent's worst nightmare about children, the Internet and sex. Behind the closed door of her Danbury, Conn., bedroom, 13-year-old Chrissy, as friends called her, created a double life, complete with her own sexually themed Web site (sxyme4utosee/christina) and adult men with whom she corresponded online. On May 17 that double life ended. Dropped off at a local mall that evening by her unsuspecting aunt, Shelley Riling, 52, Chrissy met up with one of her Internet boyfriends, Saul Dos Reis, 24. After Chrissy disappeared, police questioned Dos Reis, who on May 20 led them to her body, which he allegedly had dumped in a wooded ravine in Greenwich, 25 miles from Danbury. Dos Reis has been arrested and, reportedly, has confessed to strangling Chrissy. “I just loved her so much,” says Riling, who was her legal guardian and blames herself for taking her niece to the mall. “She was a sunbeam, so enjoyable to be around.”

Chrissy, say friends and neighbors, was a young teen wrestling even more than most with her own identity. By day, like all the sixth-grade girls at the coed St. Peter Catholic school, she wore a plain plaid uniform and no makeup. She was an honor student, an altar girl and cocaptain of the cheerleading squad. Away from school, though, she wore heavy makeup and provocative clothes that made her look considerably older. Other kids sometimes mocked her for her attire and flirtatious behavior, but friends viewed it as, for the most part, an act. “She loved to play football out in the road, play tag and horse around,” says Marianna Lasita, who lived down the street from Chrissy. “In the neighborhood she was just one of the kids.”

Accused killer Saul Dos Reis is “very sad, very down,” says his stepfather.

GREENWICH TIME/AP

Many of the people who knew her best trace her transformation to her difficult family life. Her parents, Bruce Long, 40, a mill worker for Kimberly-Clark in New Milford, Conn., and Joyce, 41, divorced when Chrissy was 3. The split was acrimonious. Over the next three years Chrissy and her sister Shawna, now 21, lived with both Bruce and Joyce as the couple traded accusations about neglect and poor parenting. Last year Joyce, who had joint custody of the children, abruptly moved out of state on her own, and her whereabouts remain unclear. At the time Chrissy had been spending a good deal of time with Joyce’s sister, Riling, a sales assistant for a health-insurance company. Last June a court awarded Bruce and Riling joint custody.

Dozens of classmates joined aunt Shelley and father Bruce at Chrissy’s May 23 funeral.

BOB CHILD/AP

By all accounts Chrissy and her aunt had an excellent relationship. “The two of them were so close,” says Shawna. “She never wanted to worry Shelley. They jogged together, shopped together, did everything together.” Riling, who is divorced, doted on her niece. Although money was tight, she somehow scraped together enough to send Chrissy to Catholic school. “I wanted her to be protected,” says Riling. “And [also] reinforce the values I was teaching her.” Neither her aunt nor her father, who visited her each week, saw anything alarming about the way Chrissy dressed. Says Bruce: “I thought she was a normal young girl.”

A year ago Riling got Chrissy a computer, thinking it would help her with schoolwork. “She said also that all her friends were talking online and she wanted to do that too,” recalls Riling, who says she repeatedly lectured her niece about cyberpredators and warned her not to chat with anyone she didn’t know. The warnings seemed to work. According to Riling, Chrissy at one point confessed to her, “I went into a chat room, and people started to talk to me about sex stuff, but I got out and won’t go back again.” Says Riling: “I had no reason to doubt her.”

Unfortunately that trust was misplaced. Using her computer, Chrissy set up her personal Web site, which left little to the imagination. “maybe if i get to talk to ya u can here more about my dead sexy self,” she wrote, adding, “i will do anything once. i never back out on a bet.” With that come-on, it was no surprise that she quickly struck up a number of online relationships with men. Police now believe she began having sex with some of them, although the number of encounters is not clear. Her communications with them, says one police source, contain "pretty graphic stuff."

One of the men with whom Chrissy allegedly had contact was Dos Reis, an undocumented immigrant from Brazil. Dos Reis, who is married and worked at his family's restaurant in nearby Port Chester, N.Y., spent some of his spare time trolling the Internet under the screen name HOT_ES300, a reference to a Lexus sports car. Police believe that Dos Reis and Chrissy met for sex at least once before their fatal encounter.

Around 5 p.m. on May 17, Riling dropped Chrissy off at the Danbury Fair Mall, believing she was going to meet some friends. When Riling returned at 9 p.m., Chrissy wasn't there. Riling immediately notified mall security, who alerted police. From interviews with Chrissy's friends, authorities learned of her forays on the Internet. Checking her computer, they found evidence linking her to Dos Reis. When confronted, Dos Reis reportedly confessed to the killing, which he said had happened "accidentally" while they had sex in his car in the mall parking lot. According to one source quoted by *The Hartford Courant,* the killing occurred when Dos Reis became angered over a disparaging remark Chrissy had made about his sexual performance.

LISA QUINONES/BLACK STAR

"What can you do, make your kid a prisoner?" says Bruce Long (with daughter Shawna).

Now Dos Reis, who has no prior criminal record, is in prison on charges of manslaughter, sexual assault and using the Internet to entice a minor to engage in illegal activity. Beyond a desire for justice, Bruce Long and Shelley Riling intend to speak out, warning parents that an unsupervised computer can be as dangerous as a loaded gun. "Chrissy was a great kid," says Bruce. "She just got in over her head."

• **Bill Hewitt**

• **Debbie Seaman, Marianne Stochmal** and **Diane Herbst** in Connecticut

ONLINE PREDATORS: WHAT CAN A PARENT DO?

According to Parry Aftab, 51, executive director of an Internet safety Web site (www.wiredpatrol.org), the key to protecting children from online dangers is "old-fashioned parenting." PEOPLE's Debbie Seaman spoke to her about some common concerns.

Should you snoop on your kid's Web surfing?

No. You should monitor what they are doing on the Internet by talking about it. Set rules about what is appropriate. You have to teach your children to use the filter between their ears.

How much is too much time online?

We've learned that the more time the child spends online, the more likely they are to engage in high-risk activities like sharing personal information and photos with strangers. An hour and a half is the dividing line. If you think your child is engaging in high-risk activity, ask them if they have their own Web site, and ask to see their online profile—and do a search for it yourself. There are almost always phone calls involved, so check to see if calls come in from numbers you don't recognize.

Is there software that can help?

No. Software will block what your kids have access to but won't keep them safe from predators. The Internet is not the television, it's the telephone. It's not what children see, it's who they talk to. You need to get to know your children's online friends just as you meet their offline friends. We did a survey of 10,800 teenage girls, and 12 percent of them were meeting Internet strangers offline. If they really, really want to meet someone offline, offer to go with them. Because they are going to go.

Chicago Sun-Times

NATION

Tuesday, April 3, 2001 ☆ 15

Sex predator law weighed

Justices to rule on detaining criminals

By Laurie Asseo

WASHINGTON—The Supreme Court will decide what proof states need to justify locking criminals up as sexual predators after they've served their sentences.

Monday's decision to hear the case could affect 154 Illinois detainees held under the state's Sexually Violent Persons Act.

When a prisoner convicted under that law finishes his sentence, the state can commit him for psychiatric care for an indefinite period if it's considered probable that he would commit sexually violent crimes again if released.

Most of those being held under the Illinois law are in a new facility administered by the Department of Human Services in Joliet.

The Supreme Court justices said they will hear arguments this fall on a Kansas case on whether states must prove that sexual predators are unable to control their dangerous behavior. Kansas officials argue against that standard, saying it is enough to show that someone is dangerous and has a serious mental health problem.

John C. Donham, lawyer for Michael T. Crane, convicted twice of sex-related offenses, said Monday that if the justices rule for Kansas, "all they have to prove is that he's done it before, and he's likely to do it again." Donham added, "That's certainly not sufficient to commit somebody to a mental hospital."

Four years ago, the justices ruled 5-4 in an earlier Kansas case that it does not violate criminals' constitutional rights to confine them as sexual predators after they complete their prison term. The justices said the Kansas law, intended to protect society, required a finding of a "personality disorder that makes it difficult, if not impossible, for the person to control his dangerous behavior." No finding of mental illness is required, the court said.

The Kansas Supreme Court ruled last July that a lower state court made it too easy to use civil commitment proceedings to confine people as sexually violent predators.

Crane had been convicted of exposing himself to a tanning-salon attendant in 1993 and also pleaded guilty to aggravated sexual battery in an attack on a video store clerk.

The state sought to have Crane locked up as a sexually violent predator after he completed his prison sentence.

A state judge decided the state did not need to prove that Crane could not control his dangerous behavior. Instead, the judge told jurors to decide whether he suffered from a personality disorder that made him likely to engage in future acts of sexual violence.

The jury ruled against Crane, and the court ordered him confined in a state facility. Crane is being held in the Larned State Security Hospital. The Kansas Supreme Court ordered a new trial. Under the Supreme Court's 1997 ruling, people can be confined as sexual predators only upon proof that they cannot control their dangerous behavior, the state court said.

Associated Press

Chicago Sun-Times ☆ 9
Tuesday, December 23, 1997

Metro BRIEFS

Unregistered sex offenders are arrested

Sixteen of 20 sex offenders in Lake County who failed to register with local authorities were apprehended Monday. Two remain missing, one is in jail on a parole violation and another is expected to report today after his parents were notified. A 1996 law requires sex offenders to register every year or within 10 days of relocating. Five of the people posted bond and were released, and 11 remained in custody.

Chicago Sun-Times 15
Tuesday, October 13, 1998

METRO BRIEFS

Girl, 12, says men sexually assaulted her

Chicago police are investigating allegations by a 12-year-old South Side girl that she was sexually assaulted by 16 men at an all-night party early Monday. The girl was at a party in the 4500 block of South Michigan Avenue when the alleged attacks took place about 3 a.m., police said. Wentworth Area detectives have talked to one suspect and are looking for others as they continue the investigation, police spokesman Pat Camden said.

Internet sex solicitations of children decrease

BY JANET KORNBLUM

Despite the rise of social networking sites like MySpace, a smaller percentage of youths are being sexually solicited online than five years ago.

But children ages 10 to 17 also are being increasingly bombarded with online porn and are being harassed more — often by their peers.

That's the mixed message in a landmark study to be released today by the Crimes Against Children Research Center at the University of New Hampshire.

It surveyed 1,500 children ages 10-17 last year and compared findings with those five years earlier.

> **"There simply is not the volume of predators on MySpace that people imagine."**
>
> **LARRY ROSEN**
> psychology professor

About 13 percent said in 2005 that they had received an unwanted request to engage in sexual activities or conversations in the previous year from either adults or other children.

Five years earlier, 19 percent were solicited.

While that's an improvement, it's "still way too high," says Ernie Allen, president of the National Center for Missing & Exploited Children.

Allen and researcher David Finkelhor attribute improvements to education campaigns stressing "stranger danger," and less time spent in chat rooms "where creepy people hang out," Finkelhor says.

Internet researcher Larry Rosen, a professor of psychology at California State University, says the new research reinforces what he has seen: "There simply is not the volume of predators on MySpace that people imagine."

Gannett News Service

Investigation dropped in girl's claim of rape

Chicago police have dropped an investigation into charges by a 12-year-old girl that she was gang-raped Monday morning at a party in the 4500 block of South Michigan Avenue. No charges have been filed nor are any expected, a police spokeswoman said.

Tribune 10/14/98

Girl, 12, says she was raped

Chicago police were investigating a claim by a 12-year-old girl that she was gang-raped at a party on South Michigan Avenue early Monday, said police spokesman Patrick Camden.

The girl told police the assault happened shortly after 3 a.m. in an upstairs bedroom of a building in the 4500 block of South Michigan Avenue.

Wentworth Area detectives had no one in custody and no charges had been filed as of Monday night, Camden said.

10/13/98 Tribune

LOGAN SQUARE

Man accused of luring girl from park for sex

A Logan Square man was charged with aggravated kidnapping and indecent solicitation of a child Wednesday after allegedly leading a 7-year-old girl from a neighborhood park to his home and showing the girl an adult film.

Police said Elias Jorge Bucaram, 33, of the 2100 block of North Pulaski Road, allegedly approached the girl at Mozart Park, 2036 N. Avers Ave., at 3 p.m. Saturday, took her by the hand and led her out of the park.

Police said Bucaram walked the victim to his apartment where he asked her to have sex with him. Police said he showed her an adult video. The girl began to cry and she told Bucaram she wanted to go home, police said.

Police said Bucaram gave the girl a video game and she ran back to the park. Bucaram was identified in a police lineup, police said.

He will appear in court for a bond hearing on Thursday.

Tribune 5/6/99

Burbank man charged with soliciting child

A 32-year-old Burbank man was charged Thursday in Cook County Criminal Court with the indecent solicitation of a 12-year-old girl.

Prosecutors allege James Masterson wrote a letter to the girl's mother, with whom he was acquainted, seeking sexual favors from the child.

On Tuesday night, prosecutors allege Masterson went to the family's house with $504 cash, 53 adult magazines, three pornographic movies and a set of handcuffs, said Marcy O'Boyle, a spokeswoman for the Cook County state's attorney's office.

Prosecutors said Masterson, of the 6600 block of West 83rd Street, became suspicious and drove away. Police arrested him nearby.

Masterson is a sports editorial assistant at the Daily Southtown, Sports Editor Mike Waters said.

Masterson, who is being held in the Cook County Jail, is scheduled to appear Friday in bond court.

2/21/97 Tribune

Child abuser gets sentence reduced in famed '80s case

Young witnesses' reliability was issue

By Christine MacDonald
SPECIAL TO THE TRIBUNE

BOSTON—Fifteen years after her case helped spark a national debate about the reliability of children as witnesses, Cheryl Amirault LeFave was told Thursday she will not have to return to prison for sexually abusing preschoolers at her family's day care center.

Convicted in 1987 on the basis of testimony by youngsters who described ritualistic sexual abuse, LeFave, 41, served the minimum of an 8- to 20-year sentence and has been free on bail while seeking a new trial.

On Thursday, Judge Paul Chernoff allowed the time she had served to stand after prosecutors did not oppose her motion to reduce her sentence.

"We are extremely pleased Cheryl will not have to return to prison, not today, not ever," defense lawyer James Sultan said. "She will now have the opportunity to go on with her life without having the sword of Damocles hanging over her head."

LeFave appeared overcome with emotion after the ruling.

In agreeing to the defense request to revise the sentence to time served, prosecutor Lynn Rooney said LeFave cannot contact the victims or their families, can have no unsupervised contact with children and must agree not to profit as a result of her crimes.

In August, LeFave, who was convicted along with her mother, lost her chance for a new trial when Massachusetts' highest court, the Supreme Judicial Court, vacated a 1995 order by a lower-court judge ordering a new trial.

The case hinged on testimony by children who described ritualistic sexual abuse and animal mutilation in the school's "magic room." It was one in a series of 1980s sexual abuse allegations at day-care centers around the country that sounded alarms about the character of the nation's baby-sitters and sent more than a dozen people to jail in several states.

Later, convictions in California, New Jersey and North Carolina were overturned on appeal and the defendants were exonerated.

Many police departments and district attorney's offices nationwide—including the Middlesex County office that prosecuted LeFave—have since made sweeping changes in the methods used to interview suspected child-abuse victims. The changes reflect a shift in the way courts view child witnesses.

"At that point in time, juries were just believing children. Today, it has been proven that children don't always tell the truth," said Norman Zalkind, a Boston defense attorney.

Thursday's ruling may end the controversy that has followed the case since the charges surfaced in September 1984.

"This ordeal has been going on for them 15 years, and it's time that it ends," Rooney said.

LeFave's mother, Violet Amirault, owned and operated Fells Acres Day School for 18 years in Malden, Mass., a working-class suburb of Boston. LeFave worked as a teacher at the school.

Her brother, Gerald Amirault, was the cook and bus driver. Convicted in a separate trial, he is serving a 30- to 40-year sentence.

Violet Amirault died of cancer two years ago.

The Amiraults' legal troubles began after one mother went to police accusing Gerald Amirault of abusing her son.

Police mailed letters to parents and held a public meeting at which they asked parents to talk to their children about possible abuse at the school. Dozens of present and former students were interviewed by police, child services case workers and other investigators.

Since she was released on bail four years ago, LeFave has lived in Boston and worked for an insurance company.

The Associated Press contributed to this report.

5/11/00 Sun-Times

52 sentenced in porn case

France's biggest, most controversial pedophile trial ended Wednesday when a court in the city of Macon sentenced a supplier of child sex videos to three years in prison and handed down suspended jail terms to 51 other men. Bernard Alapetite, the chief executive of Platypus, a Paris publishing company, was found guilty of copying foreign child porn videos and selling them for between $130 and $160 each. Fifty-one men who were found with child sex videos in their homes received suspended sentences ranging from two to six months. The case followed an unprecedented police crackdown in 1997 that prompted widespread alarm at the extent of pedophilia in France. More than 2,500 police searched 800 homes, questioned 700 men and detained 300 suspects, finally bringing charges against 61.

5/19/00 Sun-Times

Man faces child porn charges

An 18-year-old Beecher man has been indicted in Will County on multiple child pornography charges. Jason Brezich was arrested by Beecher police on Wednesday and was later released on $50,000 bond. Brezich was indicted May 10 on six counts of child pornography, a Class C felony punishable by a maximum of two to five years in prison. The indictment alleges that Brezich possessed depictions from the Internet of children engaged in sex acts. Brezich's arrest followed a joint investigation by the Will County State's Attorney Internet Crimes Task Force and Beecher police.

CITY COUNCIL

More sex-offender notification asked

A Chicago alderman wants more extensive notification of nearby residents when a convicted sex offender moves into a neighborhood.

Under an ordinance submitted by Ald. Michael Wojcik (30th), the Chicago Police Department would be required to notify by mail, anyone who lives within 500 feet of the residence of a sex offender. The measure also calls for lists of offenders to be available at community policing meetings.

Now, the names of sex offenders are available at all district police stations and on the Internet, but Wojcik said more extensive notification is needed.

"I want to make sure that our kids are safe," he said Thursday.

1/22/99 Tribune

METRO

25,000 check Net list of pedophiles

By Mark Brown
COOK COUNTY REPORTER

An estimated 25,000 computer users swamped a new Internet listing of convicted child sex offenders in suburban Cook County, Sheriff Michael Sheahan said Thursday.

The extraordinary interest in what the sheriff described as a list of "pedophiles and perverts" came during the first 24 hours after Sheahan announced he was making the data available.

The 25,000 "visitors" to the sheriff's Web site compares with about five to 10 per day that normally check Sheahan's page on the Internet.

Sheahan said the Web site traffic volume was an indication of the public's high level of interest in such information.

"Parents should know if a child sex offender lives in their neighborhood so they can take steps to safeguard their children," the sheriff said.

Sheahan's Web site, at *www.cookcountysheriff.org*, lists the names of 560 child sex offenders living in suburban Cook County who have registered their home address under a state law that went into effect in 1996.

Until now, members of the public had to visit local police departments to obtain the names of anyone on the list in that town.

Although the American Civil Liberties Union has raised concerns about potential problems from making the sex offender data more widely available, public response was overwhelmingly favorable, the sheriff's office said.

■ Listing is like scarlet letter; editorial, Page 37.

The sheriff did receive telephone calls from two convicted sex offenders living in Chicago who were upset that their names would appear on the list, said Sally Daly, a spokeswoman for Sheahan.

The callers didn't need to worry because the sheriff's list does not include 2,750 registered sex offenders living in the city. Under state law, the Chicago Police Department maintains the city's list of sex offenders and a spokesman said there are no plans to follow the sheriff's lead.

Heirens' parole overturned

William Heirens

By Maurice Possley

WILLIAM HEIRENS, convicted in 1946 of one of the most notorious murders in Chicago history—the dismemberment-killing of 6-year-old Suzanne Degnan—must stay in prison, the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled Friday.

In a unanimous three-judge opinion, the appeals court reversed the ruling by a Downstate federal magistrate last year that Heirens, 54, should be paroled immediately. Heirens has remained in custody pending the appeal.

In reversing the order by East St. Louis Magistrate Gerald Cohn, the appeals court also reversed a decision it made in 1982 regarding the application of provisions of the Illinois Prisoner Review Board.

The case turned on whether new parole criteria enacted in 1973 should be applied to inmates convicted before the changes. In 1982, the appeals court held that the new changes were not applicable.

However, in its 38-page decision Friday, the appeals court held that the changes were a more explicit definition of the broad discretion allowed the review board.

Heirens was a 17-year-old University of Chicago freshman when the Degnan girl was killed. He was captured after leaving a message scrawled in lipstick on the wall of another murder victim's apartment: "For heaven's sake, catch me before I kill more. I cannot control myself."

He was convicted and sentenced to serve three consecutive life terms in prison for the Degnan murder and the slayings of two other women,

Continued on page 10, col. 1

PICK OF T

DOCUMENTARY: One Life, BBC1, 10.35pm

FILM-MAKERS often label their efforts a labour of love, a term that has become clichéd with overuse, but this extraordinary documentary by director Mags Gavan thoroughly deserves such an accolade. Ten years ago, Gavan met a 12-year-old girl called Bianca (pictured right). Even at such a tender age, Bianca had a horrific record: she had stabbed two men and had been placed in a secure unit for children who were deemed to be a danger to themselves and to others. Gavan began to make a record of this life, and a decade later has completed a film that is remarkable for its depth and honesty. Rarely are film-makers afforded the opportunity to spend so much effort on a project, and this captures a young woman's trials and tribulations in her attempt to achieve a normal and happy life.

DANIELA SOAVE

Body-in-wood Marie goes to her rest

BODY-IN-THE-WOOD girl Marie Payne is finally to be laid to rest.

Police have released her body after extensive forensic tests and she will be buried on Wednesday at Rippleside Cemetery, Dagenham.

A funeral firm has given its services free.

Marie, 4, vanished from her Dagenham home 15 months ago, and her body was found in Epping Forest last month.

A man is on remand accused of her murder.

JAIL FOR KID SEX INTERNET PERVERT NAILED BY THE PEOPLE

Beast advertised for 10-year-olds

EXCLUSIVE

By CLAIRE COLLINS

AN Internet pervert who tried to lure girls as young as 10 for sex has been jailed after being exposed by The People.

Cops swooped on Richard Evans after our investigators handed them a dossier of the outwardly respectable accountant's paedophile lust.

Evans, 26, a semi-pro soccer player with a girlfriend, posted Internet adverts saying: "Daddy is looking for you. Are you a girl aged 10 to 16? If so I would like to hear from you if you like older guys."

Using the alias Dickieboy, he appealed for mums to contact him if they were prepared to "offer me your daughter" – and offered to swap child porn pictures.

HE WANTS
TO BUY A
GIRL OF 12

CAUGHT: We exposed pervert

A People investigator, posing as "Jennifer" with a 12-year-old daughter, was bombarded with emails from Evans for three months. She met him in a park near his office and taped him as he described his twisted desires.

Police swooped after we exposed Evans, of Waltham Cross, Herts, last April.

They seized his computer and found pictures involving children as young as six, St Albans Crown Court heard last week.

Evans, who earned £30,000 a year, was jailed for nine months after admitting possessing indecent images of children and publishing an article advertising indecent photographs of a child.

Det Sgt Andy Dixon said: "Another paedophile is off the streets. We could not have nailed Evans without The People's help."

LUST: Evans seemed respectable

THE PEOPLE You say: 'Sorry gambling confessions just go to show that footballers have more money than sense' – Letters, Page 35

1/19/3

Boy testifies via closed-circuit TV

By Michael Gillis
Federal Court Reporter

In what was likely the first use of closed-circuit television testimony in a federal trial in Chicago, a 12-year-old boy on Tuesday described how he was sexually assaulted by two men last October.

The unusual testimony came in the trial of James Snyder, 35, of La Grange. He is charged with assaulting the boy, who was then living in northwest Indiana.

Another man, John Lock, 29, has pleaded guilty to transporting the boy from Indiana to Snyder's home with the intent of engaging in criminal sexual activity. He is expected to testify against Snyder.

Prosecutors asked U.S. District Judge George Lindberg to allow the boy to testify via closed-circuit television because the boy was afraid of Snyder. They said he could have suffered emotional trauma if he testified in his presence.

Philip C. Benson, an assistant U.S. attorney from Indiana who is trying the case in Chicago, said his research found only two other federal cases nationwide where closed-circuit testimony was used. Neither of those cases were in Chicago, he said.

The boy testified from a room near Lindberg's courtroom. Benson and Snyder's attorney, Jeff Levine, were in the room with him, but the jury, Lindberg and Snyder watched on television monitors in the courtroom. The monitors were pointed away from the public, but the audio portion of the testimony could be heard.

A boy in Brussels holds a photo of two pedophile victims during a large demonstration by Belgians on Sunday. Police believe that as many as 350,000 people jammed the city's downtown section (below right) to protest how authorities have handled the case in which at least four girls were murdered.

Belgians demonstrate over pedophilia case

From Tribune News Services

BRUSSELS—Belgians thronged central Brussels Sunday to protest the political and judicial handling of a deadly pedophile ring.

The demonstration, the largest in Belgium's history, drew between 250,000 and 325,000 Belgians and sympathizers from neighboring countries, police said.

"Ashamed to be Belgian" read one marcher's banner, summing up feelings that have swept the country since the lurid tale of child kidnappings, sex abuse and murder became known in August.

Despair over the case has united the country's 6 million Dutch speakers and its 4 million French speakers. Belgium's large immigrant population also showed up in force Sunday.

"The whole nation is here. There are no differences between us," said Paula Baudouin, 36, a secretary from the northern city of Antwerp. "Today we are all one race."

The march began with a tearful address by the parents of lost children and by the two young girls who were rescued from the makeshift dungeon where Marc Dutroux has admitted he hid his victims.

Dutroux, a convicted child molester who was released from prison early for good behavior, has confessed to kidnapping six girls. He has been charged with four counts of murder.

The marchers heeded calls for calm from King Albert, Prime Minister Jean-Luc Dehaene and the parents of missing children and the victims.

The investigation into the girls' slayings has been plagued by miscues, by allegations that police shielded the chief suspect from scrutiny and by rumors that they are protecting rich and powerful pedophiles.

Belgians have become accustomed to official corruption and judicial incompetence, but the horror of the child-sex crimes has stretched the public's patience.

Dutroux and his alleged accomplices are accused of kidnapping six girls, ages 8 to 19, and holding them prisoner in tiny cells built into the basement of his home.

Four died, while two were rescued by police after Dutroux was arrested in August.

The youngest victims—Melissa Russo and her school friend Julie Lejeune, both 8—were kept alive for nine months before he starved them to death, prosecutors say.

A half-dozen children are also missing in Belgium, and investigators are checking into possible connections to the current case.

Sunday's march was sparked by the removal of a popular magistrate investigating the ring.

Belgium's top court ruled that Magistrate Jean-Marc Connerotte had compromised himself by accepting a free dinner from the Marc et Corine group that specializes in helping the parents of missing children.

The Death of Innocents

An atrocity highlights the child-sex trade

REUTER (BELOW), BELGA–AFP

'Is the good Lord deaf?' *Funeral in Liège for Melissa Russo and Julie Lejeune; one of the thousands of posters distributed in a failed effort to locate the 8-year-olds*

MONDE EST DANGEREUX À VIVRE
REUTER

BY CHRISTOPHER DICKEY

SHE WAS WALKING HOME FROM THE pool at 10 p.m. when he pulled up in a white van. Belgian police aren't saying how Marc Dutroux, 40, got 14-year-old Laetitia Delhez into his car. But they say a witness jotted down the license number and that it was his undoing: a search of Dutroux's dilapidated home in Marcinelle, near the French border, turned up nothing. But after hours of interrogation, the unemployed electrician said, "I'm going to give you two girls." Behind a metal armoire was the door to a basement cell where he was holding Laetitia and Sabine Dardenne, 12, who had vanished while riding her bicycle to school nearly three months earlier. Police found a trove of pornographic videos and photos, many showing Dutroux abusing young girls. The grimmest find was in the garden of another house he owned: the graves of Julie Lejeune and Melissa Russo, both 8. They had been snatched in June 1995, abused for eight months, then starved to death.

The case that consumes Belgium would be disturbing enough if it stood alone. Even more horrifying is the suggestion that torturing children was a man's career. On the basis of Dutroux's confession, police now are searching for two other missing teenagers in Prague, where he often traveled. While jobless, Dutroux bought several houses in the years following his 1992 parole from prison, where he served three years of a 13-year sentence for raping five girls. Just how he made the money is unclear. But child sex has become a global industry, advertised in underground magazines and on the Internet. For years a specialized market in Southeast Asia, it has spread to the newly freewheeling capitals of Eastern Europe—so much easier to reach from London, Paris and Berlin. As an international conference in Stockholm this week will charge, a worldwide web of slavery and sexual torture now supports a horrific global commerce. And little is being done to stop it.

If the problem has been downplayed, that may be because the adults who purvey and practice sex with children seem so normal. They don't "fit any other profile in criminal justice," says Thomas Kattau, a specialist with the Council of Europe. "They don't come from the marginalized part of the society." And typically, those who prey on children prefer to do it away from their neighbors—in poor countries like Thailand. That's why the Stockholm conference will urge that more countries enact laws permitting police to prosecute sex crimes committed abroad by their citizens. Only 12 nations now permit such prosecutions, or even allow investigators to look into these crimes in foreign countries. Though some monsters have been brought to justice as a result of transnational agreements, many police still feel that "nothing can be done," said Madeleine Leijonhuvud, a Swedish professor of criminal law who helped organize the Stockholm conference.

The explosion of child prostitution in the old Eastern bloc has brought the problem to Europe's doorstep. Investigators say organized-crime networks now shuttle young victims across the old Iron Curtain. Young prostitutes are a commonplace around European railway stations and in such pickup spots as the Berlin zoo. The most lurid trade is in the East. Prague and Budapest now rival Bangkok and Manila as hubs for the collection of children to serve visiting pedophiles. Last year one investigator was stunned to find stacks of child pornography in the reception rooms of Estonia's Parliament and its social-welfare department. "Free love is regarded as one of the new 'freedoms' which the market economy can offer," she wrote. "Simultaneously, sex in the market economy has also become a profitable commodity." In some cases "children are kidnapped and held like slaves," says Kattau. "This is happening more and more. It is organized crime."

In Belgium, police say they're not sure how far the chief suspect's business dealings extended. They have implicated at least five people in the case. One alleged accomplice is dead—killed by Dutroux, police say, for letting the 8-year-olds starve while Dutroux was being detained by police in an unrelated theft case. Two others being held are accused of helping Dutroux construct a larger warren of cells beneath a slum building he owned in the town of Charleroi. At the funeral of Julie and Melissa in Liège last week, the priest who delivered the eulogy was visibly angry, his hands shaking as he held a paper in front of him. "Is the good Lord deaf?" he asked, recalling all the prayers that were said for the missing girls. And all of Belgium observed a minute of silence.

With DANA THOMAS *in Paris*

1/11/99 Sun-Times

Park Forest man, 62, accused of sexual abuse of children

By Mark Skertic
and Molly Sullivan
Suburban Reporters

A Park Forest man has been charged with two counts of aggravated criminal sexual abuse, accused of forcing children who were left in his wife's care to fondle him.

Perry Hamm, 62, was being held in Cook County Jail Wednesday night on $75,000 bond.

Police in the south suburb said the alleged victims were children left with Hamm's wife in an unlicensed day-care operation run out of the Hamm home at 312 Marquette for four or five years.

Police said they were alerted by a Park Forest woman whose daughter told her that she didn't like Hamm because he allegedly always made her rub his genitals through his pants.

Hamm was picked up by police Sunday and admitted to four instances of fondling, police said. They said that in addition to the two incidents he was charged in, five other potential victims have come forward.

The mother of one child who spoke with police called the situation "a parent's nightmare, plain and simple," but said she's proud that her daughter came forward.

"My daughter is a hero because it takes a lot of guts to do this," she said. "There are a lot of kids who wouldn't say anything about this."

The mother said her daughter "just mentioned it to me one day. She was finally starting to realize it was wrong. I am just furious."

The woman, who was not identified to protect the identity of her child, said she was speaking out because she fears there are more children who no longer stay at the home who may have been victimized.

"I want them to know about this," the mother said. "I would hate for [them] to push this into the back of their minds and have it come out later."

Caroline murder hunt scaled down

By Harry de Quetteville in Paris

Caroline: no new leads

THE hunt for the killer of British schoolgirl Caroline Dickinson, raped and murdered during a school trip to France four years ago, is being wound down.

Francis Debons, the judge leading the investigation said yesterday: "The investigative unit is being taken off active duty. The time when our hopes were highest is coming to a close, which might lead to fears that the Dickinson case will gradually slip from memory."

In an interview marking the anniversary of Caroline's death, M Debons told *Le Parisien* newspaper that while police were still determined to catch the killer and would follow any new lead, it was now up to "fate".

He said: "It's a very difficult period for Caroline's parents, but we have assured them that our determination to catch the guilty man remains as strong as ever."

Caroline, 13, of Bodmin, Devon, was killed in a youth hostel dormitory in the Breton village of Pleine Fougères.

For the first time her father, John Dickinson, did not travel to France this year to mark the anniversary of her death. He said: "On the previous three anniversaries there has been something new to publicise."

Mr Dickinson has made numerous trips to France to appeal for fresh leads and for help to identify suspects.

But M Debons said all suspects had been ruled out by DNA testing. He said: "When I took the case I thought I had a few new ideas, but I realised that they had already been followed up. Now we're running out of leads. We can only be patient and await fate's helping hand."

7/19/00 Daily Telegraph

JUSTICE COMES 30 YEARS TOO LATE FOR THE

Paedophile confesses to Babes in the Wood killing

International Express 5/17-23/00

BY DENNIS RICE

A SERIAL paedophile brought a 30-year murder mystery to an end after confessing to the abduction, rape and killing of two helpless youngsters.

Ronald Jebson admitted to the "Babes in the Wood" deaths of Susan Blatchford and Gary Hanlon as he was nearing the end of a life term for another child murder.

Later, as police said they believed Jebson may have confessed his guilt to boost his status among the paedophile world, the families of the two dead children called on Home Secretary Jack Straw and his successors to ensure Jebson is never released.

Susan, 11, and Gary, 12, had disappeared from near their homes in Enfield, North London. Their bodies were discovered 11 weeks later, in June 1970, by a man walking his dog in a densely-wooded copse near Epping Forest.

Susan, whose underwear was taken as a trophy, was raped before being strangled. Gary was also strangled after telling Jebson he wanted to go home. The bodies were arranged with their arms around each other. Both youngsters had taken cannabis given to them by the former soldier after he befriended them while they were out walking.

Jebson, 61, who has a record of sexually abusing youngsters dating from the 1960s, last week admitted murdering both children. He has been in jail since 1974 for the murder of eight-year-old Rosemary Papper. Balding and with a ponytail, he showed no emotion in court.

A few feet away Gary's mother Beryl wept. Susan's mother Muriel, sitting next to her, fixed her eyes on the killer as he was led away.

Sentencing the paedophile to a further two life sentences, Judge David Stokes QC, said: "Thirty years ago you abducted, sexually assaulted and brutally murdered two young children. What they went through before they died does not bear thinking about. You are a truly wicked and perverted man."

Widow Mrs Hanlon, 66, said later: "He is the type of monster who will be a danger to children when he is in his 80s. Gary's death destroyed my family. Jebson has not served a life sentence – we have. He should never come out."

John Evison, defending, said of Jebson: "He says he wants the families to know who did murder their children and I'm sure it would be some consolation to them to know that the perpetrator has spent the last 26 years in custody."

Detective Chief Inspector Declan Donnelly said: "Jebson is a fixated, sadistic paedophile. I do not think he confessed to clear his conscience. There is a certain element of status building in prison. We have seen justice done but we have also boosted his ego." Retired detective Leonard "Nipper" Read, 73, the officer who dismantled the Kray twins' gangland regime in the 1960s, worked on the original investigation. He was at the Old Bailey last week to see justice done. Mr Read, who has kept in touch with the victims' families, said: "This is probably the last unsolved case I have left so there is a feeling of finality about that, but I am pleased for the families of Susan and Gary most of all."

Society's reject who preyed on innocent youngsters

THROUGHOUT his life, Ronald Jebson has been an outcast of society.

He was rejected by his mother as a baby and adopted by devoutly Christian John and Muriel Jebson in Hertfordshire.

But he was wild and constantly in court for theft and dishonesty.

He was in the Army for eight years until March 1968. Nine months later he was jailed for two years for indecently assaulting a girl of six after sneaking into her bedroom.

JEBSON: Already serving life for another child sex killing

He was freed in March 1970 and went to live with school friend Robert Papper, who took pity on him. Jebson later told police of his gift for "making people feel sorry for me so I can manipulate them".

He had been out of jail less than a month when he enticed Susan Blatchford, 11, and Gary Hanlon, 12, into his car before strangling them.

A month later Jebson enticed a boy of 11 from Retford, Notts, into his car, took him to woods and sexually assaulted him. He was jailed for five years for that sex attack.

In August 1973, Jebson was released from prison and returned to stay in Hatfield with the Pappers.

A year later he killed their eight-year-old daughter Rosemary – again leaving her body in a copse. Jebson carried out the attack after picking her up from school on the same day that her parents had asked him to leave the family home.

He had vowed revenge and this desire was still in his mind long after he got life, in 1974, for the rape and murder of Rosemary.

In 1996 he told police that the Pappers had killed Susan and Gary. Two years later, he contacted police again to say he had been the killer.

"The only thing he wouldn't do was go into the copse again," Detective Chief Inspector Declan Donnelly said. "He told us he didn't want to run into their ghosts."

9/15/98 Tribune

Sex-offender act is illegal, lawyers say

By Terry Wilson
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

Three defense attorneys have asked the presiding judge of the Cook County Circuit Court to find the Sexually Violent Persons Commitment Act unconstitutional on the grounds that it allows the state to treat convicted sex offenders differently from other convicted felons.

David Thomas, an attorney representing Richard Bailey, one of the defendants being held past his release date, told Judge Thomas Fitzgerald on Friday that the statute is based on myths that some sex offenders can be accurately predicted to commit the crime again. Thomas said a dangerous precedent is set when authorities allow different rules for one group of people than they do for others.

"Throughout history, we have demonized sex offenders," Thomas said. "But once you sanction different rules and procedures for one class of offenders, you establish a [precedent] for singling out another class."

Attorneys Richard Kling and Thomas Tyrrell adopted Thomas' argument for their clients, Antowne Steward and Enrique Rendon, who also are being held past their prison release dates as potentially dangerous sex offenders.

But Assistant State's Atty. Mark Cavins countered that the act is intended to help the offenders, not punish them.

"The Sexually Violent Persons Commitment Act is designed to protect the public from mentally disordered and dangerous persons, and [it is designed to] treat those persons," Cavins said.

He also said predicting the risks that people pose to the community is something courts do all the time, such as when judges set high bonds or long prison terms.

"What a person has done in the past is a good predictor of what they will do in the future."

Inmates targeted by the law undergo a civil court proceeding to determine if they have a mental disorder that makes it substantially probable they will engage in acts of sexual violence again.

Italian murders spark calls to name paedophiles

Rory Carroll in Rome

Italian parents demanded that their newspapers follow Britain's News of the World yesterday by identifying paedophiles after two girls were murdered in sex attacks.

Politicians and victim associations joined the clamour for published lists of convicted paedophiles as the horror of the killings emerged.

Graziella Mansi, 8, was burned alive in woodland near Bari on Saturday after being kidnapped and assaulted. Pasquale Tortora, 18, who was arrested and has confessed to the crime, told police he wanted to make her disappear.

On Friday, Hagere Kilani, 5, was abducted from her home in Imperia, near Genoa, and stabbed seven times in a neighbour's bedroom. Police are hunting for a 20-year-old man, Vasile Donciu.

Gesu Bambino, an association which campaigns against child abuse, said that, on request, it will hand out lists of paedophiles convicted in the past 20 years. Giancarlo Piergentili, its founder, said he would vet all requests to ensure that only responsible people obtained the information.

However, Livia Turco, a cabinet minister, cited the suicides of two men in Britain after the News of the World's campaign, and told Corriere della Sera that public lists would be useless and harmful. "The experience in England should tell us a lot of things."

However, others called for instant access to the names and addresses of sex offenders and those considered to have paedophile tendencies.

Echoing callers who besieged radio stations, Luciano Paoloucci, the father of a murdered child, said a cultural shift was necessary to protect the children.

"People are exasperated. Do-gooders should know that they are the accomplices of these assassins, to whom they give some kind of alibi even before they commit a crime. We must publish their [identities]."

Alessandra Mussolini, an MP representing the rightwing National Alliance, said parents needed the information to fight preying monsters. She called on the police to open their archives on all those convicted of paedophilia, or suspected of having such tendencies.

Do-gooders should know that they are accomplices of these assassins to whom they give some kind of alibi

Civil rights groups and psychologists condemned the outcry as dangerous rabble-rousing which risked driving dangerous men further underground and spreading the vigilante violence of Portsmouth's Paulsgrove estate to Italy.

Graziella, the daughter of a street vendor, disappeared on Saturday evening from her home near the town of Andria, near the Adriatic, north-west of Italy's heel.

At 4am on Sunday a Carabinieri helicopter detected a small fire four miles away. A post mortem established that she was sexually assaulted and burned alive. Her assailant said he wanted to rape her but she kept screaming.

The Tunisian girl, Hagere, was led into a flat just metres from her home in Imperia, in the north-west, assaulted, and stabbed in the chest and throat with a kitchen knife.

The only suspect, Vasile Donciu, is believed to have fled to France. A convicted car thief and illegal immigrant, his alleged guilt has sparked renewed calls for mass deportations.

8/22/00 Global Guardian

THE TIMES WEDNESDAY AUGUST 23 2000

AP

WORLD IN BRIEF

Italy takes action over paedophiles

Rome: The Italian Government moved to meet mounting public alarm over paedophilia yesterday by appointing a "public defender" of the nation's children to whom parents and teachers could turn for help (Richard Owen writes). The ombudsman is to co-ordinate a huge publicity campaign to educate the public about paedophilia after the murder of two small girls in horrific sex attacks in different parts of Italy. The protector, expected to be a senior judge, has not yet been named. Officials, however, ruled out chemical castration for sex offenders or the "British-style" publication of their names.

between himself and these three minor males that occurred at Quinn's Arlington, Texas, apartment.

Quinn also admitted that sometime after making the videos described above, Quinn enticed three minor males, (approximately ages 9, 6 and 12) to travel with him to Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Quinn admitted that he took these three minor males to Colorado from his home in Arlington, Texas, with the intent to engage in sexual activity with them. In fact, on more than one occasion, Quinn traveled to Colorado with minor males with the intent to engage in sexual activity with them. On March 10, 2004, in Arlington, Texas, Quinn possessed numerous rolls of exposed, undeveloped film and undeveloped one-time use cameras containing exposed film. The exposed, undeveloped film included sexually explicit photographic images taken by Quinn of a minor male, approximately age 6, posed in the nude, in lascivious exhibitions of the genital area.

Quinn is the most stereotypical of the first three John Does. Pasty, ruffled, too degenerate to care all that much. The law thought it advantageous to release five separate portraits of him. All from the same quick portion of blurred driving footage. A black open-necked shirt and no hint of where the boy, or sex, might fit. There was brief clip of Quinn inside his truck. Left to look as if his entire life is spent as a driver's shotgun companion. It would be less sinister shirtless. But more like any one of the millions of webcam faggots thickening up his dirty cock and balls for an anonymous hookup ad. The art needs a blacked-out figure. Some degree of intention and focus. Some hint into what makes him special. How he likes his greasy tight tin-roofed sex and little sweating kept boys. He is not ugly. Not unpleasant. Has a healthy head of windblown hair. His smile seems formed more from the way he talks than from any form of extra human enjoyment.

John Doe #2 was already in jail for the very same molestation acts and child pornography production that the FBI agents carefully selected for their PR alerts. A fellow inmate called the television show to let them know the guy's name was Scott Hayden and that he was serving a fifty year sentence in Indiana.

Hayden is a classic minder. Shirtless, laying on a bed next to a blacked blob, his countenance is cocky and amused. Five-o'clock shadow, intense and possibly proud to be naked next to the little suckable splittable in his bed.

The images they release are for trading. Reasons for trading include bragging, searching and locked confirmations of trust. Not frightened of jail yet. Not cowed by morons. His art is more important on a dizzying array of levels. The body is first. He is prepared to sacrifice the purity of the specific for the currency it provides in variant. His integrity is questionable. His intentions halved or doubled. The smile is contentious. And the assholes who look for something unique in the act, art or the person, are ignorant of the much more intense commercial potentials. Not money. But more. The image is more important than the memory. The quantity is greater in philosophy than in favorites. Somewhere something is as good as the idea. And the personalized stacks of as many of those little somethings is better than any simple fleeting idea.

The FBI and the TV show asked the prison that housed Hayden for an updated picture. A guard went to his cell and snapped a new portrait of the child abuser in his orange prison jumpsuit. Hayden's shoulders and face looked large and puffy. Like he had gained considerable jail weight. The lazy paste look of so many men on their unpublic knees.

Kenneth Nighbert of Kennebunk Beach, Maine was the fourth american suicide in the Wonderland arrests. He had cried in court as he was arraigned on charges of possession of child pornography. And US customs had filed suit to seize possession of his home, as was possible due to new statutes in the laws against child sexual abuse. Months before his arrest, Kenneth's wife and teenage daughter had moved out. He had been working a $9.00 an hour job as the business he had started on his own had recently gone bankrupt.

Mr. Nighbert took an overdose of sleeping pills, drank a bottle of alcohol, tied a plastic bag around his head and fell away from everything on a couch in his bedroom. He had been released on a $100,000 bond and had hired a sympathetic lawyer. His death was followed by newspaper articles across the nation describing his insurmountable disgrace and shame. Across the world, his death is a footnote to denote guilt and american policing success.

Photos of William Brown's dead body being carried and examined inside his jail cell were published just after his suicide. His boy sex case had become a massive press generator due to his government standing and the light it threw on Bali's reputation as a *"haven for pedophiles."*

Transcript of broadcast interview by John Laws, Radio Sydney, with Alexander Downer, MP, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on May 12, 2004:

Laws: Well as I said earlier there'll be no mourning for 52-year-old William Stuart Brown, former Australian diplomat unfortunately, convicted paedophile. He's hanged himself in a Balinese jail. Yesterday he appeared stunned and in a state of shock when a judge sentenced him to 13 years in jail for sodomizing two young teenage boys. This morning he's hanged himself using material from his mattress. Foreign Minister Alexander Downer is on the line. Alexander Downer good morning.

Downer: Good morning John.

Laws: Are you surprised that this fellow has taken his own life?

Downer: Yes, it's always of course regrettable if somebody commits suicide, but on the other hand the court did the right thing. It was a savage sentence, a *much longer sentence than apparently Brown and his lawyers expected. In fact the sentence was longer than the sentence recommended by the prosecution. So, no doubt some of the trauma that inflicted him came from the sheer length and surprise at the sheer length of the sentence. But you know, it's good news that in South-East Asia governments are now being much more decisive in dealing with this child sex issue than has been the case historically.*

Laws: Yeah well I agree with that. And as they also increase the penalties – that penalty was within the realms of the penalty suggested by the court.

Downer: My own personal view is that it's not an unreasonable penalty, no.

Laws: No. This fellow was a very bad fellow. I mean how did we have him working for the Government?

Downer: I'm not sure of the origin of him working – he worked for AusAID. I'm not sure of the background to how he got into AusAID. That would be a very long time ago. But in any case, we had a discussion about this back in January I think it was. And my recollection is that he was asked to leave the Embassy in Jakarta when the then Ambassador found that his activities were, to use that euphemism, somewhat flamboyant, but not aware that his activities were criminal in nature.

Laws: Yes, well I was going to ask you, now that he's no longer with us, and I'm delighted he is no longer with us I must say – could you elaborate on the flamboyant behaviour?

Downer: Well he was an active homosexual and so he was very sort of up-front and public in his homosexuality. We all tolerate people's private sexual preferences. That's a matter for them. But he was in his case....

Laws: Overt.

Downer: ...very much in your face. Very overt. And it was a matter of some substantial embarrassment to the Australian Embassy. But there were allegations, if my memory serves me well, there were allegations that he might have been involved in child sex.

Laws: Yes, sure there were... 1996.

Downer: But they weren't – no earlier than that – no going back to the time he worked in Jakarta.

Laws: Oh, really.

Downer: But they weren't substantiated.

Maurice Turner, 54 years-old, hid a digital video camera in a laptop computer bag. He used the camera to take snaps of the children he saw and taught as part of his job as a substitute teacher around Manchester. He traded the images he took and a reported 2500 *"indecent"* images were found on his computer. He'd been snared by subscribing to a site for pay photos. E-mails traced back to him included violent fantasies of the murder and rape of little children.

In December of 2003, Turner pled guilty to nine counts of making indecent photographs of children and five counts of distributing indecent photographs of children. He was sentenced to three and a half years in jail. The judge in his case said that Turner's *"otherwise decent life had taken a shameful, disgraceful downturn"* as he became desensitized and addicted to internet pornography. Judge Jonathan Geake was allowed to tell Turner:

> *"You have now acknowledged the gravity of your breaches of trust and the obvious abuse of internet pornography involved in relation to faceless, nameless children. An aggravating feature was in the production and distribution of images of children from local schools. These children's identities, pictures and indecent photographs are now out there on the internet and cannot be stopped."*

Assistant DA Julie Ruder told a Chicago court that 3000 child pornography images, men with boys, had been collected by Joseph Nurek in just the last three months before his arrest.

> *She concluded that the longtime educator had a "voracious appetite" for child pornography.*
>
> *"The community cannot risk having this defendant have access to children," Ruder told (judge) Keys. "He has an active sexual interest in young boys."*
>
> (**FIRM CHECKED PRINCIPAL'S PAST**, John Yates & John Bebow, Chicago Tribune, April 2, 2004)

Nurek was arrested in March of 2004. Police found 100 images of boy porn on his computer as soon as they started the search of his property. CD-roms, videotapes, DVDs, books and boy magazines found in his closet were also taken from his apartment. Nurek made more news than usual as he was a school principal in Chicago. And. He had been charged with showing a pornographic video and magazine to a thirteen-year-old boy in Michigan in 1991 but had been found not guilty. Complaints about the Chicago school board's history of incompetent checks into the background of its employees were immediately renewed. Officials were forced to offer new schemes and guidelines. The problem being that Nurek had been found innocent of the previous charges.

The case got worse for Nurek and by April 6, 2004, the search of his computer and collectables netted 4000 still images and 1400 movies of pornographied boys. The ages dropped from as young as twelve to as young as three.

A judge rejected a government appeal to jail a principal accused of possessing a massive collection of child porn – some featuring adults having sex with toddlers, according to a prosecutor.

Joseph T. Nurek, 54, is a danger to children, "has a history of abusing young boys" and his home yielded a "very, very disturbing" video that 'features a man abducting a child in front of a school and trying to take this child into his confidence," said assistant Julie Ruder.

While she said she found the allegations troubling, federal Judge Blanche Manning let stand the previous conditions of Nurek's pending release on bail, saying: "I have difficulty dispensing of the presumption of innocence here."

(JUDGE REFUSES TO JAIL PRINCIPAL FACING CHILD PORN CHARGES, Maureen O'Donnell, Chicago Sun-Times, April 6, 2004)

The Public Inquiry into the Shootings at Dunblane Primary School on 13 March 1996 by The Hon Lord Cullen

4.35 In May 1989 a further complaint was made about Thomas Hamilton and was later presented on behalf of Mrs Doreen Hagger by her councillor. The complaint was that there had been inappropriate activities at the camp on Inchmoan Island to which I have already referred. Mrs Hagger was one of the parents of boys who had attended that camp and, following her son making a complaint, she had gone to the island and eventually agreed to assist Thomas Hamilton with the camp. At a later stage when Inspector Keenan interviewed her son it emerged that Thomas Hamilton had allegedly rubbed suntan oil on the boys at the camp and had asked them to do so all over his body, on some occasions when he was not wearing pants. She did not witness this herself. She became extremely opposed to his activities and decided to do her utmost to persuade others of his unsuitability to supervise boys clubs.

4.36 On 16 May 1989 Mrs Hagger, along with Mrs Janet Reilly who had also assisted at the camp on Inchmoan Island, assaulted Thomas Hamilton by pouring various substances including suntan oil over him as he was leaving Linlithgow Academy at the end of one of the meetings of the club. In her evidence Mrs Hagger said that she wanted to stop Thomas Hamilton organising another camp. She wanted to be taken to court for assaulting him so that there would be a proper investigation. She arranged for a press reporter to be present with a photographer so that she could obtain the maximum publicity from the incident. She also wanted Lothian Regional Council to revoke the let at Linlithgow

Academy. To her great disappointment Thomas Hamilton refused to make any complaint against her and remained calm and polite.

4.58 In January 1993 a complaint was made to Central Regional Council that Thomas Hamilton was solely in charge of the club at Denny High School. This led to the Regional Council investigating his qualifications and methods and the bona fides of the Boys Sports Club Group Committee. In May and June 1993 the Family Unit (formerly the Child Protection Unit) received two further complaints about Thomas Hamilton's conduct at Denny High School and Dunblane High School. The complaints were that he had required boys to change into black swimming trunks and had photographed them. In one case the boy was photographed on his own in a locked gym. In the other the boy was photographed while carrying out exercises with another boy. Another complaint was made that a boy had attended at Stirling High School with a view to playing five-a-side football but instead had been required to change into ill-fitting trunks and perform gymnastic exercises. The nature of the exercises caused concern to the police. In each case an investigation was carried out by the Family Unit, but as the boys were then withdrawn from the clubs no further action was taken under the child protection procedures. However, the investigation was continued as a police matter and a report was submitted to the Procurator Fiscal on 9 June 1993 with a request for a warrant to search Thomas Hamilton's house for photographs, photographic equipment, documentation and other items which might be relevant to police enquiries. The police were concerned about Thomas Hamilton's access to boys, especially those who were vulnerable. They thought that photographs of them performing certain exercises were open to being interpreted as lewd. While Thomas Hamilton provided parents with photographs of their children fully clothed, he did not include photographs of them wearing only swimming trunks. The police also were concerned about Thomas Hamilton overworking the boys. DC (now DS) Gordon Taylor who brought the report to the Procurator Fiscal's office had the opportunity of discussing it with Mr W Gallagher. Mr Gallagher, having considered the information provided, reached the view that there was insufficient material to file the application. He was of the view that while the conduct was of concern it did not yet cross the border into criminality. However, he expressed the view that the police should continue their enquiries and report further to him if any more evidence came to light. In these circumstances he marked the report so as to indicate that the matter should be reviewed in three months' time. So far as he was concerned he was concentrating on whether some form of indecency was going on. None of the photographs appeared to be indecent. He advised the police that they need not report further instances of the same conduct unless there was a change in the character of the circumstances indicating criminality. In his evidence DS Taylor stated that he *had suggested to Mr Gallagher that, while the children were not alarmed by Thomas Hamilton's conduct, the parents' alarm would possibly have amounted to a breach of the peace but that Mr Gallagher did not think that it did. In his evidence Mr Gallagher said that he would have been surprised if he had said that a breach of the peace could not be constituted where alarm had been caused to a third party. I accept that he would not have said that. On 10 September 1993 Mr Gallagher reviewed the papers adding to them a marking which indicated that no proceedings were to be taken. In the meantime no further information had come to light. It is likely that he would have been in contact with the police before making this decision. In her closing submissions Miss Dunlop argued that a case of breach of the peace could have been based on the parents' reactions to Thomas Hamilton's conduct. While I accept that a case of breach of the peace may arise where alarm is caused to a third party the question in each case, which is one of fact, is whether the action complained of was of such a nature to be likely to give rise to such reactions on the part of those witnessing it. This was a matter which was left to the discretion of the Procurator Fiscal to assess. It is in any event clear that in this case the concentration was upon whether there was evidence indicative of indecency.*

8. Does he want to wear makeup? Would he feel better?

Sit inside one of the booths at Mimi's on the west side. Redolent with afterwork mexican uncut cock. The last white faggot I saw there lifted his fanny pack so I could see a deep dark red sore just on the tip of his erection. Almost inside his pisshole. A bloodblister rather than herpes.

A shot of a little talling thin girl in her bra waiting for mom. Eats a chocolate bar and stares ahead. Pulled from a television documentary on precarious teen culture and parental purchasing fears. She's slumped so obnoxiously that her otherwise skinny important stomach might not usually carry so many ugly fleshy grabbable rolls of teening fat. Her boyfriend later gets filmed playing video games and talking about his plans for highschool. Thirteen-year-old bra'd-up girls need boyfriends. I pick the ones out of **Teen Vogue** that don't look like they're getting paid. The harder-sell innocent images tend to have more impact for me. There is an everyday sweetest impulse.

Cassandra Wilson is one of the few. Her photo with two earrings is one of the more beautiful things I've ever seen. Kept. Kept to watch it definitely turn into a something better. Her mother and father had split up before her murder and attempted rape. She was only six. And instead of staying with her dad on the night she was killed, she should have been with mom.

A young transient, Johnny Johnson, abducted the truly gorgeous little child from her breakfast table, while dad was only in the bathroom. He had stayed overnight at dad's after a hard night out drinking with the boys.

The tool that designed the logo for the Indecent Images Unit decided to place "Kacie Woody 1989–2002" in the center. Next to a lonely teddy bear leaning on a sinister computer monitor. Kacie's naked body had been found in a minivan. Tied to the four corners of the back bed. She had been raped and shot in the head. There is some official worry about whether or not she regained consciousness during her ordeal. Thirteen-year-old Kacie Woody was kidnapped from her home after an internet chatroom buddy learned that she spent alot of time alone in her father's house. She thought he was eighteen. He was a 47-year-old man. Described as *"scrawny and balding."* He kept the photos that Kacie had sent in a frame near his computer. David Fuller had carefully planned the abduction and had stalked and peeped around the young girl's home before. He had selected Kacie out from a couple of other girls that he had long-term chats with.

The kidnapper took the teen to a rented storage space immediately after sneaking into her house and using chloroform to knock her out. Stayed in the space for a full day with his vehicle and his Kacie. According to security logs, he only left briefly the second morning for coffee and cigarettes. Fuller killed himself with the same gun he used to kill Kacie. He waited until police descended on the storage unit and pulled the trigger on himself just as they entered.

Went here recently. The ugliest troll I have ever seen was hanging out there and was just waiting for me to go back to the booths. The staff was ok but treated the troll like an old friend and knew him by name. Needless to say he scared this hot young cock away. Let me know once old Bruno is gone then I will give it another try.

This I can do. In these heterosexual pits. Where I am considered even less than the friendlies. Watch me jerk-off. Let me suck you. I want to look at this girl. You know her. I do not belong on my knees.

Do you have children. Let me see a photo of your child. Let me see who you would pick. What would you do with her. How would you finish. I saw one on the way in here. Wearing tight green jogging shorts. Walking with her mother and her littler sister. I had to come in here, you know. Are you married. Are you straight. Can you get hard this way.

Turn around. You can turn the page. Watch me jerk-off. You're only going to remember it later if you cum. If they pull away too early or finish before you, it won't register. Unless you start looking for him again. This time I want his cum. This time I want to cum in his mouth. This time I want to see him lick my cum off the photo he selected. I can cum quick. I do it all the time at home. Constantly. My loads are thin and tiny and empty and mixed in sweat because I masturbate so often to these photos. I don't take my favorites in here. She's far too clean for this. Because, unlike the others, I've actually been inside this one. On it. Felt her breasts and her lips and her long soft hair and her phenomenally long torso. I've licked her asshole and she's told me it helped her cum as she fingered her little clit hard and fast and slapped it.

The culture outside of this seething white paint garbage pail wouldn't allow for this. And I worry about the slimy cocksucker who misunderstands his own importance enough to call the cops on me. That fat perspiring bear that has to heave up his belly to let you at his stubby slimy cock is talking about raping little teen girls and smashing their faces and new teeth with baseball bats. That fat behemoth is trying to masturbate onto photos of little girls. And when they take me home again, they'll find thousands and thousands of little girls and some little boys all over my apartment. All clothed and cummed on except for the child pornography that I've hidden. That makes all of this understandable. But doesn't mean all that much to me anymore.

I don't like the little fucked ones.

I prefer the protected safe type, you cunt.

This is how I have sex. This is me getting better. Who the fuck are these liars and pointers that think I should have even less than that.

These little thinning cocksuckers and cuntspreaders should know what it looks like. Where the art in display is found. Where mistakes aren't made.

Keep your clothes on, dear.

Take your cock out.

I like the ones with clothes on. I have a photo of Kacie Woody with makeup on. Her lips painted very deep red. I want these children to put on more clothes, more makeup, more sunscreen than ever will be necessary. I have ever since I found one that treats me to multiples. Season after season, soap opera after soap opera, age into age into undamaged untragic adulthood. Who spreads herself not unlike the slimier fatter faggots in here whose filthy black assholes I've also cummed up. One more cocksucker spreads his bush open so wide that I can smell it from up here and I'm going to start pissing on the pictures rather than just cumming politely on them. What ten dollar an hour closeted cocksucker is going to ban me from these cesspools. From Mimi's on filth.

This place is complete CRAP! Full of small-dicked trolls, some of whom are on the wrong side of 80! Film clips in arcade are super short and the management gets on your back to keep dropping quarters, turning a blind eye to their friends (the 80-year-old trolls) loitering the hallway. WASTE OF TIME!

One of the many Kacie Woody memorials that comes up on the internet is designed and kept by someone who thinks little girls are pretty and sexy and hates when they're murdered. He keeps links to other memorial sites, news briefs and updates regularly. Parents against teen model websites can't really do anything about what their neighbors film and watch and instruct since the girls don't seem to mind enough to complain yet. The same way you don't see the younger boys helping out with age of consent protests and campaigns. The children in here, in my peeling, filthy drip and tissue booth, are not saying no or don't or stop it.

I am constantly rejected here. I don't think it would be especially flattering not to be, however. The faggots that do the pick and choosing are sick. They don't act like they know it. They don't seem to me to be listening. I certainly don't believe no one's explained this to them.

I haven't gone back because I know I'm on camera there. Which is something I definitely want to own more of. The most temporarily perfect pornography will be film footage taken and kept from the videocams that record the trolls looking for chances at cock. The rat mazes. The monkey experiments. One door opens just a crack and one gentleman leaning against the wall for the last ten minutes slithers inside. One door opens, faggot walks out, head up and sniffing, opens another door immediately adjacent, and stays for all of five minutes. Two faggots walk in together and don't worry about the cunt at the counter upstairs telling them only one troll to a booth. One fat mouthpig peeks in every door down the line and finds nothing. Finally enters a booth, red light goes on, and he stays there for as long as it takes for the lunchtime rush to come around and leave again.

I encouraged one of the degenerates whose mouth I had cum slightly all over to light one of my photos on fire. Cassandra was the only one expendable and even then she looked a bit too much like my favorite to be absolutely painless. I don't think of the shots as anything more than traded newsprint, however. I don't indulge in emotional symbolism. I don't like these filthy cocklippers to talk about the ones I think are cute for personal reasons. I just don't want to have to make up more lies than where I live and what my name is. I had suggested lighting a cigarette in the booth to get rid of the smell of the derelicts before us. And I ended up blowing smoke into his queasy reduced face. Huge open yellow mouth. He didn't seem to know how to take a gentleman's smoke. I was pulling on his hardon to make him understand the connection. His breath was already hideous. I told him I was going to leave. And he should keep this and burn it. Since he didn't want it, I knew it would be easy to convince him that the place needed cleaning instead. It's what you think about there if you don't sit, fat, exposed, greased, and obsess over what little girls might look like naked and cuter and much longer. You think about burning the place down. Holding the cocksuckers that swallow your dirty tiny bacteria up against the sliding paint chipped walls and throttling him until he coughs your cum back up. You sit there and hold your cock loose and squeeze and push down while some human short dog peers through a hole on the other side trying to get you to move your hand away so he can get a better look at the flesh he wants to put into his sensible mouth. You think about the men dying in the zoo and the newspaper reports explaining, finally, exactly what the animals did behind the bars and cages and family mysteries. You push the photo down on the floor. Into the scum. And rub it with your foot until it tears apart and crumbles into a still puddle of someone else's large expanse. I'd do it myself. If I wasn't drunk and unable to cum yet again. You imagine the complete waste of time these people would be to the ones all complaining to each other that they're missed or about their better, more sympathetic, sides. Because the blathering idiots haven't ever been here. Not creeps. Dogs. I'd like to find one that isn't somehow retarded in some sexual or social or fundamental way. And then place that one next to the mothers and sisters and neighbors on TV trying to grieve and mourn publicly. And have each of them try and explain what really goes on in the heads of those mice caught on the security cameras and bought by the broadcasters and editorialized in the paper.

went there yesterday at 7:00pm niceeeee back of the room fucked a guy and got my rocks off twice all in an hour

Daydreaming.

After Arnold Hartley's murder, a volunteer program was started to befriend convicted and released pedophiles. It was important to the idea that the volunteers not be police or probation officers. So that the pedophile could imagine he was on something like an equal footing with his new friends and concerned supporters. This is said to encourage honesty and openness in the pedophile. The programme co-ordinator of Thames Valley Circle of Support and Accountability, Rebekah Saunders, told Eileen Fursland of the Guardian:

> *"A lot of them struggle in forming social networks. They can't trust people, so they isolate themselves, feeling that they are keeping themselves safe – but unfortunately this ends up raising their risk of re-offending."*

The support group revolves around the pedophile with four to six volunteers all taking turns having some form of contact with him, ideally, every day of the week. Once a week, for at least the first year, there are weekly meetings of the entire group.

One of the volunteers interviewed for Fursland's **CIRCLES OF LIFE** (January 28, 2004) article talked about encouraging her *"core member"* to find work. Tany Alexander:

> *"As a volunteer, you can utilize your life skills. It's not as if you have to do anything special – you just have to be a human being. I now don't understand how people can be let out of prison without this kind of support."*

Compulsive masturbating.

Daddy on daughter panties.

A would-be child molester takes photos of the cum he masturbates onto size small red satin panties and labels them as his daughter's. He places these photos in places that men who are obsessed with masturbating onto photos and recording the splashes of semen and the destruction of the favored images will find them. The panties are laid out on the top of dresser drawers next to bottles of makeup, earrings and perfume to make believe they really are from the slob's daughter's collection. He's also posted photos of the cum stained girl's panties open empty crotched on the bedspread he says are hers.

Social Isolation.

Molester left his white skivvies on the stool in the booth at Mimi's. I pulled out of his gummy ass and wrapped the underwear around my cock to clean off his shit, slime and my filthy drained cum. Dropped the mess back on top of the stool. Pulled my pants up with my cock already feeling rawer than it was worth. Pushed the stinging sensation inside my pants and kissed the meaty queer. He told me I could take his panties with me. No thank you, I prefer women's panties.

You shouldn't underestimate the importance of the work I do. Scientists like myself are now discovering that giving empathy instructions to sex offenders, particularly child molesters but also lowly rapists, has been a worthless preoccupation. More of an idiot cultural construct than a legitimate technique to predict and help curb reoffending. That empathy can and should be taught to perverts is a concept based on the assumption of universal appreciations of intimacy.

It has been recently suggested, found, hoped, that only a relatively small proportion of studied and compliant sex offenders demonstrate signs of deviant sexual arousal. These are generally found to be child molesters with male victims. This information has been gleaned largely from phallometry experiments and self-reporting interviews. Higher sexual arousal rates to child assault stimuli is seen to be a significant predictor of general recidivism.

The few contemporary reports done on sex offenders and empathy models shows little association or empirical consistency between empathy deficits and sexual recidivism. Scientists and artists find themselves stymied in their attempts to teach sympathy to child molesters. The idea is to go beyond a concept of recognized or shared emotional perception into a natural response centered in caring. Understanding a victim's pain is not a breakthrough. The concept of their suffering needs to cause genuine feelings of compassion.

Sex offenders, especially those in short-term treatment programs, when confronted with their crimes, generally react with a greater sense of shame, rather than guilt. Shame often ignites a defensive cognitive distortion that causes the offender to spiral away from empathy into even more hostile appreciations of their victim. Seen as a model of stress, it is easy to understand that most sexually obsessed child molesters would find coping with iatrogenic empathy constructs easiest in sexual terms. Combined with an appreciation of their own low self-esteem, the images of victim suffering for these men naturally become sexually exciting.

You have to consider what happens around the aging slime that have inhabited these places for the bulk of their sickening sex lives. The release, comfort, sense, aggression, hatred that was found in the cheap anonymous sexual experiences in backroom peep booths is simultaneously deteriorating publicly and privately. L.W. Sales was razed in early 2004. The Machine Shop had its dark gloryhole solace nearly gutted and today barely stands as j/o room for faggots looking for slumming. North Avenue books, the old stand-by for the L.W. trolls, was torn down less than six months after her sister shop put up a sign directing everyone back to second-best.

The laws have become less important. The pickings much thinner and the pecking order more brutal. A definition of low self-esteem clearly no longer has anything to do with self. I'm not tired of it. I'm not sickened by the repetition or the increasing frequency. I don't get bored and it takes up every inch of my body, every second of my time. It would be your own pretentious mistake to think I'm complaining. I find the impulses and degrees and atmospheres that one should find disgusting, still appropriately so. I just don't see any greater difference anymore.

Poor Body Image.

Two older men living in the Taylor Park suburb of Harvey, Illinois were recently arrested for failing to register as sex offenders and for living within 500 yards of a school. They lived directly across the street from one. The men were known to be fans of the softball games played in the local park. A reporter from a Chicago newspaper accompanied the police when they went to arrest the 63- and 54-year-old roommates.

That day. Both men told the police and the reporter that they hadn't done the crimes they had served time for. Miller, the younger one, said that he knew he didn't do anything but acknowledged that he had fallen in with a bad crowd. The grayer, taller, older Parker said that he hadn't done anything to a 5-year-old boy that he used to babysit. He had bought him a bike and toys but was sentenced to seven years in prison.

One of the arresting sheriffs surveyed the apartment the men shared and noted a large supply of candy and stuffed animals spread about the rooms. He told the reporter that he thought something was bound to happen, if it already hadn't. And he was going to make sure the local police knew of his suspicions.

A couple years ago I remember a story about two fifteen-year-olds, a fourteen-year-old and a seventeen-year-old who beat up and raped a twenty-five-year-old man and his fifteen-year-old buddy. The couple were walking in a park in a dirty hispanic neighborhood when four mexican teens started calling them faggots. The man and the boy got pulled into a nearby garage, by gunpoint, and forced to strip. And it was either the older man who was forced to suck all four kids' cocks or the fifteen-year-old friend that had to do everyone in the garage, including the older man. I know that the man got sodomized with a broomstick and a tube of caulking. He got paint poured all over him and thinks he escaped death by running out when someone new entered the garage. Only two of the boys raped the man as the other two had taken the fifteen-year-old to his apartment to fetch them money.

Thomas Titley had a six foot hole underneath some carpet in his apartment. He convinced a seven-year-old neighbor boy to help him dig it. He instructed the boy to dig with him while he was naked so he wouldn't get his clothes dirty. He was molesting two different boys in his pit. Both seven-year-old friends. He would promise them cigarettes and alcohol for helping him. He was with one of the boys when he was arrested. Police found the child naked, cowering in a dog kennel Titley kept in his backyard. Titley told the frightened youngster to hide there.

The other boy was with his mother one day, when she asked him to help her pull back some carpet on the floor of their home. She took the kid to the police because he suddenly launched into a fit.

Titley had served a year in a probation hostel after he was arrested and jailed in 1996 for molesting two teenagers; fourteen and fifteen. He served a total of four-and-a-half years between the hostel and prison. At the time of his release, he asked to be put back in jail and watched, since he knew he would re-offend. He said he was a danger to the public. Arrested for the multiple pit attacks on seven-year-olds, he again asked to be jailed for as long as possible.

Titley believed there was no cure for pedophilia and he told the psychiatrists that investigated his case that he was addicted to abusing young boys. The court was told that Titley knew the sort of person he had become. Only some of the abuse happened in the pit. He had, apparently, been molesting them in his bedroom and living room as well.

It's not me that's one step away from laying down in these booths that wouldn't fit flat my 6'4" length. Masturbating down and pointing the tip of my self-hardened cock into someone else's left and exited pool of concrete cum. It's not a cumulative effect in here. I've seen men do exactly that. Seen them push the sperm in their mouths back up and spit it out right in front of you. Dropping it into old plops and sticky thin snots that fleas die and egg in. A middleaged father slithered a bright yellow condom off of me and carefully placed it underneath the chair I was sitting on. He cummed before me and let me know he was done sucking on me by pretending to examine the inside of the condom he barely insisted I wear. Another man asked me to clean the cum off his beard and mustache with my tongue. I've asked the same since then.

A boy, blind just shortly after birth due to a cyst in his brain, had been growing up with additional impairments and degeneracy until his tenth birthday. His father had been photographing the little boy, nude, often erect, and posting the photos on the net and in CP clubs for years before his arrest. Father had been using the boy's lack of responses and outside awareness to secure him even more child pornography. Allegations, beyond the contemporary understanding that the photos are fingerless rape, of actual molestation have been forwarded but unproved. I want to know how and why the small deformed blind kid was hard so often. The mouthpigs that I tell in here almost always do.

I luv uncut cock, can we "meat UP"???

sounds like fun – where abouts?

I yank and stroke on my penis and cup and tug on my balls like a retard does. I don't cum very often. You either save it for the men who want and weigh it or you take care of yourself beforehand. So you don't end up where you think you shouldn't be spending all your time at.

You use the information to deform the assumptions these cocksuckers have when they walk in on you. The AIDS case with the bready ass comes to mind first. He kept slamming his ugly butt against his side of the hole and mashing as much loose dimpled and drooping flesh as he could fit into my stinking pit. I put a finger in first and he moaned deep enough to tell me he needed more weight. Nothing else. Implicitly, he wanted more death on top of old concern. I pushed two fingers in and he bucked and quivered and maybe tried to shake his shit down from his impacted bowels.

He slid off and knelt back to lick my fingers clean first and then my cock. He didn't want to come over. Half held my cock straight and hard as he twisted his creaking frame up off its squat to position himself back upped onto my slimy cock. He wanted to bang against wood. He wanted to fuck himself like he did at home in public. He wanted to draw the filth inside my veins and tubes and mix them with his. All through his body. Coming from overpainted black wood.

This is where you pull out and jerk while you back up. His shit was just thick clear grease and my sweat. Getting dry the more I stroked. Unless I spit down onto my hand, smelling his drug and diet careful intestines, or hold my cocktip up towards my face and aim long lines of drool down into the pisshole.

Let me see you hard.

Show me you want it, faggot.

He drooped a long dead flaccid cock through the hole and wiggled it around. I grabbed it and pulled at it. Stretching it miraculously thin and squeezing it as hard as I thought I could. He pushed in further and I pinched his head. To get hard, he'd have to be fucked again.

Suck it.

And I buffed his death with my hardon. Mine thicker and bigger and healthier and fit fat next to his, soft in my palm, squeezing and yanking again. Mine greasy and dirty and hot. The other clean and caucasian and flexible, unresponsive.

His slipped out and fell back. The asshole positioned automatically back to the perfect fit in the hole. I went in with more difficulty and the skin pinch and drag helped both of us produce more sweat to lube. I pumped but smelled that I wouldn't be able to cum inside anything this way. I wanted his gaunt face and my hand. Or his bent over ass and spine and spread weight and my hand.

I backed away and told him to take it in his mouth. But didn't care enough to finish. I pushed into his teeth to get clean. Patted his tongue with my dick and then my fingers when I pushed him finally away. Leave it. Go find someone else. I turned back to the video screen and let him watch me masturbate all over the booth.

never sucked a cock thru a gloryhole and would like to give it a shot...any white married guys willing to meet me one day after work?

I kept returning to watch a little man huddled in the corner of one of the few booths in the clubroom at Full Metal in Paris. This french animal was a ball of fully clothed mess, muttering to himself and ignoring the scant naked sex that was taking place around him. A cheap fence mock-up that separated him from the rest of the hunchers and walkers allowed me to lean in and watch him like Harlow watched monkeys.

I asked my friend what he was saying, since I don't know french. But it was too psychotic and soft to pull anything out resembling sense. He hates himself, apparently.

Depardon's children kept going through my head. If this cunt hadn't been french, I'd have stepped into his see-thru hole and told him all about him. I was drunk enough. And I'd seen a film just before going to London and then Paris.

He wanted the orange juice. Not the cigarette.

He didn't want to be strapped into a baby stroller.

He didn't know what kind of pill it was that was placed in his mouth.

It didn't look like he was used to taking pills. He might not have wanted one right then. It could have been nothing more special than Ritalin.

It might have known enough about pain and the necessity of changing the place it was in.

This place is getting hotter. I sucked 4 cocks tonight and all four guys sucked me back. I got off when the 4th guy ate and fingered my ass through the glory hole. Gonna try to get fucked there next!

Conform to type.

You know Dan Parker or Roy Miller. You look like Parker. He just got arrested again. But not for doing anything. I like big men like him.

I use Alan Wilson too. He was a respected headmaster in Edinburgh and was murdered after being released from jail for having sex with some of his students. The man that chopped him up and badly buried his body met him in jail. The murderer said his girlfriend killed the older man because she was jealous. While the court said Wilson was murdered because his jail buddy grew sick of the constant homosexual advances.

The younger ones, no matter how dorky they look, are usually asked if they know who Danny Poole is. A bone tattooed ugly twenty-one-year-old thug who, along with an older uncle, friend and younger girlfriend beat a neighbor to death. Much like Arnold Hartley but at a little bit better than half his age. Poole's girlfriend said Matthew Murray sexually assaulted a young girl. And the three men broke into Murray's house to beat him. Poole said it wasn't him that actually killed Murray as he only hit him five times. Different idiot stamped on him and kicked him. The men left Murray bleeding and staggering but returned three hours later to find him at a bus stop. They set on him again. This time fracturing his ribcage, breaking his nose and causing his brain to swell with blood. Murray's heart ruptured. Poole's girlfriend admitted to hitting the forty-year-old man with a crowbar.

The guys at the counter are not careful. Especially late at night. Everyone after two, when most bars close, and after four when all the bars have to be shut, stumble and slither in here drunk and pathetic. Some of the younger ones come in then too. They don't check IDs at the counter like they do at a bar.

Boys are prime. They're all there to suck. Except for the hustlers who're in trying to get under the proprieter's nose since they have reputations. There's a graveyard about a block away from The Eagle where you used to be able to get pretty young ones. Until the older ethnic ones started pushing them out. Who's going to pick up a man when they can get a younger boy.

There's pickpocket notices in the front and in the back so it's not only the older men who are descending on the vulnerable in here.

I convinced one of these little bespectacled morons to go into one of the booths in the back. So I could look at his body. He was nervous and stupid and settled on me because I made a move before any of the other vampires could get their old bleeding mouths around him. The older ones pounce immediately. They don't do well if they wait so they become obnoxious and insisting. It often seems as if they live their lives that way. Rude and lonely and viscously selfish. They follow one little plug around after the other and open booth doors for them. Truth is, in here, you can't do anything else. You have to block these fresher's ways. The smarter ones are joining up through message groups and cruising sites on the certainty they'll get sex and the chance they'll find love. Borderline faggots that get molested in here will look for better looking men without jowls and bellies the next time they come in. They'll figure out how badly they decided and how terrible it was to be used by someone that only wanted to cum on them. The idea that some of these hairless shy youngsters can be next generation gay and the slurping grandpas can be daddies never gets past the spittoon level of the sex. I had the youngest one suck me without taking my pants off. I just pulled out and showed hard. Most will fuck off. But if you act too kind towards them, they'll have time to think and you'll get even less. They don't want to make-out with you. You have to take the lead. You can paw them after they start to play around with you. They'll be in-between what they want and what they have. What they think they should do and what they want to happen. Sooner, rather than later, they'll click that they want to cum. And you'll be ready for it. Unless you just want to use their stupidity like a torso-less head on a wobbling stick.

Was there in second booth from the left. Wearing a blue ball cap and shorts. I would just like to thank all of the guys that kept sticking their cocks through the hole for me to service. I left there full that night.

Reek of self-pity comes from them, not me. They don't know how to listen without applying it over what I'm saying. I don't think what I'm saying begs sympathy. I get tired of assholes thinking that what's burning through your brain and muttering out of your psychopathic mouth is somehow designed to elicit amity or envy. I suspect very few of the people I know get to fuck and touch and eat these children they yammer on about. Just the same way that most of these more intelligent parents never got to hold the hard lifeless limbs of their murdered child and rock it back and forth while they wail to heaven. The experience isn't ever actually experienced.

I don't fucking read while I wait for something to happen in here. Someone to come in. I have to sit now. Most times, I try hard to sober the fuck up. Whereas before, when I was younger and thinner, I would just get in and out. Seeing nothing going on meant I would find the place and my situation absolutely intolerable. I sickened myself quicker and quicker each time. And I knew all about the kinds of fat mouth slobs that would sit there and wait for someone like me to chew on.

This is something that happens. It's something that you'd have to be a complete fool not to recognize. I can click through these discs and prints I fight so fucking hard to get in an instant. So much of the material has been seen so many times before. The great bulk of it is still from the washed-out seventies and eighties. I'm not just one of the few sicks that remember that. Everyone knows it. The cocksuck joints are coming down all around all of them as well. So few of these scumbags have a single thing to trade. If they ever fucking did.

There is so much new material.

More drugged siblings and daring parents and shaky friends of the family.

You have to make yourself sober. You have to try and focus on the garbage in the corner and how truly inutterably worthless the mexicans that troll in and out of Mimi's are. You are not at all capable of existing like that. The difference is easy to smell and walk away from. Dropping uncut cock from hole to hole, not gauging what you prefer and what you can get, having a hobby that makes your workfriend's skin crawl. I don't appreciate the latin trade that wait for work in here. Though there's a huge market for it among white men who look like myself. I concentrate on little Diego Pineiro-Villar once in awhile. But fade quick enough. The little boy, twelve, was murdered by a fifty-two-year-old man in the middle of a crowded street in London. The reports at the time suggested that the very cute dark haired, brown-eyed and clean white boy had been stalked by the street pervert for quite some time. Allegations of satan worship took over from sexual obsession as the old man had legally changed his name from Bibby to Crowley. The boy's parents had said that the psychotic gangly mess had become interested in their son because the boy had stopped a gang of his friends from taunting and throwing rocks at any old man. But then you hear that the lunatic was seen talking and touching the boy in inappropriate ways. And the mother announces to the British press that her son liked girls and was a macho man. The boy had told the police that all the old man had ever done was lick his ear a couple times. The police became involved when the allegations of stalking came from Bibby, not Diego. And from the people in the neighborhood who saw the man playing with the boy in some bushes in the park. Bibby was leaving graffiti at the boy's school about how he loved him and didn't like the way he was being treated. The police called the stalker a joke but tried to help little Diego by giving him a mobile phone to call 999 whenever the old simpering freak came stalking. Come here, Diego, I wanted to tell a crossdressing slob that I used to see at the booths once in awhile and always ignored. I failed to talk my drunken bloat out of going to Mimi's. Come here and let me lick your ears. You little twelve-year-old slut. These stubby religious psychotics draw attention and pretend to be hooking. Monsters don't come in here looking for cock the way you would think. He showed me a butt plug he left in his brown and hairy ass, his loose white girl's panties, and his hard uncut small muddy penis through a glory hole a long time ago. I stand and pull and pinch my cock through my pants and then squat and look for it to do the same. I got quickly washing machine'd by one of the few things sucking that night. She wanted to come over to my booth to show me what I was missing by stupidly closing my eyes in front of a slimy white greasy wall. She wanted money to continue and I didn't feel like flattering little never Diego. I would now. I'd have a problem paying only if I didn't have the money on me. But I rarely make the trip all the way down to Central and Belmont. The last few times I was there, I still saw more mexican faggots than polish feeders but no real life little Diegos. It would make more sense that it does most of its cocksucking from meetings through the web now.

I think you are referring to me. I was in the second booth from the left, and cock after cock just keep coming through the hole. So what else could I do but get on my knees? It was definitely a great way to kill a couple of hours.

I let a friend suck my cock too, Brenda. I let her warmly engulf the head just like I like to think I prefer. And I watched carefully. When it came time for me to finally cum, I didn't bother to warn her or try to pop anywhere but inside her beautifully soft face and hard dumb head. I let her suck me off because it didn't seem like it would be such a big deal. Not to either of us.

Let her, you understand.

But I'm trying to pull something up that I remember. I'm sure somehow each of these worms are somehow deserving of more time, more respect, more attention. I wouldn't do the same things they do, otherwise. But I've forgotten so many of them. I never thought that would happen. I kept track for so long when I was younger.

But I'll tell you what I think, Brenda. Ugly old women. I'll tell you exactly what I thought then and how it changed by letting you know what I think now.

These sucking and rutting and satisfying lumps debase themselves by pretending they're above the common worries of monogamous sexuality. The ones that figure out that sex is no big deal but still engage, still respond, still presuppose and generate thoughts before, after and during the act are, simply, lying. They either stop fucking your child. Or they don't. And when I see the shirt you picked out for your TV interviews, Brenda. I am absolutely offended by the pit level vulgarity. Not just your insistence on describing the prick you shouldn't really be asked to explain your attraction to. But the lies that you think don't diminish the care you assume crying helps to sell. As if I wouldn't notice. As if I should give you some leeway. But still imagine that you have something of worth to share.

It doesn't use their language. So it isn't complaining. It isn't noble and it doesn't think such an idea is necessary.

The mother of 8-year-old Maddie Clifton told the world about her faith in the lord and Maddie's florida father must have said that Maddie knew jesus as many times as he uttered paragraphs about her.

So did the mother of the tall fourteen-year-old boy that murdered little Maddie. She told the court at his sentencing as an adult that he read his bible every day. I'm sure she mentioned that her faith was helping her get through this nightmare. She lived across the street from Maddie's family. Like the Kankas and Timmendequas. Like Brenda and David.

Cop slides forward photos of missing children. Pushes them at you until you stop them with your hand. He thinks putting them directly underneath your nose will change your answers or their appeal.

Which one did you attack.

Which one allowed you on it.

Which one wouldn't complain.

Which one did you have to kill so that you could only get to fuck it.

Is this the one that you had hold your dick. The one that was lucky because that was all you thought was necessary in her case.

This one told us she had to cut off all her hair after you cummed on her head and in her face. Held her head down between your old long legs and shoveled your filth into her hair because you loved how red and soft and fresh it was. You liked it when you only rubbed your cock in her hair. That, too, was enough for you.

Do you know the girl in this film.

Do you know what she's doing in this photo that her mother took.

How old is the child here.

How old is your favorite now.

Is that you in this shot. Your fat belly. Your shaking hands.

Pedophiles have two different sets. Polaroids of children he fucked and tried to fuck. And magazine cuttings of children he masturbates to.

I have two lists of excuses. Second-rate art and very lonely men.

Printed out one of these animals' web profiles. I take it with me because I see the slob continuously as I go to these suck and fuck holes. I have a list of the things he says he wants to do and the kind of people he'll do it with.

I like older men. Men with tastes for young boys.

Clothed girls who might testify against me unless I confess and save them the surreal pain from such a dirty experience.

Which is the one you exposed yourself to.

Can you tell me their ages.

How did you come to pick them.

Which child did you think you were disturbing or belittling.

Did you know they were friends.

What were you trying to do to them. I'm not sure I understand the impulse.

I don't want to tell you what happened to them. I don't think it'll make a difference to you. But you want to know, don't you. That's why you did it, right.

You don't think about stopping.

You don't consider anything better than your little puddles of cum being more important than any consequence to yourself or, fuck's sake, someone else.

I have been here a couple of times recently. There is an unusual assortment of *men, but have always found someone halfway decent looking to hook up with. The booths can fit two guys as long as they are both of normal size. It does have a working toilet, as long as puke and diarrhea all over the place do not bother you. Be sure that you do not have any open cuts on your knees, cause this has to be the filthiest gloryhole venue I have ever been to.*

It is all anonymous. What do these cops know about just sucking on the cock of something you didn't impress first.

Maddie Clifton's little white stocking'd feet are seen sticking out from underneath the bed where Josh's mother found her after a week. The boy's name is Roger in the book I have that contains the crime scene photo because, in sympathy to the families, the author didn't want to use real names. Also included in the book is a photo of the photo that Josh stole from Maddie's sister. A remarkable shot of Jessica Clifton as a young gymnast, wearing shorts, in that pose that so many of those little girls are able to do. Where they put their chin on the floor and then stretch their feet back up around and over their shoulders. So that you're looking at crotch and face.

The innocent images crew bragged that they once spent an enormous amount of money identifying the gymnast logo on a pair of shorts worn by a little girl in some of the child pornography they had to view. They eventually flew to Ohio and found the little girl at school.

A photo of eight-year-old Maddie wearing a gorgeous amount of deep red lipstick is included on one of the many memorial websites set up after her death. Most of the shots of her are more akin to the tomboy personality that her parents and sister always talked about. Like including a bikini shot.

A better tribute website; done by an admitted "girl lover," with a plan to feature memories, photos and news articles about young girls that have been murdered by child molesters. It is his intention to separate child molesters from girl watchers – "the splendor of little girls" and to convince web viewers of the tragedy of little girl loss through all manner of painful confrontation. Including an appreciation of their innate beauty. Like NAMBLA, like the teen model sites, like the mother's courtroom impact statements. Like the people who locate the sites by employing search engines to gather more information.

Josh had visited porn sites just before he murdered Maddie. According to the book with the photos, he was viewing child pornography. According to other reports he was looking at violent porn and had just downloaded two dozen images including bestiality.

Maddie's pictures from her home and her brief exciting life are available all over new lives. One doesn't see anything but her little feet in white short stockings and bare calves in the book on juvenile homicide.

Josh and his family contend that Maddie had come over to Josh's backyard for a visit before he hit her in the head with a baseball bat by accident. Then he dragged the body into his bedroom where he panicked and hit it some more to kill her so that she would stop screaming. Finally, he stabbed her more than thirty times to make sure she was dead. Her top was pulled up over her chest and her panties and shorts came off completely as she was dragged through the house.

The boy's mother told the court that her son had lesions in his brain that might cause extreme lapses in judgment, empathy and panic coping skills.

He is supposed to have been obsessed with Maddie's sister, the gymnast. Jessica gave a victim's impact statement at Josh's sentencing. She didn't mention that it could have been, or was supposed to have been, her. But did say it would have been much worse if she had been with her sister that day and they were both murdered. Later she told her mother that she thought Josh really wanted her. And supposedly caused her mother to have a breakdown.

The two separate pairs of parents argued in the press and in court over whether or not a fourteen-year-old boy should be treated as an adult. Comparisons are hard and uncomfortable to miss. It was reported at the time that over half of the young boys who end up in jail with adults are sexually abused by the older inmates.

Fourteen-year-old favorites. Boys. Like that. Monkeys shaking in the yard after being fixed to cloth mothers instead of wire ones. Or being kept in unclimbable cylinders with steely mesh to let the idea of a world in but keep them from it. They would chew on themselves. Hold themselves. Give up in utter black despair. They became, literally, hopeless. The youngest prettiest girl in the appropriately named **Play** is nicknamed EverHope by her marketing teams. She wears a tight white shirt with her lanky blond self now budding underneath and written across all her perfection is HOPE.

The teen and younger boy model sites often look as if they're designed for girls of the same age. The young smart and honest girls being the supposed market for both sexes.

Maddie, I'll play this for you. Like the music that plays on any memorial but is far greater than some irritating hymn to an idea you won't give a fuck about as you age. These parents can't help but say the wrong thing. Mixing up the reasons they had the child with the reasons for raising them and thinking it was always going to be that way for them. Writing about angels on their tombstones and thinking about them for comfort. Little angels. Like the name of fucking countless amounts of child pornography series and stills and some of the non-nude appreciation sites and almost all of the memorial sites.

Visited on 8/7 at 5:00pm and it had a nice clerk and $1 entry fee. Loved the fact that they give you quarters instead of tokens! I give the place high marks for *selection of movies, clean and relatively new booths and working video machines with volume control. There are 12 booths, 6 on one side and 6 on the other. Clean, nicely cut glory holes. There is a working, accessible restroom as well here (bonus). It appeared at one time that all the booths had glory holes (only on one side). About half have them and the other half does not. No buddy booths. It would be very difficult to get two people in one booth. Nicely lit front section. This is a small place and they make the best use of it. Mostly though the guys were just milling about waiting for the hottie that will get them to nirvana. Good mix of men (older, younger, str8, gay, bi and races: black, latino, white). There was an active eater at the time I went who must have swallowed 6 loads in the hour I was there.*

Molly's face rarely shows a genuine smile. She seems to have learned how to look pretty and absent. Allowing the focus to drip down her very clean hair to her brushed body and up her very firm ass. These young girls can easily be seen as despising their audience. What sexy child wouldn't feel contempt, instead of sympathy, for the hoarding men who masturbate over their photos. That sensible but tacky disdain is what causes her media interviews to exhibit her as stupid and naive. It's what her betters seize on to look smarter and helpful. Molly is not unaware of her audience. Just unable to admit it. Market appreciation. She's not stupid about her attributes and their dissipation. She's just not old enough yet to sell it that way.

What bothers her most about the fantasy she takes from her art. Can she separate the perverts who are unable to stop themselves from sending her dirty messages and cum splashes from the lonely sweaty snack eating tv watchers. A little pool of cum in their hands. Not even a smile to go with their groan and deposit. All wiped clean and barely remembered before they start to look again. It doesn't really feel all that bad, does it, sweetheart. Is it her fear of them losing control? Their bent absorption. Worst wishes. The image of one of the hirsute hulks lying on top of her. Simply wanting to touch her. Can she not see past the lust they see all over her. The mistakes that keep being made. Problems that have been settled into like they never happen because she doesn't have to address any of the ways she takes their money and time.

Nine months after being kidnapped from her bedroom. Or having run away from her bedroom. Perpetually switching one sad religion for another for one so young and impressionable. Elizabeth Smart came back to her revolting parents looking puffy and better fed. Pregnant almost. Typically, the tabloids carried on screeching with her case after she made and left the front pages of every newspaper in America. Most with her picture smiling beneath the single word headline: ALIVE! or SAFE!

Pretty fourteen-year-old Elizabeth Smart had been missing for almost three weeks before The National Enquirer started to release the peripheral details discovered through the police investigation into possible suspects that included her parents and relatives as well as a heroin addicted hustler.

From the July 2, 2002 issue under the headline **UTAH COPS: SECRET DIARY EXPOSES FAMILY SEX RING:**

> *"During the second search, police confiscated (Elizabeth's father) Edward's computer – and found several explicit pornographic homosexual pictures on the hard drive," revealed a source familiar with the investigation.*

And further down:

> *The police also searched the Park City home of Edward's brother Tom, revealed the investigative source. "They confiscated his computer and found that someone had attempted to erase files on the hard drive. But computer technicians were able to extract more than a hundred homosexual pornographic pictures."*
>
> *No child pornography was found on the seized computers.*
>
> *During one search of a family member's home, police found a horrifying journal alleging the mind-boggling activities of all three brothers, according to the investigative source.*
>
> *"It contained explicit allegations of homosexual activity concerning "Dave," "Ed" and "Tom," including preference for sadomasochism, a history of their homosexual activity, and details of their wives' knowledge of the brother's homosexuality."*
>
> *The journal also recorded their alleged use of male escorts.*

Photos of Elizabeth Smart, covered head to toe in a burkha of white linen and following just steps behind her molester, are dissected to see if her nubile personality escapes through the eye hole. The pervert that kept the fifteen-year-old in dirt, tied her to a tree and raped her, with or without her consent, had a struggling sexual history molded to the National Enquirer:

> *He also spent several months in a juvenile detention facility after exposing himself to a young neighborhood girl.*
>
> *His second wife Debbie claims he routinely beat her and wouldn't allow her to wear clothes that weren't brown or black. The couple split up in 1985, but Mitchell kept a perverted memento of the marriage – a sick photo of a relative that surfaced in the mid-90's when he and Wanda were living with her sister.*
>
> *"My aunt found these pictures of a little girl, naked, spread-eagled on a bench. These were no cute kid shots. This was pure pornography," Wanda's son Mark Thompson told the Enquirer.*
>
> (**THE SICK, TWISTED WORLDS OF ELIZABETH'S KIDNAPPERS**, Don Gentile, Peter Davidson and Wayne Grover, National Enquirer, April 1, 2002)

Molly's pre-legal and questionably clothed years are available at a special archive site. Many pedophiles believe sites like these are sting operations designed to locate and ensnare hunting low-level child porn supporters.

The Wonderland arrests started with Ronald Riva. Riva molested and posed a ten-year-old Allison in front of his computer camera. She was his daughter's friend and had been staying at his house for a sleepover. Riva broadcast the rape live over the internet and even, stupidly, took requests for poses from the members of the child porn group Orchid Club while online. After his arrest, Riva's computer hard drive gave away the e-mail address of Ian Baldock in East Sussex, England. Baldock was also one of the main members of hierarchical child pornography club Wonderland. Typically, Riva had edited and saved the text conversations he traded with fellow members.

> *Appearing in federal district court in San Jose this morning, Riva of Greenfield, California, agreed to a thirty-year sentence for his role in sexually exploiting a 10-year-old girl to produce child pornography. Riva was charged by a federal Grand Jury last July with conspiracy to sexually exploit a minor; aiding and abetting in the sexual exploitation of a minor; conspiracy to traffic in child pornography; and sending and receiving pornographic images over the internet. Riva pled guilty to all counts with which he was charged.*
>
> (**Assistant United States Attorney of California press release,** May 14, 1997)

From the appeal record from another Orchid member, David Tank, originally convicted of conspiracy to sexually exploit a child, conspiracy to trade material involving the sexual exploitation of children, and distributing visual depictions of children engaged in sexually explicit activity:

> *At an evidentiary hearing, Tank argued that the district court should exclude the chat room logs because the government failed to lay a sufficient foundation, in that the logs were incomplete and could have contained material alterations made by Riva while editing them. Tank also challenged the admission of the Zip disc on the ground that the search warrant did not authorize a search of his car.*
>
> *Riva testified as to how he created the chat room logs with his computer, and stated that the printouts appeared to be an accurate representation of the chat room conversations among members of the Orchid Club. Several co-conspirators testified that Tank used the screen name "Cessna" that appeared in the printouts, and that he showed up when they arranged a meeting with the person who used the "Cessna" screen name. Tank admitted that he used that screen name when he participated in one of the conversations recorded in the printouts.*
>
> (**Appeal from the United States District Court for the Northern District of California, James Ware, District Judge Presiding,** argued and submitted October 4, 1999)

Ian Baldock's computer and hard drive were turned over to computer experts who back-tracked the information through the various Internet Service Providers used by anyone he had been in contact with. Baldock had over 40,000 images of child pornography stored on his computer and, in just the six days before his arrest, had been responsible for sending out 16,000 images to 17 other club members. Suspects in three continents would be placed on 24 hour surveillance and initial arrests counted 107 men of the at least 200 members throughout 13 countries. Six Wonderland members committed suicide.

Most important were the databases created by the downloaded and stored child pornography. Press reports culled from press releases counted 750,000 still-images and 1,800 video clips of child pornography exchanged between members. Further analysis reported that the material could be isolated to 1,236 separate children being sexually abused. In the few years since the arrests and convictions of the members, seventeen children were identified through the cataloging and investigative efforts of the specialty officers. One of the identified children was Allison from Riva's Orchid club. Another three were Gary Salt's little next door neighbors.

> *In an attempt to identify the 1,219 missing victims, the National Crime Squad has compiled an album of 900 victims, categorizing them by gender, age and ethnic group. It is available to law enforcement agencies around the world.*
>
> *An advanced facial mapping technique measures the characteristics of each child's face so that he or she can be identified from later photographs, and a trail of abuse identified, even though they might have grown older and their appearances altered.*
>
> (**HOW WONDERLAND SPUN ITS PERVERTED WEB,** Ian Cobain and Adam Fresco, The Times, February 14, 2001)

Easily one of the cutest children of the very few to be identified from the mass of Wonderland child pornography was 11-year-old Rui Pedro Mendonca. A skinny little bucktoothed Portuguese boy without much chin and extra ears. Sleepy eyes and a small, perfect, slightly upturned nose. Described in his missing child information as having the following distinguishing marks:

> *Big incisors. Unstuck ears. He closes up the forefinger and the middle finger of the right hand as a habit.*

How do you tell mother that her son has been identified from seeing his body and sparkling smile used as kiddie porn. A mother so ripped apart and dedicated to her boy's plight that when she wrote a lengthy description of her frustration over the Portuguese police barely investigating the kidnapping, she ended it with:

"I don't feel I have the right to say that I am damaged, because my pain is so small compared with the one that this child is going through."

Who explains this to her. And then allows the family photos of the child to continue to be circulated. Adorable in a little suit with a black bow tie. Sitting down in a small pool. Barely filled with water around his ankles and his leaning hands. Clad only in bright swimming trunks. Two different profiles from either church or school with his hair slightly uncombed and his mood expressive and dark. He looks like an extremely well-behaved and charming little kid.

Scumbag started to shut off his video porn tapes when he realized he could watch himself masturbate in the reflection of the dusty olive television screen. He'd find himself leaned all the way back into his messy couch staring at his fast hand slob all over his hard cock and his slow hand twisting the nipple in his exposed girth. He'd yank down his pants and pull his shirt open to be better able to see his flab wobble and his pigness dig and lump. His chin sinking into his neck and jowls and his unshaved gaze as ugly as he could imagine it if he weren't so focused on his own spilling and jiggling balls and belly and hairy chest fat. He'd look to his face only after he checked to see where his cum landed and where he'd have to wipe and mop and collect.

Keith Spratt was 49 years old when he was arrested as part of a group of Baden-Powell Scout masters suspected of sexually abusing boys in their charge. Other group leaders were 66-year-old Dennis Ward and 50-year-old Robert Kearns. Ward, Kearns and Spratt are said to have molested a 13-year-old boy from the Scouts as well as those supplied to them by venerable chickenmaster Brian Turner. Turner and Spratt were said to have traded one ten-year-old boy who was assaulted at least a *"thousand times."* Often attacking him five times a week. Including the day before Turner's final arrest.

In the witness box, a boy spoke candidly of having been passed around as a sexual plaything.

His mother is bitter. She says: "It's like we're mourning someone who's alive. It's like our hearts have drained out of us, because it's something you could never imagine that would happen to your family.

"These were men we did trust, not that we thought we could trust. We did trust them. We brought my son to Scouts, expecting them to do the normal Scouting thing and what did they do? They abused our trust.

Words can't express the anger and the grief that we're going through. You just want to get at these people and ask them why? What was the reason?

Some of them have got children of their own. They wouldn't do it to their own children, so why do it to other people's children?"

(**MOTHER MOURNS FOR HER LIVING SON**, BBC News Online, September 16, 1998)

There are 57 different artists featured in the book **Prison's Inside Art** (Aspect, 2000). A project by a photographer designed to display the "talent" of those jailed california inmates who find expression in creating works of art. A black and white photographic portrait of the inmate on one page juxtaposed with his art on the other. Underneath the portrait is a quote or two about the art taken from a brief conversation between the artist and author/photographer Curtis Knapp. Also included is information about their crimes and current sentences. There is only one piece of art in the entire book above the usual excuse artists use to explain what they are somehow compelled to do. Too many voices about troubled souls and minds and the need for greater expression. That the one separated voice also mimics. But easily surpasses. The artist is a murderous pedophile stuck on death row. And his art is beautifully rendered colored pencil portraits of two little children with impeccably detailed hair and highly expressive open mouths and intense lively eyes. The artwork seems to feed and fill a greater need than confused self-aggrandizement or self-pity. His audience is himself.

"I continue to draw, it has a calming effect in this negative prison environment and because I enjoy the creation of a particular subject on paper. There's a strong sense of accomplishment, especially when a portrait is completed. After more than 10,000 hours and 435 drawings, I intend to continue drawing as long as I remain alive."

Theodore Frank is not the only child molester or kidnapper or murderer included in the book. Most of the artists, however, are burglars and druggies. Frank had numerous convictions for child molestation before being sentenced to death row. His final conviction was for the murder of Amy Sue Seitz; a little toddler just two years old and weighing just 32 pounds. Frank scooped her off a front lawn and put her into his car. He raped her. I got told. Teach empathy. Punched Amy's small face so hard her tiny forming brain hemorrhaged. He fractured her skull before strangling her to death. He used a pair of vise grips to mutilate the child's completely nothing nipples. Four months after the murder of Amy Sue, and just before his arrest, Frank molested a nine-year-old girl but didn't murder her. He made her drink beer and tried to stuff panties into her throat. Like Seitz, but developing, he violently attacked her nipples.

Frank's artwork is not angry or sloppy. It is full of deep vibrant colors, rich dark red backgrounds and a surprising delicacy given to key attention areas. Such as the glistening gums above the crooked but cute teeth of a smiling brunette child. A rendering that does much to suggest the child's young age. Or the sleepy eyelids and sockets of a long blonde haired boy. Probably a boy. He handles the children's hair with special diligence. Errant strands that fall into the face or create a part are stroked and shadowed and full. The flesh tones and gentle features are delicate and precise. These children are created by someone who cared deeply about their reproduction. It is unclear if Frank copied the works from photographs, advertisements or used source material other than his own imagination.

He demanded more from his imagination before that. These specific, overworked, precious dreams of his come after the reality. You can see it there.

Sharing the pain: Celine's murder has seen her father, above with his wife, form a bond with John Dickinson, top

Grief forges the heartbreak club

Jasper Gerard and Maurice Chittenden

THEY are "pen pals" brought together by necessity to cope with the trauma of some of Europe's most brutal killings. Twenty relatives of victims murdered on foreign soil have formed a loose network to help each other deal with the aftermath and to keep up the pressure to catch those who have killed their loved ones.

The victims' self-help group is being partly co-ordinated by John Dickinson, the father of Caroline Dickinson, the Cornish schoolgirl murdered while on a school trip to France.

Caroline, 13, was found raped and suffocated in the youth hostel where she was staying with schoolfriends in Pleine Fougères, Brittany, four years ago.

Dickinson has returned to Brittany 17 times since to follow the police investigations, but says he still feels guilty that he is not doing enough to catch his daughter's killer.

In an interview in The Sunday Times today he says he can never relax until the killer is found.

As the pictures of another murdered girl, Sarah Payne, dominate the headlines, the parents of other victims still struggle to come to terms with their grief and, in many cases, the inability of the police to catch the killer.

Dickinson has turned for support to the relatives of several murder victims. They include Roger Parrish, whose daughter Joanna, 20, a Leeds University student, was raped and killed in Auxerre 10 years ago, and Bernard Figard, the French farmer whose daughter Celine, 19, was raped, murdered and her body dumped in Worcestershire after she hitched a lift to see a cousin working in the New Forest.

"It does not matter if you are French or English. If your loved one has been murdered, you feel the same whatever your nationality," said Dickinson.

He keeps a poem written by one of Celine's friends to describe her feelings in the aftermath of her disappearance on

ENGLAND
Worcester
Celine Figard found here
Caroline Dickinson found here
Pleine Fougères
FRANCE

the desk where his daughter once did her homework. It was translated and sent to him by Figard.

"Bernard is an extraordinary person. I persuaded him to come over to the village where Caroline was murdered with his wife," said Dickinson.

"This was a considerable sacrifice on his part because he is a busy farmer in the south of France. He also came over to England and we went together to the opening of the garden in memory of Celine. He insisted it should be dedicated not only to Celine but also to other victims of similar crimes.

"The poem he sent me about Celine also says everything I feel and it is one of the things I look at most.

"Not only does Bernard write to me, he even encourages neighbours to write. Only last week he sent a card to mark the fourth anniversary. It is the help of a small group of people like him that I am grateful for."

Last week's anniversary of Caroline's death was one of the saddest yet, compounded by a report, since denied, that the French police were to scale down their hunt for the killer.

"It is so mind-bogglingly diabolical that no matter how long you think about it, you just cannot understand how one human being can sink to such depths," said Dickinson. "The weight of the pain is as heavy today as it was four years ago."

He says he can see no future for himself until Caroline's killer is imprisoned. Once he was a keen tennis player, but he has not lifted a racket since the night she died.

"I feel a terrible fatigue," he said. "Sleep can be a problem. Although you might not believe me, I am rational enough to have considered that the man may never be found. But there is always the feeling that I could do better. I cannot relax until Caroline's murderer is in custody. Caroline cannot be forgotten."

A close bond has built up between him and Figard, 50. At his farm in Ferriers-les-Scey, southeast France, Figard said he continued to write to Dickinson although language was something of a barrier. He, in turn, is in touch with three other groups of relatives of murdered children in France.

"Parents of murdered children have to communicate. It is very important to talk after some time has elapsed about what has happened," he said.

"They are people who have gone through the same experience. They can replace psychologists when you feel the need to talk."

Another member of the unofficial self-help group is Eve Henderson, from Swanley, Kent, whose husband Roderick was kicked to death by a gang on skates in the Champs Elysées in Paris in 1997.

"We feel isolated in our circumstances in dealing with the French," she said. "It is not the same as a murder happening here. I felt terrible after my husband was killed and I could not get any action.

"I wrote a letter to Launceston police station in Cornwall because that was all I could remember about where Caroline lived. I asked the police to pass my message on. John immediately rang me.

"We are desperate to speak to someone who understands. A victim support scheme can help you with your grief but it cannot help you with the system you find yourself in.

"When you speak to each other you discover the same things have happened and you can help each other. You go through a thousand agonies."

Additional reporting: Sylvie Deroche

In limbo with the daughter he lost, News Review, page 5

Sunday Times 7/23/00

Daily Mail, Wednesday, October 20, 2004

Youth accused of killing Rosie May attacked me at a party, says girl

By **David Wilkes**

A GIRL'S tearful account of her ordeal at the hands of a teenager accused of murdering ten-year-old Rosie May Storrie at a Christmas party was heard by a jury yesterday.

The girl, then 12, said she was pinned face down on a bed with her hands tied behind her back, blindfolded and 'interrogated' by Paul Smith during an attack lasting ten minutes.

Smith, 18, is accused of the murder of talented ballet dancer Rosie May, who was found face down on a bed at the Christmas party two years later.

The prosecution says the apprentice electrician chased Rosie May and suffocated her after she teased him and grabbed his can of Guinness.

'Immature for his age'

The fingerprints of Smith and Rosie May were on a can of Guinness found in the bedroom where she was attacked, the court has heard.

The prosecution says that the previous attack on the other girl, who is now 14 and cannot be named for legal reasons, is highly relevant because it bears the hallmark of the alleged attack on Rosie May.

In both instances, Smith's parents were downstairs, Nottingham Crown Court has heard, but he was not inhibited by this and acted normally afterwards.

The 14-year-old was attacked at a party after going upstairs to watch television with Smith while adult guests mingled downstairs, say the prosecution.

Paul Smith: Denies killing

In videotaped police interviews conducted two and three days after the Rosie May incident, the girl said she was sitting on a bed when Smith grabbed her from behind by the shoulders and pinned her down.

She said: 'He held me down on the bed. I said, "What are you doing Paul? Just get off." He said, "Where's the money?" and I was saying, "Paul, don't."

'His hands were on my shoulders and he was stronger and bigger. My face was in the pillow and I couldn't see.

'He's really immature for his age. I thought he was playing cops and robbers or something. I think I told him my PIN number, but in a different order.

'I didn't know what was going on, but I didn't like it. I was scared.'

She added that Smith had tied her hands behind her back with a rope or dressing-gown cord after pushing her face down on the bed. After asking where the money was, Smith added: 'I know you have the money,' and began prodding her with an object made of silver metal, the court heard.

The girl said: 'It was like interrogation that they do on films. I think he was using some sort of bracket like you would have on a door, a right-angle shape. He was prodding me with it in the back, round the neck and on my sides. I wanted him to get off me and I did ask him.

'He blindfolded me. I don't know what with, but think he tied it at the back of my head. I just kept on saying, "Get off me."

'Then he just gave up. He got off me and I sat up. I managed to pull my hands apart and pulled the thing off my eyes. I left the room and went downstairs. I was shocked and scared and just wanted to go home.'

She left the party shortly after. The girl added: 'A couple of nights later, I told my mum and dad because I couldn't go to sleep.

'I wouldn't go near him (Paul Smith) after that. I tried to blank him out of my mind because it didn't seem relevant. Now I think, "Why didn't I shout louder?"'

No police action was taken over the incident involving the 14-year-old, because it was not reported at the time.

Rosie May was killed at a party held by Smith's uncle and his wife at their five-bedroom home in Normanton, Leicestershire, on December 28 last year.

Smith, of Sedgebrook, Lincolnshire, denies the murder and manslaughter of Rosie May.

The trial continues.

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Family search party finds body of ten-year-old Lauren

Murdered... the sweetest girl you could ever meet

By **Suzanne Finney**
and **Liz Hull**

A MURDER inquiry was under way last night after the body of a ten-year-old girl was found in woodland yards from her home.

Lauren Pilkington-Smith, described as the 'sweetest girl you could ever meet', vanished after playing football in the park with friends.

Anxious when she did not return home, her parents gathered 20 family and friends and went searching for her.

Her body was found a few hours later by her distraught grandfather, Barry Smith, in undergrowth near the Leeds-Liverpool canal in Leigh, Greater Manchester.

Last night, police were waiting for the results of a post mortem but said all the evidence suggested she had been murdered.

A woman has come forward to tell them she saw a man in a woolly hat acting suspiciously earlier that day.

Lauren's parents, Glen Smith, 37, and Alison Pilkington-Smith, 35, are 'shattered' by her death. In a statement they said: 'Lauren was a beautiful, lively little girl and the family is devastated by what has happened.

Lauren's body found in woods here
Canal
Her home

Lauren: She was last seen playing with friends in the park

'Our world has collapsed in the last 24 hours and we can't even begin to think what we will do without her. Everyone around here loves her.'

The couple, who have three other children, Rebecca, 15, Sam, four, and Ciara, two, described Lauren as a tomboy and said she loved playing football, golf and riding her bike.

She was last seen at around 7pm on Thursday in Firs Park, a quarter of a mile from her home. She had been playing with four friends of the same age but is understood to have left the park alone.

She failed to return to the family's terraced house as normal at 8pm and Mr Smith, who works at his father's angling shop, and Mrs Pilkington-Smith, a housewife, joined friends and relatives to search the area before alerting police at 10.15pm.

Officers joined the party, using torches, before Mr Smith, who lives next door to his granddaughter, found the body at 2.30am, 200 yards from her home.

Yesterday, the area was cordoned off while forensic scientists searched for clues. A police helicopter hovered above.

There are thought to have been no obvious injuries to Lauren's fully-clothed body.

Screens were erected at the end of the road around a car park used by fishermen on the banks of the canal. Police are interviewing the friends Lauren was playing with but say it is a difficult task as they are so traumatised.

Detective Superintendent Andy Tattersall, who is leading the murder hunt, said: 'Our investigation is at a very early stage and we don't yet know exactly how Lauren died. We are keen to speak to anyone who saw her earlier that evening.'

Brian Fawcett, Lauren's headmaster at Leigh Church of England Primary School, said: 'We are all absolutely devastated and distressed by the news. She was a most popular and widely successful girl in school, and we don't know how we will come to terms with the loss of one of our most enjoyable pupils.

'We are absolutely devastated at the loss of such a lovely, lively, successful girl, who had her whole life before her. This has saddened and distressed us all.' Mr Fawcett said he was breaking the news to her classmates during assembly.

Neighbours said Lauren was 'a lovely, dainty, chatty little girl' who looked young for her age.

One woman, who asked not to be named, said: 'She loved playing out and she knew when she had to be home. She knew not to talk to strangers.

'Lauren was a bright girl and I could not imagine her wandering off with anyone she didn't know. She was the sweetest girl you could ever meet.'

s.finney@dailymail.co.uk

PAGE 22 SUNDAY MIRROR, March 19, 2006

BRITS JAILED FOR INDIA SEX ABUSE

By RAMOLA TALWAR BADAM

TWO Britons were yesterday jailed for six years each for abusing young boys in India.

Duncan Grant, 61, and Allan Waters, 58, committed the sex acts at a shelter for street children which Grant had set up in Bombay.

The Indian judge who sentenced them said: "This judgement should deter paedophiles from thinking our children are easy prey."

Grant, a charity worker, founded Anchorage Shelters in 1995 to house 90 disadvantaged youngsters and Waters was a frequent visitor.

An investigation was launched by Bombay police after a complaint from a 15-year-old boy of repeated assaults by the men. They were both charged in 2001 with sexual abuse, and fled the country. Grant, from London, who also ran children's charities in Tanzania, was arrested two years ago in Dar es Salaam. He returned to Bombay on the advice of his lawyers.

Waters, an ex-officer at the Sea Cadet centre in Portsmouth, was arrested in New York in 2003. Christine Beddoe, of End Child Prostitution, Pornography and Trafficking, said: "This case shows the lengths British nationals will go to abuse children."

The Times 9/16/80

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WORLD IN BRIEF

Sex assault on girl, 10, 'a game'

Rome: Italians were outraged when the country's highest appeal court quashed the conviction of a paedophile because his sexual interference with a 10-year-old girl was "a game".

A court in Milan found the the 40-year-old man guilty and jailed him for two years. But the Court of Cassation upheld a later ruling that annulled his conviction and reduced the sentence to 22 months because the assault had taken place "without violence and without intimidation".

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES ◆ TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 2006

Army detective: Murder-rape came after whiskey, cards

BY RYAN LENZ

BAGHDAD, Iraq — American soldiers took turns raping a 14-year-old Iraqi girl, and one of them put a bullet through her head after killing her parents and 5-year-old sister, an Army investigator testified Monday.

The attack followed a session of whiskey drinking and card-playing during which five soldiers plotted the March 12 assault, criminal investigator Benjamin Bierce said.

He cited details from a sworn statement by Spc. James P. Barker in which the soldier told how he and his comrades practiced hitting golf balls before heading to the Iraqi teen's home 250 yards from their post at a traffic checkpoint.

After the slayings, the soldiers returned to their post, where Barker grilled chicken wings, Bierce testified.

The testimony came on the second day of a hearing to determine whether the soldiers should stand trial in the rape-slaying of Abeer Qassim al-Janabi and the killing of her father, Qassim Hamza, her mother, Fikhriya Taha, and her sister, Hadeel Qassim Hamza, in Mahmoudiya.

Personality disorder

The rape and killings are among the worst in a series of cases of alleged misconduct by U.S. service members that have tarnished the American military.

Barker is accused along with Sgt. Paul E. Cortez, Pfc. Jesse V. Spielman and Pfc. Bryan L. Howard of rape and murder. Another soldier, Sgt. Anthony W. Yribe, is accused of failing to report the attack but is not alleged to have been a direct participant.

Former Pfc. Steven D. Green was discharged from the Army for a "personality disorder" after the slayings and was arrested in North Carolina in June on rape and murder charges. He has pleaded not guilty.

In his June 30 statement, Barker described playing cards and drinking Iraqi whiskey mixed with an energy drink as the defendants plotted the attack.

AP

Son's killer gets 80 yrs.

'EVIL MAN' | 3 decades after strangling boy, man will never be free again

BY MICHAEL DRAKULICH AND KIM JANSSEN
Staff Reporters

Police search for 11-year-old Edwin Gulbransen (top) at the Tinley Creek Forest Preserve on June 16, 1980. | SUN-TIMES LIBRARY

For Bette Kociolek, justice was a long time coming.

But 30 years after a bungled police investigation and a barefaced lie allowed the man who sexually assaulted and murdered her 11-year-old son to walk free, it finally arrived Wednesday.

Ronald Rice, who prosecutors said ,had privately boasted for more than a decade that he got away with strangling Kociolek's Boy Scout son Edwin Gulbransen, came clean at the Markham courthouse, pleading guilty to murder.

Ronald Rice

The 80-year sentence Judge Douglas Simpson imposed means Rice, 56, will die behind bars. It gives Kociolek "some sense of redemption," she said Thursday.

She last saw her son alive on June 22, 1980, when he went to fetch some milk. When she left her Oak Forest home to look for him, his bike was lying on the side of the road, but he had vanished.

Rice — then a 26-year-old student — had lured Eddie into a red Camaro, molested him, strangled him and dumped his body in a forest preserve near 158th Street.

When the remains were found four days later, Rice made national news, turning himself in and claiming he'd panicked after accidentally hitting the boy with his car.

Remarkably, investigators bought the former Navy medical corpsman's story.

"Once he was in custody, there wasn't much of an investigation," Kociolek said. "They took him at his word. It was too cut and dry and went to trial very quickly."

Rice served just six months behind bars on minor charges, only to strike again in 1982, when he kidnapped and molested another 11-year-old boy at knifepoint and was sentenced to 60 years.

Kociolek said that's when she really started to ask questions. "I've never heard of a pedophile getting that severe of a sentence," she said. "[Police] went to talk to him, but he never changed his story."

While serving that sentence, prosecutors said, Rice confessed to two counselors and other Illinois Department of Corrections staff, apparently believing he could not be prosecuted. There were more than a half-dozen confessions over the last 10 years, Cook County officials said, but it wasn't until 2008 that Rice named Eddie as his victim, IDOC spokeswoman Sharyn Elman said. It was then that Cook County sheriff's police reopened the case.

Rice eventually told investigators he "put my hands around his neck and killed him," then "jumped up and down" on his chest to make sure he was dead, Sheriff Tom Dart said in 2008.

Rice went on to tell a social worker that he was sexually abused by a stranger as an 11-year-old, court records show. He claimed to have attempted suicide three times and said he'd been attracted to boys since he was 15.

Prosecutors originally sought the death penalty but agreed to a plea deal after consulting with Kociolek and her family, a Cook County state's attorney spokesman said.

Rice was due to be paroled in 2012 for his second attack.

"At least I feel that there has been some justice here," Kociolek said. "I'm relieved he won't get out at all. He's an evil, evil man, and I'm glad he won't get a chance to do this to anyone else."

Mike Drakulich is a SouthtownStar reporter.

Child murders shock Israelis

Citizens ask, What's our country coming to?

TEL AVIV [AP]—An Arab shepherd found the mutilated body of Danny Katz, 15, outside a remote cave this week, the ninth juvenile to be murdered or to disappear in Israel this year. His death has Israelis agonizing anew over what has become of the Jewish state.

Police will say little about Katz's killing and will not speculate about whether the nine juvenile cases might be connected. But police do say that Katz was tortured before he died, and one officer called it the most horrifying case he has encountered.

The killing has provoked an outpouring of rage and anguish in this nation and a debate in the Knesset, or parliament. It also has prompted new vigilance by parents.

CHILDREN IN THIS country, who have tended to independence and plenty of outdoor activity, suddenly are being ordered by parents to stay close to home. Kindergarten teachers are lecturing 5-year-olds on the hazards of talking to strangers.

Crime against children is relatively new in this nation of 4.2 million, founded in 1948. Not until 1980 was there a kidnaping for ransom. Though sociologists say violent crime is as inevitable as the six-lane highway, the killing of Danny Katz has shocked Israelis.

"We always said that here in Israel it was good, that here it was quiet, that here it's not America. But what is happening today is worse than America," said Ruth Shani, whose 14-tear-old nephew vanished last year.

There is a refusal here to believe that Jews can do such things to Jews, so suspicion falls on Arabs. The day after Danny Katz's body was found, and despite police denials, a mass-circulation newspaper headlined that police suspected that Katz was killed by Arabs to prove their worth as terrorists.

A SIMILAR THEORY was advanced last year by Lt. Gen. Raphael Eitan, the former chief of staff, about a girl who disappeared near Tel Aviv. Pieces of her body later washed ashore.

Eitan had "a theory that had no basis in reality or intelligence leads, and it's a pity it was brought up," said Cmdr. Yehezkel Karti, head of police investigations, in a television interview.

Katz lived in a well-to-do suburb of Haifa with no public transportation, and like many Israelis, he often hitchhiked.

A ban on hitchhiking for those under age 18 was among motions related to his murder that were debated Tuesday in the Knesset. Interior Minister Yosef Burg cautioned against hasty conclusions in the death, saying they could harm Jewish-Arab coexistence.

Burg said that every effort was being made to catch Katz's killer and that Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir was being kept informed on the investigation.

"IS THERE NO deterrent to crime in this country?" stormed Yehuda Perah of the ruling Likud bloc. "Do the criminals have nothing to fear? Why, they are walking among us as free men."

The daily Yedioth Ahronoth says there have been 200 unsolved murders and disappearances in recent years. Police say they are overburdened and short of funds, with many of their resources going to fight Arab terrorism. Police earn low salaries, meaning the best detectives often quit to work elsewhere.

In a country where many residents once left their doors unlocked, one of the fastest-growing companies in the last decade makes locks and steel doors. Zvi Caspi, a spokesman for Rav Bariach, says 5,000 steel doors were installed in homes this year, compared with 500 in 1978.

"It's a sign of the times," he said. "Five years ago there were 20,000 burglaries a year. This year there were 50,000."

"Something is wrong with society," said Ze'ev Nulman, a physics teacher whose 12-year-old son was kidnaped and murdered two years ago.

Nulman, who was Danny Katz's teacher, told a television interviewer:

"Something isn't working right. I don't say you can avoid these things and put a policeman at every door. But I remember the news I used to hear on the radio 20 years ago, and I know what I hear today. Today all I hear is murder, rape, a massacre here, somebody killed there."

Guilty of killing 5 boys

SALT LAKE CITY (AP)—Arthur Gary Bishop, a former bookkeeper, was found guilty last night of first-degree murder in the abductions and slayings of five boys ranging in age from 4 to 13.

A jury found Bishop, 32, guilty of five counts of first-degree murder, five counts of aggravated kidnapping and one count of sexual abuse of a minor. Bishop could receive the death penalty.

Judge Jay Banks scheduled the penalty phase of Bishop's trial for tomorrow morning.

Bishop had confessed to police that he killed the boys to keep them quiet about his sexual advances.

Bishop was arrested on July 24, 1983, and confessed to the abductions and slayings of the boys between 1979 and 1983.

Police said Bishop led them to a remote area south of Salt Lake City where they found the bodies of Alonzo Daniels, 4, Kim Petersen, 11, and Danny Davis, 4, in shallow graves.

Bishop also showed police a spot 65 miles from the other gravesites where authorities found the battered remains of Graeme Cunningham, 13, and Troy Ward, 6.

CHICAGO

Boy, 14, in sex assault charged as an adult

A 14-year-old boy accused of sexually assaulting a 3-year-old girl was charged Sunday as an adult, police said.

The boy is accused of assaulting his brother's girlfriend's daughter in a house in the 900 block of South Elizabeth Street, according to Lauri Sanders, a Chicago police spokeswoman. She did not know when the incident occurred.

The boy faces a charge of aggravated criminal sexual assault, a felony, Sanders said. She declined to release his name.

The girl was treated at Little Company of Mary Hospital and Health Care Centers in Evergreen Park and released, according to a nursing supervisor.

Tribune 6/14/99

Convicted child molester faces trial on predator law

By Stephanie Banchero
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

A Cook County judge found probable cause Thursday that convicted child molester Richard Bailey likely will molest again and ordered him to stand trial, making Bailey the first Cook County criminal to be held under the state's new sexual predator law.

The ruling by Chief Criminal Courts Judge Thomas Fitzgerald came during a probable cause hearing to determine if Bailey—a thrice convicted sexual offender who has confessed to abusing more than 400 victims—is a sexually violent person.

Bailey, who just finished serving seven years for abusing six boys, became the fourth person in the state ordered to stand trial under the Sexually Violent Persons Commitment Act. Under the law, which went into effect Jan. 1, the state must show the offenders are likely to rape, molest or assault again.

The Supreme Court has ruled such laws are constitutional only if convicts are detained for treatment rather than for extended punishment. Illinois state officials are rushing to put together their treatment program now.

Bailey, a slender man with graying hair, must now undergo a state-ordered psychiatric evaluation. If medical experts determine he is likely be a repeat offender, the state will go to court to have him committed.

Prosecutors Thursday rested their case, in part, on Bailey's history: he just finished his third prison term for abusing children, most recently on a 1989 conviction for raping three youths and videotaping the assaults.

Also central to the state's case was the testimony of Dr. Gerald Burgener, a prison psychologist who diagnosed Bailey as a pedophile who suffers from anti-social personality disorder.

Burgener testified Thursday that he believes Bailey will abuse again, due to his "repeated sexual actions with children and his continued urges about having sex with children."

Burgener said that Bailey, while imprisoned, kept pictures in his locker of two children that he "frequently used for deviant fantasies." He said Bailey also wrote a novel about a child being abducted and penned articles for Highlights, a children's magazine.

"He did not have any empathy or remorse for his criminal behavior," Burgener testified.

Abandoned by his mother as a young child, Bailey began molesting when he was 16 years old, according to the psychologist. He said Bailey has never had a long-term relationship with an adult and did not have a healthy connection to his mother.

Burgener also testified that Bailey did not perform well in other prison treatment programs: he was kicked out of a program at the Big Muddy River Correctional Center in 1996 for writing letters to children.

"I think it is highly likely that he will participate in sex offending behavior again," Burgener said.

But on cross-examination by defense attorney David Thomas, Burgener softened his portrayal of Bailey. He agreed that Bailey told him during the evaluation that he wanted to reform himself.

"When you asked him if he felt bad, he said 'yes' because the victims will never recover. He said they are insecure and that they had bad dreams and don't trust adults," Thomas said.

Burgener agreed.

"He told you he would never molest again for any price; that he wouldn't break any kind of state law again," Thomas said.

Burgener consented.

Thomas, with agreement from Burgener, said Bailey was a Jehovah's Witness who was waiting to be reinstated as a minister and who wanted to teach the Bible.

Bailey did not take the stand during the hearing.

Thursday's probable cause hearing—which had been postponed twice for legal and logistical reasons—was a lesson in the problems of implementing a new law.

Defense attorney Thomas repeatedly assailed the act, questioning its constitutionality and attacking its wording. Even Judge Fitzgerald, who proceeded deliberately with every ruling, called the statute "quite confusing" and said he "found very little plain language" in it.

Thomas argued that his client should have been allowed to refuse to answer questions during Burgener's evaluation, or that he should have been allowed to have an attorney present. At Thomas' behest, Fitzgerald agreed to let Bailey's own handpicked psychiatrist observe his next state-ordered psychiatric evaluation.

Attorneys for the state plan to review 1,000 sex offenders this year, with predictions to seek court orders for about 100 of those individuals.

Predator teachers turning up at new schools, educators find

By Diana Jean Schemo
New York Times News Service

LAS VEGAS—Duane C. Johnson turned up in southern Nevada nine years ago, a school recruiter's lucky break. He was a former high school football coach from Utah, game to work with the most troubled students in Nevada. When a job opened at Child Haven, a shelter for neglected children, school administrators did not hesitate to send him over.

Within a year, however, a 13-year-old girl at Child Haven accused Johnson of repeatedly exposing himself and groping her.

Only then, local school administrators said, did they learn what really propelled Johnson from his last job in Utah: School officials there had accused him of impregnating a high school student in her senior year. Although Johnson contended the relationship began three weeks after she graduated in late June, she gave birth to an 8-pound baby in February. An inquiry resulted in the loss of Johnson's Utah teaching license.

"Had I known that, I would never have moved him to Child Haven," said Matthew Lusk, principal of schools for Clark County's juvenile courts. "They're the most vulnerable kids there."

Clark County's experience is hardly unusual. When teachers are accused of sexual abuse, according to educators and law-enforcement authorities, school districts often rid themselves of the problem by agreeing to keep quiet if the teacher moves on, sometimes even offering them a financial settlement. The practice, called "passing the trash," avoids the difficulties of criminal prosecution or protracted disciplinary proceedings.

But districts on the receiving end of such transactions have begun suing the originating districts for civil damages when the teacher abuses again. So have the victims. State legislatures also are starting to crack down, mandating fingerprint and criminal record checks of teachers and offering protection from lawsuits to employers who give unfavorable references.

225 complaints in 4 years

While no central authority tracks the number of teachers accused of molesting in one jurisdiction who then pick up teaching in another, Charol Shakeshaft, a professor of education administration at Hofstra University, studied 225 sexual abuse complaints against teachers made to federal authorities from 1990 to 1994 and found that in only 1 percent of the cases did superintendents follow up to ensure that molesting teachers did not continue teaching elsewhere. In 54 percent of the cases, superintendents accepted the teachers' resignations or retirements.

Of the 121 teachers removed this way, administrators knew for certain that 16 percent resumed teaching in other districts, she found.

Julie Underwood, general counsel for the National School Boards Association, acknowledged that allowing those accused of molestation to leave districts without a mark on their record is morally questionable. But she said school principals often don't have the time required to pursue disciplinary actions.

"It may take an entire week of time at hearings to dismiss a teacher," Underwood said.

The receiving states also shoulder some of the responsibility, educators say. With nationwide teacher shortages, states face pressure to provide credentials to teachers swiftly and may overlook warning signals on employment records.

That explained, in part, how Johnson ended up teaching in Nevada, where he is awaiting trial on charges of felony lewdness with a minor. He has denied wrongdoing. The school superintendent in Provo County, Utah, where Johnson was previously disciplined, did not respond to a request for comment.

Some states taking action

No federal laws bar schools from permitting teachers accused of sexual misconduct in one jurisdiction from resuming teaching in another jurisdiction, but in recent years, state legislatures have moved to address the problem. At least two, Michigan and California, bar school districts from settling charges against teachers by promising to keep accusations of abuse secret.

Largely in response to the abuse problem, 36 states now require teachers to be fingerprinted, though only half of those demand both state and national criminal record checks to license or hire teachers. Twenty-three states revoke a teacher's license automatically for felony convictions involving sex with children.

As of 1998, at least 26 states had passed laws explicitly protecting employers who give unfavorable references from defamation lawsuits. In addition, a national bulletin board, run by the National Association of State Directors of Teacher Education and Certification, lists teachers whose licenses have been revoked or suspended, but reporting is spotty, said Roy Einreinhofer, the association's executive director.

Basing her figures on an analysis of nine independent studies, Shakeshaft estimates that 15 percent of the country's 50 million schoolchildren will be sexually abused by a teacher or other school employee.

Employers refrain from giving negative references, fearing that teachers will sue for defamation. They contend that unless the charges are proven, it is unfair to deprive a teacher of future employment. Though generally unsuccessful, defamation suits are regularly "used as a threat" by teachers accused of abuse, Underwood said.

6/18/2 Tribune

4 girls charged with selling friend

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., (UPI) — Four teenage girls faced charges Thursday that they allegedly sold a 14-year-old acquaintance for $80 to four men for forced sex.

The four girls range in age from 15 to 17 and three of them attended school with the victim. They are facing adult charges of being accomplices to rape, extortion, pandering and conspiracy, and face possible life in prison if convicted.

The four men involved were charged with criminal sexual conduct.

"You just don't hear about charges like this. People are going to be shocked. I was," Detective Karl Holzhueter told the Grand Rapids Press.

"You look at these girls, the suspects, and they are all so young looking. It just doesn't seem possible that they could have done this."

The suspects allegedly picked up the victim at her home on Sept. 29, telling her they'd received letters from a friend in jail who claimed the girl owed a drug debt. They threatened to beat her unless she sold her body to work off the debt.

CHICAGO Free Press

Vol. 7, No. 2 A COMMON VOICE FOR A DIVERSE COMMUNITY AUGUST 31, 2005

Police probe slaying of gay youth

Body found at Diversey Harbor; no suspects

BY GARY BARLOW
Staff writer

Chicago police detectives have "a few leads" but no suspects in the slaying of a 14-year-old gay youth whose body was found Aug. 18 in Lincoln Park near the Diversey Harbor lagoon.

The Cook County Medical Examiner's office said Michael Williams, an African American youth from Englewood, died as a result of being suffocated. Police have classified his death as a homicide.

About 8 a.m. Aug. 18 a passerby found Williams' body, unclothed except for one shoe, lying in an area of the park south of Diversey and just east of Cannon Drive, near the harbor.

Police initially thought Williams was older, about 20-25, and canvassed North Halsted Street with a picture of him to try to find someone who recognized him. Detectives identified him as Williams after they matched him with a missing persons report filed by his parents Aug. 22. Williams' parents reportedly told police they knew their son was gay.

A police spokeswoman said detectives have a few leads but no suspects or motives in Williams' slaying. Police recovered evidence that indicated someone, possibly the killer, had sex with Williams near the time of his death.

Funeral services for Williams, scheduled for Sept. 3 at Faith Tabernacle Baptist Church on South Cornell Avenue, are being handled by A.R. Leak and Sons.

MURDER TRIAL NEARS END
GO TO PAGE 8

5/29/97

Razor blade embedded in slide hurts three kids

By Phillip J. O'Connor
Crime Reporter

Arlington Heights police and park employees Wednesday checked all 39 playgrounds in the suburb a day after three preschoolers suffered minor injuries when they were cut by a razor blade imbedded in a plastic slide.

Arlington Heights
Chicago

Police Sgt. William Martin said no more razor blades were found in Wednesday's search.

The blade was jammed between joints on a circular slide Tuesday at Recreation Park, 500 E. Miner.

Two boys and a girl, all age 5, were cut on the right hand. The girl received four stitches at Alexian Brothers Medical Center in Elk Grove Village, where one boy also was treated. The second boy was treated by his mother.

"If it was a prank, it was a cruel prank," Martin said. "It's hard to speculate who might have done it."

The children attend Village Preschool, 308 N. Evergreen, Arlington Heights, and had walked to the park with teachers and classmates for an end-of-the-school-year outing, Martin said.

Police and park employees searched the park and found two more razor blades lying on climbing equipment.

Martin and Nancy Chamberlain, park district communications supervisor, said there had been no problems with nearby residents and no similar incidents.

"Graffiti has been our most serious problem," Chamberlain said.

Courtney Hay, who lives across the street from the park, said, "It's very disturbing. It's very unusual to have something like that happening in this neighborhood."

Another nearby resident, William Marquette, said, "It's the first time anything like that has happened in the park. It's a pretty peaceful area."

Richard A. Chapman Sun-Times

Four-year-old Quinn Murray (top), his brother Matthew, 10, and sister Allie, 8, play on a slide at an Arlington Heights park, where three children were injured last week by a razor blade embedded in the joints of the slide. The Murrays were not injured.

11/21/96 Sun Times

Probation in porn case

A Gurnee man charged with distributing child pornography over the Internet agreed Wednesday to two years of probation in exchange for suspension of his prosecution. The man, Craig Zucker, must undergo two years of counseling and treatment and have no extended contact with minors aside from family members. Zucker, who with his wife operated a day-care program out of their home, was charged with transmitting about 100 pornographic images over America Online between April and July, 1994.

SOUTH SIDE

9/3/99
Tribune

Police seek identity of man reported seen near school

Calumet Area detectives on Thursday were searching for a man who allegedly has been trying to lure young schoolchildren into his vehicle by flashing them money and winking at them.

The incidents have been occurring every day since Aug. 24 about 8:30 a.m. approximately a block away from Bouchet Elementary School, 7355 S. Jeffery Blvd., police said.

Sgt. Bill Owens said several children between the ages of 6 and 12 have reported incidents to the school's principal.

Owens said the man is believed to be white, about 5-foot-9 and 170 pounds. He reportedly drives a 1998 red Ford pickup.

"But we have to make sure that this is really happening," Owens said. "We have to make sure that it is a real incident. So right now we're just trying to find him to ask him some questions."

Owens said similar cases are reported around elementary and high schools, especially at the beginning of the school year.

"Next time they see him, they should either walk away from him or scream or holler to get him to leave," Owens said. "But never walk toward him."

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16 NEWS OF THE WORLD, October 12, 2003

LIE TESTS FOR PAEDOPHILES

WALLIS: Protection

BY **IAN KIRBY**

PAEDOPHILES are to be given lie detector tests to make sure they don't continue to pose a risk.

Released sex offenders who who are being monitored by probation officers will get regular tests to check they are keeping to their treatment programmes.

The controversial plans will be unveiled by the Home Office next week. Lie detector, or polygraph, tests are not admissable as evidence in court but officials say they are keen to use "every tool in the armoury" to reduce the risk of sex offenders.

One explained: "Paedophiles can be accomplished liars and deceivers who conceal their true desires beneath a veneer of normality.

"The polygraph tests will be a sophisticated way of ensuring these offenders aren't trying to hide their true feelings."

If the lie tests prove the paedophile is still a danger, the results could prompt further investigation to gather admissable evidence that would send them back to prison.

Last night Eithne Wallis, director general of the Probation Service told the News of the World: "Protecting the public is my highest priority.

"If polygraph testing proves to be a successful additional tool, it will allow us to target resources better and, therefore, manage offenders more safely."

Sex offender accused of molesting homeless boy

BY STEFANO ESPOSITO AND FRANK MAIN
Staff Reporters

Six years after a minister lured a teen to his Chicago home, asked him to take a sex survey and molested him, the man is now accused of preying on a homeless boy.

Michael M. Taylor, still claiming to be spiritual leader in the New Covenant Missionary Baptist Church on the South Side, was counseling a 13-year-old he met at a West Side shelter this year, authorities said.

The boy's mother let him stay at Taylor's home, where he was allegedly sexually abused and shown pornographic movies.

On Wednesday, Taylor, a 48-year-old registered sex offender, was ordered held without bail.

"The Chicago Police Department tries hard to . . . keep track of people, and yet you still have guys like this offending even while they are still registered," said Chicago Police Lt. Robert Hargesheimer of the Special Investigations Unit.

Taylor is part of New Covenant's "deacon program," Hargesheimer said.

Michael M. Taylor
Ties to church

The Rev. Stephen J. Thurston, the church pastor and the newly elected president of the 3.5 million-member National Baptist Convention in America, couldn't be reached for comment. A church receptionist said Taylor is a minister, but not at the church.

"He's an average member who comes to church and goes home," the woman said.

But prosecutors said Taylor was a minister at New Covenant when he befriended the 13-year-old boy at the shelter.

The shelter's director, who did not want her name used, said Taylor worked there as a "case manager." She said she fired him, but wouldn't say why.

Prosecutors said the boy went to live with Taylor at his home in the 1000 block of West 77th. Between Oct. 5 and Nov. 15, Taylor molested and sexually assaulted the teen, who reported the abuse to his brother when he returned home from college on Thanksgiving, authorities said.

In 2000, Taylor admitted to sexually assaulting a 17-year-old boy as a volunteer minister at New Covenant. He was given probation.

Last year, Terrance Wallace, 26, accused Taylor of molesting him as a teen in 1993, when Taylor was associate pastor at Mt. Ridge Missionary Baptist Church on the West Side.

Sun-Times 12/9/4

Ex-Big Brother guilty of sex assaults on 3 boys

By Amanda Vogt 6/18/99
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

A 60-year-old veteran volunteer of the mentoring group Big Brothers/Big Sisters of Lake County was convicted Thursday of sexually assaulting three young boys entrusted to his care.

Donald C. Moore, of the 200 block of East Scranton Avenue, Lake Bluff, pleaded guilty to four counts of aggravated criminal sexual assault, one count of criminal sexual assault, five counts of child pornography and 10 counts of aggravated criminal sexual abuse.

On a sexual abuse charge with regard to one victim, Moore entered a stipulated plea, denying guilt but admitting that the state had sufficient evidence of his culpability.

Moore was originally charged in February with 25 counts of sexual misconduct. The other five counts were dismissed Thursday.

Under his plea agreement with the state, Moore will be eligible for a prison sentence of no less than 15 years and no more than 40 years when sentenced Aug. 23 by Lake County Judge Barbara Gilleran Johnson, according to First Assistant State's Atty. George Strickland and Assistant State's Atty. Suzanne Fitzgerald.

The state also stipulated that Moore receive sex offender counseling in prison.

From 1989 until his arrest in February, Moore molested three boys under the age of 13 while acting as their mentor through the Lake County branch of Big Brothers/Big Sisters.

Strickland told the court Thursday that Moore's criminal activities came to light last October when a garbage collector noticed what looked like a shredded pornographic photograph of a young boy in a recycling bin at Moore's home. The worker notified Lake Bluff police, who reassembled the picture from 140 tattered and torn paper pieces, said Strickland. The photo, he said, revealed Moore with one of his young victims.

A subsequent search of Moore's home turned up child pornography and sexually explicit videos of Moore and his victims, said Strickland.

Transgender youth often driven into sex trade

BY GARY BARLOW
STAFF WRITER

A lack of job opportunities and services for transgender youths in Chicago drive many of them to the street, where they're forced to trade sex for money, food and places to sleep, according to a new study released last week.

The study, by researchers at Howard Brown Health Center, Children's Memorial Hospital and DePaul University, found that more than half of the 16-to-25-year-old male-to-female transgender youths surveyed have sold sex and been forced to have sex. Many lack access to healthcare, have been jailed and homeless and are already HIV-positive.

"Young people, whether they're transgendered or not, are susceptible to pressures," said HBHC's Dr. Rob Garofalo. "For these kids, take all the influences and pressures that apply to normal teenagers and multiply them by 100."

Garofalo was lead author of the paper describing the study published last week in the Journal of Adolescent Health. Working at HBHC's Broadway Youth Center, Garofalo regularly sees transgender youths.

"They're among the most remarkable people I've seen," he said. "They're remarkable in their resiliency. ...People just don't understand what their day-to-day lives are like."

Garofalo said transgender youths are often rejected by their families.

"Most of them find more support from their friends than from their families, and that's sad," he said. "There's a big difference between being gay and being transgendered. When I was a teenager and gay, I didn't have to be out. These transgender kids can't hide behind that veil—24/7 they look to the outside world like transgender youths. They're really out there."

Garofalo said most employers, even in gay-friendly Lakeview, shun the youths, leaving sex work as their only viable means of survival.

"They can't get people to employ them, so it's a really easy way to be more stable economically," Garofalo said. "They need opportunities. If we're not going to put ourselves out there for them, who is?"

A desire to be treated in a gender-appropriate way adds to the lure of sex work—"It validates them in that way," Garofalo said—and also leads many to inject silicone and black-market substitutes in unsafe ways.

"Half of it probably isn't even silicone," Garofalo said. "They want to be able to be seen and treated in the gender they know themselves to be, and that creates this intense desire to be feminine."

Garofalo said BYC has started an adult mentoring program to give the youths opportunities to interact with adults in healthy ways. He also said the study has sparked a new multi-site follow-up study funded by the National Institutes of Health.

"We're one of the sites," Garofalo said.

Chinese teacher is suspected in months of schoolgirl rapes

By Jim Yardley
New York Times News Service

New York Times photo by Du Bin

Zhang Shengxia, 10 (center), said the teacher sent her out for cigarettes once, but she ran home instead. She was never raped.

XINJI, China — The teacher always sent a girl to buy his cigarettes. He left the class unsupervised and waited in his office. When the girl returned to class with flushed cheeks and tousled hair, the other students said nothing.

For nearly three months the teacher, Li Guang, raped 26 4th- and 5th-grade girls in this rural village, parents and court officials say. Some girls were raped more than once; Li attacked them in a daily rotation. He was found out when a 14-year-old refused to go to school for fear the next morning would be her "turn." She did not want to be raped a third time.

Li

"School is where our children learn," said Cheng Junyin, the mother of the 14-year-old. "We thought it was the safest place for them."

It is the sort of horrific case that in many countries would be a national scandal but in China has disappeared into the muffled silence of state censorship. That silence matches the silence at the heart of the case: the fact that students considered a teacher so powerful they did not dare speak out.

Indeed, even as the conventions of Chinese society are being shaken by the tumult of modernization, the Confucian reverence of teachers remains strong, particularly in isolated areas like this farming village in Gansu province in western China. Parents grant teachers carte blanche, some even condoning beatings, while students are trained to honor and obey teachers.

"The absolute authority of teachers in schools is one of the cultural reasons that teachers are so fearless in doing what they want," said Yang Dongping, a leading expert on China's education system.

Yet modernization has helped drive many teachers away from the poorest areas like Gansu. Low pay in rural areas and better opportunities in cities have caused teacher shortages in many poor areas. One study found that 35 percent of village teachers leave within three years.

Poorer schools are left to hire cheaper teachers, many of them only marginally qualified, a trend that has coincided with a disturbing string of sexual abuse cases. Yang said beatings were far more common than rape, but he noted that in 2003 the Education Ministry published a list of 10 cases in which teachers had raped students.

In December 2003 a teacher in rural Shaanxi province was executed for raping 58 girls in 15 years. In October a teenage girl in rural central China tried to commit suicide after a teacher forced her to watch him rape her cousin.

Li, 28, may go on trial by the end of June, according to a court official in Dingxi, the city where the case will be heard. If he is convicted he will face a prison term of at least 10 years, or possibly the death penalty.

Local education officials as well as prosecutors refused to be interviewed about the case, other than to confirm that the trial would be forthcoming. China's state-controlled news media have remained silent, except for a short initial newspaper article that reported Li's arrest.

But a visit to this village found families who vented their anger at such a violation of trust. The village is nearly six hours from the provincial capital, Lanzhou, the last three hours on a dirt road through the mountains.

Farming is the primary livelihood, and families often delay sending a child to school to avoid the fees. Girls are usually the first to be kept home, and some do not start school until age 9 or 10. Li's 4th-grade class had about 50 students, of whom about 26 were girls, with ages ranging from 10 to 14.

The rapes lasted until the morning Cheng Junyin's 14-year-old daughter refused to go to school. Word began to spread through the village. Jiao Zhencai, 35, said her 12-year-old had been raped twice. Yet she said the girls had been too frightened to confront the teacher. .

In the conservative culture of rural China, the shame of rape has been devastating for many families. Some have refused to talk to prosecutors or get involved in the case. Others fear that their daughters will be forever damaged, including when they reach marrying age and may be stigmatized.

Jiao may have the most difficult time forgetting what has happened. Her neighbors are Li's parents. She said they came to her home after their son was arrested and warned her not to talk about the case.

She said she told them: "Everybody has children. What if this had happened to you?"

9-year kidnapping mystifies Japan

BY JOSEPH COLEMAN
ASSOCIATED PRESS

■ *An abductor kept young Fusako Sano in a bedroom from November 1990 until last week.*

TOKYO—A small-town girl's kidnapping and her nine years in captivity are raising questions about police incompetence, the breakdown of communities and the complex relationship between captor and captive.

The story emerged last week, when the victim was discovered after her abductor took her out of the house for the first time.

Details of Fusako Sano's ordeal still were hazy this week, and police refused to say whether there is evidence that she was physically or sexually abused by the man who kidnapped her.

But the little information available has fascinated—and horrified—Japan.

On Nov. 13, 1990, Sano—then 9 years old—was grabbed off the street in Sanjo, about 160 miles northwest of Tokyo, and shut up in a second-floor bedroom in a small town 35 miles away, Sanjo police official Bunyu Oshima said.

Her unemployed captor—who has not been identified—fed her, dressed her in men's clothing and cut her hair short, police say.

It's still not clear what her life was like in captivity. The man's mother lived on the first floor and has denied knowing about Sano, police said, though newspapers reported that investigators doubt that.

Police were called last week about a man making a disturbance at a hospital. When they got there, a woman with him stepped up and identified herself as Sano. Later, she was reunited with her family, who said they never lost hope that she would be found.

The kidnapping is the longest of its kind in Japan. A man who had been missing for 23 years was discovered in 1970, but he had been raised by his abductor as a son—not confined to a room.

Sano's kidnapper was hospitalized, apparently for emotional problems, and police say they have not questioned him. Sano also was hospitalized, and police say she is recovering.

The questions have mounted.

How, for example, could the man have eluded police detection for nine years? He was arrested in 1989 for trying to kidnap another girl and was on probation at the time of Sano's disappearance, but police apparently never investigated him.

Japanese also are asking how the neighbors could have failed to get an inkling something was wrong, especially in a small town. For some, the crime showed how community ties have broken down in Japan.

Sanjo police, who are heading the investigation, have refused to discuss how Sano's abductor kept her hidden for so long.

Sano's behavior also is under scrutiny. She told police she was not allowed out of the house for nine years, Oshima said, but reports say she apparently had opportunities to escape. For example, the man sometimes left the house without locking the doors.

Much of the attention has fixed on the suffering of a young girl robbed of a crucial period of growth in her life. While her friends were at school, playing sports and turning into adults, her world was limited to a small room.

"If you are confined during that time, you can't learn how to interact with others or live in the world," said Akira Yoda, a developmental psychology professor at Tokyo's Showa Women's University. "It's going to take a long time for her to return to society."

Su-Times 2/4/00

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peter.hitchens@mailonsunday.co.uk

Daily Mail 4/2/6

AP

FREE TO OFFEND: Sex killer Viktors Dembovskis

Britain's an open door to brutes like the Latvian rapist

THAT'S enough silly twittering about Latvian rapist and murderer Viktors Dembovskis, along the lines of 'How was this brute allowed into this country when he had a long line of convictions?'

Fools. He and the rest of the Latvian underclass were already in this country – that is to say in the EU, in which we have been incorporated against our will since the days of Ted Heath, and which Latvia joined in 2004. That passport you have is not a British passport but an EU passport. It gives you no more right to enter Britain than the disgusting Dembovskis had.

Every time the EU expands, we will enable another few thousand convicted criminals from dubious and shady nations to travel here freely, without even having to bother to pretend to be seeking asylum.

Meanwhile, formerly free British subjects are to be required to be registered on a database as if we were sex offenders or cattle. Until last week there was some hope that the House of Lords would continue to oppose this. Dave Cameron had even claimed that he was deeply against the idea.

But his Tories – who were always a bit mumbly about whether they would get rid of identity cards if they ever got back into power – suddenly called off the fight.

What are these people *for*? I am grateful to the growing number of readers who damned me for calling the Tories 'useless' last May and who are now writing to say that they see what I was driving at.

Sex ordeal of teenager as she lay in casualty

By **David Williams** and **Olinka Koster**

A FRIGHTENED teenage girl was sexually abused by another patient as she lay on a hospital casualty bed unable to reach the alarm button.

Her attacker sat on the bed taunting and fondling the 17-year-old – and when she begged to be left alone he told her he was going to have sex with her.

She was saved only when a doctor arrived at the cubicle.

Details of her horrific ordeal were described in court yesterday as sex offender Damien Madden, 28, was jailed for 20 months.

He had changed his plea at the last minute to admit sexual assault and causing the victim to engage in sexual activity without consent.

Disturbingly, the court heard that a hospital nurse had failed to recognise the potential danger after Madden had earlier been found in the cubicle naked apart from a hospital gown.

'She began to feel scared'

The case will raise renewed questions about security on hospital wards where men and women are being treated at the same time.

Madden and his victim, who cannot be identified, were being treated in opposite cubicles in the accident and emergency department of East Surrey Hospital in Redhill, Surrey when the attack took place in August 2004.

The girl had complained of feeling 'fuzzy' and medical staff had fixed a drip to her arm as she lay in bed.

She was alone when Madden came into her cubicle asking her to tie up his gown.

A nurse interrupted and ordered him to leave but did not raise the alarm. Minutes later Madden returned and began to pressure the teenager for her telephone number. She asked to be left alone and eventually wrote a false number on the back of his hand.

Judge John Bull at Guildford Crown Court described what then took place as, scared and alone, the girl believed Madden would rape her.

Passing sentence yesterday, he told Madden: 'She says she began to feel scared, especially when you closed the door to her room.

'You then sat at the end of her bed on a chair, you told her you really liked her and you got up and sat on her bed facing her and staring at her.

'You tried to kiss her, saying, "I want to have sex with you".'

The court heard Madden began to grope the girl and told her that he had not had sex for two years.

Judge Bull said: 'She said "I'm not going to have sex with you" and you said "stop spoiling it".

'At this point the girl was scared you might proceed to rape her. You continued to control her hand, holding it to grab her breasts.'

The court heard how the teenager was groped again before a doctor entered the room. Madden was immediately arrested.

Judge Bull said he took into account Madden's admission of guilt which meant the girl did not have to give evidence – though she attended court.

He sentenced Madden to 20 months on both charges to run concurrently.

Madden, from Whyteleafe, Croydon, South London, will be on the sex offenders' register for ten years and will be under supervision for the protection of the public for three years following his release.

Last night, the Surrey and Sussex Healthcare NHS Trust, which runs the East Surrey Hospital, insisted it had a zero tolerance approach to aggression and violence.

d.williams@dailymail.co.uk

Daily Mail 1/10/6

Sex offenders may be facing state hospital

By Courtney Challos and Rick Pearson
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITERS

SPRINGFIELD—Legislation designed to put some sexually violent criminals in mental hospitals after they complete their prison terms was sent to Gov. Jim Edgar on Wednesday by the Senate.

The measure would let the Illinois Department of Corrections provide Atty. Gen. Jim Ryan and local state's attorneys with evaluations stating whether the agency believes inmates about to be released remain dangerous.

Ryan or a local prosecutor could then petition a circuit court to seek civil commitment of the sex offender in a state mental hospital.

The offender would undergo six months of mandatory treatment in the mental hospital. He or she then could petition the court for release. The state would have to prove that the offender was still sexually violent.

"Sexual assaults in this country are epidemic," Ryan said.

If Edgar signs the bill, he said, it will prevent more Illinoisans from becoming victims of sex crimes.

Edgar aides said the governor supports the goals of the measure but wants to review details of the legislation.

In other legislative action Wednesday, the Senate sent the governor a measure imposing new rules on parents who owe child support.

Under the bill, parents who owe support must notify the other parent and the circuit court clerk whenever they change or lose their jobs. Failing to do so, coupled with a failure to pay support within 60 days, could result in prosecution for contempt of court.

Another Senate-passed bill sent to Edgar would prevent the Department of Children and Family Services from denying or delaying the placement of a foster child based on race or ethnic heritage of the child or the prospective foster parents.

OHIO

Tribune 9/19/98

Children arrested in rape of 6-year-old

AKRON—A 6-year-old girl was repeatedly raped by five other youngsters, ages 8 to 14, police said.

Four boys — ages 8, 11, 13, and 14 — and a 12-year-old girl were arrested Wednesday. They pleaded innocent in Juvenile Court and were released to the custody of their parents under home arrest.

The children raped the girl numerous times at different locations over the summer, said Sgt. Dave Van Pelt, adding that they "did know the gravity of the situation. They knew what they were doing. . . . We are treating this as a sexual assault."

Man facing charges in sexual assault of 8-year-old girl

Tribune 11/10/98

A South Side man was charged Monday with the sexual assault of an 8-year-old girl who allegedly was lured into a basement as she was walking to Arthur Ashe Elementary School with a friend Monday morning.

Isaiah Robinson, 39, of the 1100 block of East 82nd Street was charged with aggravated criminal sexual assault and aggravated predatory criminal sexual assault, according to Calumet Area Sgt. Tony Brown.

Robinson allegedly offered the two girls money to help him look for money he had lost in the alley, police said. One girl went with the man, and the other ran to school and alerted the principal, police said.

The principal went to the alley to look for the girl. In the alley, a man who lives nearby said he saw a basement door close a few minutes earlier. The man and a janitor allegedly discovered Robinson with the girl in the basement.

Eight years on, Caroline killer faces court at last

Montes: Confessed to killing

By **Gordon Rayner**

THE man accused of murdering schoolgirl Caroline Dickinson in a French youth hostel eight years ago will finally go on trial today.

Francisco Arce Montes, 53, is in the dock after a saga of astonishing blunders followed by a fluke breakthrough.

He is alleged to have raped and suffocated 13-year-old Caroline after creeping into the dormitory where she and four classmates were sleeping while on a school trip to Pleine-Fougeres, near St Malo, in Brittany. Her body was found by two schoolfriends in the party from Launceston College, in Cornwall, on the morning of July 18, 1996.

Montes, a waiter from Gijon, northern Spain, has confessed to killing Caroline in a closed hearing before a judge in France.

However, defence lawyers will argue that her death was an 'accident'. Caroline's divorced parents, John and Susan, will come face to face with Montes

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3 boys are accused of sexual assault

Three Chicago boys face juvenile charges in connection with the alleged sexual assault of a 6-year-old boy at a South Side playground Friday night, police said.

The three, ages 14, 12 and 10, are accused of luring the 6-year-old to a playground behind the Beasley Academic Center Magnet School in the 5200 block of South State Street. They allegedly made him smoke a marijuana cigarette and forced him to perform oral sex, police said.

Tribune 9/6/98

for the first time at the hearing in Rennes.

The trial is scheduled for five days, and witnesses are expected to include Mr Dickinson, an environmental health officer, and one of the girls who was in the dormitory when Caroline was attacked.

It was largely because of Mr Dickinson's pursuit of justice that Caroline's alleged killer was tracked down.

The first investigating magistrate, Gerard Zaug, charged a local tramp with the murder and said the case was closed. But DNA tests showed the drifter was innocent.

The magistrate also failed to circulate a photofit of the 'caveman-like' suspect – now believed to be Montes – seen lurking near the hostel by several pupils among the 40-strong college party.

As the inquiry dragged on, Mr Dickinson made 18 trips to France. He got M Zaug taken off the case by challenging his decision not to DNA-test the local population.

When Judge Renaud van Ruymbeke became investigator, a photofit of the suspect was at last prepared – more than a year after Caroline's murder.

However, there were more errors, such as the judge's insistence that a cotton wool wad found at the scene had been left by paramedics.

Mr Dickinson insisted the wad had been used to suffocate his daughter, and DNA tests proved he was right.

'Tried to grab another girl'

They also revealed that Caroline's killer had attacked a girl from Salford at another hostel earlier the same night, using the same wad.

In March 2001, the third investigator to head the case, Judge Francis Debons, asked British police to help track down suspect Montes.

It was revealed he was convicted of rape in Germany in 1989 and sentenced to five and a half years in prison.

In 1994, he had tried to snatch an Irish girl from a French hostel in the Loire Valley town of Blere, but was let off with a caution.

Following Caroline's murder, Montes was accused of two sex attacks in Spain. He fled the country after being bailed.

Montes lived in London for four years in the mid-1990s. In 1995, he surged past security guards at Wimbledon and asked Spanish player Conchita Martinez for her autograph. She reluctantly signed before he was led away.

It was by sheer luck he was arrested in the U.S. in 2001 for questioning over the murder of Caroline.

An immigration official read a British newspaper report about the case and decided to check whether anyone matching Montes's description had a criminal record in the U.S.

He discovered he was in custody in Florida after allegedly entering a hotel room where he cut a sleeping girl's underwear off with scissors.

DNA tests were found to match samples taken from the Caroline murder scene, and Montes was extradited to France.

Last night, his sister Blanca, 60, from Gijon, said: 'If he's done wrong he must pay. My thoughts will be with Caroline's parents.'

Caroline: Killed as she slept

OAK LAWN

Police seek motorist in abduction attempt

Oak Lawn police are asking school officials, area children and bus drivers to be on the lookout for a man who allegedly tried to abduct an 8-year-old boy on Friday as he was walking home from school.

The boy had gotten off his school bus at 107th Street and Lavergne Avenue and was walking home about 3:15 p.m. when he was approached by a man driving a midsized gray car.

"The man opened the door and said, 'Your parents were just involved in an accident and told me to bring you to them,' " said Oak Lawn police Lt. Bob Smith.

When the boy ran to a nearby house for help, the man drove away, Smith said.

The boy described the driver as about 34 years old, with black hair and olive-colored skin, wearing a Cubs baseball cap and a long black leather coat. The car was a two-door, older model, with damage to the rear, driver's side taillight.

Anyone with information that could lead police to the suspect in the Oak Lawn case can call police at 708-499-7824.

Tribune
1/19/99

Daily Mail 10/4/3

Child sex ring on island is smashed

By **Jonathan Brocklebank**

POLICE have smashed a nationwide paedophile ring based on a tiny Scottish island, it emerged last night.

Four men have been arrested and charged, and a further 19 people quizzed by detectives who swooped on addresses across the country.

Five young children are understood to have been put into care in the wake of the raids.

The probe has centred on the island of Lewis on the Scottish Western Isles.

The suspects arrested there – all English incomers – are expected to appear in Stornoway Sheriff Court on Monday, charged with offences under the Child Protection Act.

Police in Leicestershire, Dorset and West Yorkshire staged a series of co-ordinated raids.

A Northern Constabulary spokesman said: 'Those detained in England are still the subject of further police inquiry.'

Few details of the inquiry have been released but sources confirmed that the inquiry does not involve internet pornography.

Ken Sutherland, 65, owner of The Lewis Bar in Stornoway, said: 'I cannot believe anything like that would happen here.'

The island has a population of 20,000 and a strong religious culture, with many of its inhabitants members of the strict Free Church of Scotland.

Globe 10/6/98

++GLOBE special on crime that stunned a nation...++

'MOST HATED MAN IN AMERICA'

David Cash

College student stood by and did nothing as innocent 7-year-old was strangled to death

DAVID CASH, the callous teen who stood by while his sicko pal sexually molested and murdered a 7-year-old girl in a casino bathroom, is an evil monster who should rot in jail, too, an outraged public screams.

But while murderer Jeremy Strohmeyer has been sentenced to life in prison, Cash remains free as a bird! "No one is more hated in this country than David Cash," says radio deejay Doug Steckler. "I vow to see him in prison."

When told of Steckler's promise, cruel Cash boasted: "If that ever happens I will die of laughter."

Steckler, of Los Angeles radio station KLSX-FM, also led a protest at the University of California at Berkeley to get 19-year-old Cash kicked out of the school where he is a nuclear engineering student.

More than 200 protesters screamed at Cash to "Go Home!"

And Yolanda Manuel, the sobbing mom of the slain girl Sherrice Iverson, clutched her daughter's picture and cried: "He could have stopped my baby being killed. He's evil, he's evil."

Sherrice Iverson
JUSTICE FUND

David Cash "is evil," cries Yolanda Manuel (left), mom of slain Sherrice. Moments after Sherrice was filmed by security cameras (below left) Jeremy Strohmeyer (below) killed the child – and Cash did nothing

'He simply didn't give a damn about the little girl'

KILLER'S PREY CAUGHT ON CAMERA

But the cowardly college student refuses to leave the school and even told a reporter that his fame has helped him pick up coeds.

He further outraged America by telling another interviewer that he wasn't "going to lose any sleep" over the slain girl. "I just worry about myself first," he said coldly.

The despicable crime occurred at 3:45 a.m. in Las Vegas' Primadonna Resort & Casino in May 1997. Cash and Jeremy Strohmeyer, then both seniors at Woodrow Wilson High in Long Beach, Calif., were gambling.

Perverted Strohmeyer spotted little Sherrice wandering in the arcade, where her dad was playing the slot machines.

Strohmeyer followed Sherrice into a woman's rest room, pulled the 46-pound child into a stall and molested her.

David has admitted following them into the rest room and seeing Strohmeyer grab the girl. New evidence indicates that he even witnessed his pal molest Sherrice.

But instead of helping the struggling child – the honor student coolly turned and walked out, say sources.

He also failed to notify police after learning that Strohmeyer had strangled Sherrice and brutally snapped her neck to finish her off.

Strohmeyer made a deal with prosecutors, who dropped the death sentence in return for his plea of guilty to kidnapping, sexual assault and murder. He'll get life in prison.

Incredibly, Cash has gotten off scot-free. "David doesn't bear any criminal liability for what happened," says his attorney Mark Werksman.

But now that authorities have evidence he witnessed the molestation, cops are investigating Cash to see if he can be charged with some crime, says Vegas homicide Det. Phil Ramos.

In his opinion, Cash was even more callous about the crime than Strohmeyer.

"He simply didn't give a damn about the girl."

– MARLISE KAST

I get it wrong all the time, sweetheart.

I wouldn't agree to a photo of me getting sucked off by some slug invert. Or anyone prettier.

And the others that have allowed it. The others that I've had suck on me and then had shots of them with other unimportant cocks in their mouths. I wouldn't think it's the same. The cunt who asked. I told her I didn't want to be reminded. Didn't want proof of how either of us looked.

I prefer her as a child. But I still find the newer porn shots aggressively exciting. I can cum easy enough. I like them. I locate both amazing faces. The prodded child in the squatting adult and the simple thoughts and decisions that don't grow up as always, still, promised. With her clothes on and her father's care absent.

I want to hear every detail about what she's done and what she's taken inside her twisted drunk gump. The others are pigs that do it for the wrong reasons, as far as my bloated self can tell. The chinless others that let her.

I don't splice myself into the image. I don't beat her up. I don't recall the difference being important as to how it feels when I suck on a cock and when I get sucked. I don't taste another dick, or even my own, when I kiss her. And I love kissing them. It's absolutely my favorite way to spend whatever time I have.

I gave a nonentity acquaintance a blowjob. I didn't recognize him but he remembered me. And everyone else that I knew suddenly learned how I suck cock and didn't ask for reciprocation. Older friends, people I grew up with and worked with, not just salve barbuddies. I pulled out my cock. Hard and childish as always. The fat pig didn't want any of it. You can imagine that I would have thought I was as low as any immediate hooker or price wise escort that gets paid in secret, closer to her condescending peers. When I was younger, I thought the worst thing you could do was suck cock. I'd grown up despising the men that did on me. And I wasn't wrong then. If anything, I still think it's a revolting compulsion and it makes me even sicker to think it's accepted without more recoil. It shouldn't be. It may have something to do with saleswomen not being looked at as playthings anymore. Or the fuckable pretense that they shouldn't be. Youngsters finding that old man toilet excuses take root. Maybe the hard imagery took greater hold. It's all palaver. But I am ashamed. I've done far worse. As far as they're concerned. And they know that, probably. It's not a question of being outed. Everyone who knows me as an older man, knows a little about what I do. Or more. And I don't want to sound like some pornjob being asked about what its parents think. It's just that the context is so specific. And the reality of being hit with it outside of that is impossible to draw down. It's not so bad. Everybody does it. I don't want to fuck with their memories, I think. What else are they famous for? At least I have a place for it. It's like saying you're worthless after you cum. Or being essentially coddled by a longtime psychiatrist. The words that sound, immediately comfortably feel, like help are paid-for compliments that start at a universal worth and rarely ever move to the complaints they should be. You talk like a thirteen-year-old girl that wants to stay thirteen or regress younger. The ideal that you have to grow up less than bitter marks a place you both playtime at. The suggestion that you're looking for truth, somatic honesty or normalcy ought to fucking ring a bit more intrusively when you keep bitching about missing them time and time again. How fucked-up are you. Not very.

Some cunt tells you to embrace your inadequacies as benefits?

As something that allows the real you to finally break through and present itself to others. As something better or more you.

Are you fucking joking.

You let yourself believe that.

Or do you need to. Just for right now. Just to get to the next worthless breath after the warming monologue. It's not only just boring, right? The real you, sweetheart, is further lessened than ever.

I've stopped looking for homely touchless girls. Same as well-built handsome men. Younger girls, early teens. Because they don't look like women yet. Don't have enough intelligence yet. Corroded away from beautiful boys into cordial liars and hiders and willful begging vulnerables. I'm not so jaded that I think either version is perfect or less. My most recent job was sucking off men older, fatter, drunker than myself. Much easier to find than modesty should allow, I assure you. Taking smaller, half-hard wanting cocks into my mouth and giving up quicker than they preferred, quicker than I figured I could tolerate, was what I thought made small sense in a way that would place blurry importance over some choral slog for the rest of my gifted life.

I didn't want to become one of those flattened cunts looking for honesty or spearing fantasy. My level wasn't lunkhead bragging, sensualist poetry or physical experience. I have the normal responses to such stupidity. I don't look to the others for validation the same way as you do, dearest. One more closeted pedophile hides behind lyrical wordplay or romance and you're led into mimicking experience as all. It's his frightened conservatism that gets me fucked-up, darling. Suddenly there's not enough drink or deadened cock in the bar to help you avoid such well-thinking fugues. It's always a mistake. And one I don't tend to pay the inappropriate attention to any longer. And I've listened to these assholes enough to reach my boredom pitch quicker and quicker now. Still have a home to go to, right? Mom and Dad will still take you in, yeah? How's that personal publicity pull or nearest career dream coming along? Full of grandiose plans that don't send back pathetic enough yet, still, I assume? How's that tiny chaos working out for you. Of course, neither of us really want just flesh, yeah? The girl you've moved in with has an alcohol problem. Not an IQ problem. Fuck me. Help with her drinking and you'll just be fine soon enough.

There's two largely unimportant points that need fingering when considering something as potentially devastating as stop/start again compulsion. One is putting anything in your mouth doesn't matter after you've done it. Taking some cum into your head and down your aching smoke sore throat carries about the same metaphoric worth as picking your nose. In private or public. You suck like a baby. You approach the body as a vulture and end up with even less than insulting comfort. The concept of compulsion becomes a safety valve. A teddy bear named cute and blank then sadly human. Lets you stave off the knowledge that you absolutely have nothing better. Tell others you want to stop. That you're demeaned. That you're better than this or that. Or that it is what everyone secretly wants and won't admit. Listen to the phonies that harp about disease or boyfriends. But spot, drunkenly is just as fine, that really there's nothing better at any time that you'd prefer to help settle you. Money would only buy you more. Success would allow for a bigger, more ideal, pool and plow. And jealousy would be slightly easier to vault as you age into the green bubbling blob that, you have to imagine, is what this life really is about. Your DNA is better spent on the floor. I don't care to put my snot into context anymore. Repeating your saved up load into some pretty cunt's face or across her fatty chest or inside and up his frying head doesn't feel or pin any better, or mean anything more, than how it looks to pay someone else blank to do it, film it, convince it and sell it. Next is that you have to swallow the idea that you're somehow giving in to what you want to hate. That you have an ungrudging respect, frustrated love, overwhelming concern for those who perform these acts and favors.

Comes largely from being unable to masturbate. But being more unable to find an adequate replacement for my time. I find stopgap pornography easy enough. Young teens caught unaware as they shopped or aimlessly chatted and complied into a neighbor'd drip designed to adhere to the constant fear and threats of arrest. Private busy contexts squeezed into legal lines and graphs and power inconsistencies. The bigger tits the better. Tighter pants and low slung beltlines and exposed navels that on well-gymed twenty-year-olds wouldn't raise a blip but look exactly the fucking same on tweens when you photo clip off their fat haired fresher heads. Tight bright t-shirts and jean cracks and visible bras through the wrong kind of clothing for that day. The lucky occasional thong prize that keeps the fat kept creeps braying for just a little more. Some of these fat funks must have children. Frankly, I like it better if they're not fucking them or sneaking feels or pushing a minute's vaunted solace into finally being able to talk to the dumb plugs about how they're developing. Just so they could stare at daughter tits while they address the idea and beat-off later. It's what words do once in awhile. Like buying a teenpop sale to actually listen to. Trust me, it doesn't work as well as you'd like to discover. No sex. No rape. No awareness other than the tinned wherewithal of how important it was to dress that way before they left the house in the morning before school or after school hanging out and gossiping and hating. They weren't surprised of the effect. Or of the intention. Only the stilted argument and the flimsy prim undereducated shock of exposure. And the extremely private ownership of lone personalities pitting what they give to what you take. As if there was a place that was consolable, matchable. Provable. After the fact. After the confession. After the vague details get out to your neighbors who you fucking avoid in the first place. Every single accusation sounds false. Social criticism, hypocrisy, teen innocence and parental stupidity rights are attached to a comprehensive language that only exists in marketing new scrubbing techniques and toys.

I know it's not your fault, Darling.

It's terrible, isn't it?

You have to learn that what you do has consequence. And that there's a world of dangerous sick men out there.

Most of all, and it's the only thing I can really tell you, you have to learn.

You should have kept your mouth shut.

You, just like the rank and file pedophiles stupidly wanking to your first chance propensities or common aging, have to learn that you have to live your life defined by what others can exploit from you.

Whereas. The porn actress who makes some pay for doing nothing better or worse than ultimately, essentially, just appearing naked. The two guys she sucks on and accepts and acts for, after she's told the dolt behind the small cam about when she started to notice the stares in highschool, is more connected to the young lady I know who, when drunk only I'm told, squeezes into a restroom or a kitchen nook to suck on the hopefully hard cock of the whatever she's been socializing with.

Moron shows her a picture of his daughter afterwards. Doesn't know better than to regret what little he's done in docility just in case his ugly dumb loved wife might find out. Moron tells a different story to his more tolerant fossils and can't even allow himself the tiny luck he had in a controlled public. Needs it to be shame to the pig at home and cocksmith to the boys in the bar. Or maybe it's the unmistakable fact that she's prettier than the doting whelping sludge always waiting that makes his slut and stud concoction absolutely necessary. She is ugly and stupid, sweetheart. That really is what no-one's telling you. Whatever is said badly dodges that his aspirant mother is churning butter back somewhere other than his new minted memory. You simply can't talk to these cunts. The one that sucked you, wanted to. That's all that happened. Privately.

Wife doesn't suck quite as well either, yeah?

Doesn't act as fucked up and slurred around the edges with her tongue out and eyes up.

Ask the kneeled cocksucker now standing:

Did you keep your clothes on?

Where did he cum?

Never known you to be shy, Doll.

And don't get the wrong idea. We're not using the same roll call.

I'd have sucked you off you as well. Had I known you had a picture of your even more genetically reduced plaything in your back pocket. Just like any other of these squinting faggots who surmise you can't tell the difference between a balding man or a bathroom coifed woman's tongue. The difference, far as I can see, is that there may be an all-important degree of relish in the secondary reaction. Character B slunk back to mom and unwarm baby. I'd have like'd to seen her. The hers. Had all of his' listen to your perfect commendable understanding of love. Me, your wishful tool, and the picture of your little typical daughter. And, if you find you like teaching something how to do it, either how to lick and draw better or for their very first time, then your daughter is even more compacted context. Innocence is stupidity, right, daddy?

The drunk but personally leveled cocksucker becomes anecdotal prey for his niggling little buddies hoping to bring her down to their equilibrium soon enough. Hopefully she can see that they're not even as ugly as the common wife's pork that let her work all over him. That did, in fact, simply give in. Against his burlesque weaker will.

You can't argue in favor of a woman's lower intentions or against a dolt's common sexual stupidity without sounding desperate or jealous. My own intentions, I'm sure, are even more transparent.

My own sloth, by mistake, is littered on the countless computer printouts of pictures kindly adults sent me. You don't learn how to best suck and lap inside cunts by pretending you know how to suck up anyone else's cum much better. You fucking grab and poke what you like when it makes immediate sense, yes? My whole sexual adult life has been spent with men. I don't care if she cares. Though I made it clear that she shouldn't touch my dick with her mouth or cunt. She watched me masturbate, ugly and insistent and perpetually indulgent as I am, and that continues to make the most sense to me.

Do I suck like a faggot?

The answer is just: Show me how you suck cock, faggot.

At some point, dear, you have to make small personality decisions. When do you want him to cum and when do you want to quit. Is what's best for him what you enjoy most. It's not just the rules and context that makes it exciting, is it? I mean, you're not exactly a hausfrau yet. You have to make another few quick choices. Lick his balls. Pull his pants down further. Lick his asshole. Take his cum. Because it'll be easier to hide from your boyfriend and his dumb wife. Or because you want it. That's what you're doing, after all. Or it's what he wants to show you barely. What he thinks you'll do according to his daily newspaper skims.

You kissed afterwards, didn't you. It's what you like to do. Give them back a bit of themselves and pretend you're outrageous just before you clean up and reenter the party.

And the next time.

My intention becomes everything. And it is all fucking badly bent. I've moved from one head to another when I was young and one cock to another as I continue to age this way. Haven't stopped. Haven't told you the worst things I've done. The shit I've eaten and not been stopped by. The private urinal I've become time and time again and still felt grandiloquent enough to inwardly splice myself away from crack hedonist niggers and old-timer sat HIV plugins. I'm absolutely confident that the respect I keep missing is not found in numbers or bodies or acts at all. What I do doesn't allow sunday morning smoke hacked jealousy. Doesn't seem like I go high enough to get to what you think may matter. Is all. And none of that pornographic fairytale audience will ever believe that you're not exactly the same, preferentially, as them. You don't look at oldmaid pornography for more than what you had before. I don't see why this should seem to be any different. Since it isn't. The prettier they are, the less they do is what sells better.

Bds and I are pornographers spelled poornographers. I quit my straight job years ago because I love the freedom fun and excitement of the X rated business. We are not starving but still have bills to pay. I attempted to keep current with my original chosen vocation but the attitudes and life styles do not mesh well. Chessie Moore was born of encouragement from my clients of my strip service in Colombia MO, inspiration from Bds and some feature strippers I saw in Little Rock AR, agents who earned more than their percentage in moral support, and most important a hubby like Bds who is more proud rather than jealous. By the time I checked into World Modeling to do some pro work my Chessie Moore had been established. We tried a few others but decided to dance with the name that brought me.

Anne Marie Thompson dressed up to her skinny throat in a black poppet costume gets her white face clown makeup smudged to look like she's been raped perfectly naked all the long night before. I compare her with the poppet I've kept close well before. The connection, not the fucking simple reference, starts even more desperate searching. Not seeing her sit on a carefully placed chair, stripped just to the flat and crumpled satin waist, in front of two actors fucking and showing off their tits and cocks and well cared for backs and bums is the tepid frustration that passes whenever I can construct the five dollar or even less opportunity.

How do you stop. Doing what you know.

Stop thinking: What's mine.

A plotless actress is told before that she'll need to step off the big cock she's pumping on and squat down between his legs. She'll put the cuntwet cock into her mouth and suck him a little because the audience responds favorably to such tiny proof. She'll be paid more for ass-to-mouth later on. But, from behind the camera, when she performs the first bodily taste, her director lifts his working lying face up and wags his tongue at her. This she immediately understands to mean:

Take his cock out of the sucking lessons and lick the head a bit. Best if she darts the tip of her tongue into his pisshole. Even better if she goes searching inside for the clear he produces or what she's dripped down into nothing more than a quarter-inch.

The director isn't a fag. Merely knows what is required by repeat sales guesses. Doesn't know more than what he likes seeing when he watches girls suck on fat long cocks. He's not mimicking what he'd do if he was sliding his own hot face down on the muscle idiot's hard prick. Doesn't wish he was. And is most likely bored enough to suggest that his employees add a little more life, a little more commitment, some dunderheaded passion acting, into what otherwise becomes just as tedious to the audience as it does him and all the rest of his simpleton actors. Watch how spitting on cocks, long strips of hanging gob, will enter the private repeating sex lives of impressionable middleaged hags from now on.

You can fuck an old woman with crammed misshapen breasts and an only photo hidden disgusting gut for $400. If you don't accept the cheaper option that allows her backwoods husband to film you doing it and then sell it through their privately owned and operated cheaper than normal website. The sunken appeal of this lopsided whore isn't her previous middling film career during the eighties or her big tits or how well she'll be able to do what anyone else can do.

Pick one:

She did two films of her fucking, or as per usual attempting to fuck, a dog. Back when she was in Europe and needed the cash, apparently. Obviously. She'll tell you. Everyone who's ever made a film tells you how it was made.

She now fucks more niggers on film than any other form of collapsed degenerate.

Start at fantasy. Stop at proof.

Forget chance. Build an existence on failing to define impulsion. Use desire whenever you can. Fat chance, slim hope, you either pour yourselves into your progeny or use the tiny repetitive disappointing acts to excuse a mild suicidal deflection or a greater sense of primary worthlessness and recorded, flattened self-hatred. Really, this is the best you can do without having a single smarter thing to offer anyone. Who fucking does, you know? Look, then, for everyone doing the same. And pick the one who'll believe you for awhile. It'll make you feel a bit better.

If I could find the dogfucker in her, I'd pay the saved money. All the scrounging. If I thought she'd stop selling herself while I cummed over her plastic mirrored face from simply masturbating myself right there, I'd think it may pathetically be worth the highest price she thinks she can get away with. I've seen videos of women stepping on little inconsequentials. Watched far too many showoffs torture little animals like mice and birds and some larger dogs. Do a fucking splittable screeching puppy next. Searched my entire life through millions of toothless newsreports for sexy children being spread eagled and then getting their malleable spines broken while old men, better looking than myself, used the small collapsed bodies as open holes just like humping hungry dogs will. This blubbered peroxided hog with american biker tattoos on her obscene jugs should want to keep the palsy information about her fucking a dog from her meet and greet website. But still keeps the niggers on there.

Yep it's me, you can usually tell by the tattoo on my shoulder. I did the tapes for a European company, but since then that same material has been pirated like mad. If you want to know more about it call me. (Click the link above) If it offends you then don't let anyone to force you to look at it. Also if my 4 legged costars could talk I'm sure they'd let you know they had a great time. BTW this material is legal in alot of countries and not considered any more shocking than any other form of porn. Here in the good ole USA there's alot of sex acts that are still illegal, even if they are considered everyday routines to some. So to stay within the law since my ISP's are both US companies I don't post any illegal material on them. Maybe someday I'll find a nice foreign ISP and go for it, but meanwhile I have my hands full with the site as it is updating new jpegs, mpegs, avi's, wavs, live feeds ect.

Imagine blissful tedium stuck at watching bugs and birds get stepped on. Unless there's a grizzled old man masturbating in the same shot. While he watches her. Or while he does it himself. With her as just a standing shill. Wears clothes as expected for tired common fetish drags. And does nothing but stand-in for the women who'd not care for such sexual stupidity. Repeats, just by her silent acceptance, that there are women who'll do whatever is demanded of them by lowball paycheck offers.

She slows to sell it. Phone customers she's found that'll pay for answers that don't matter to her at all.

The fleshy remains jabbed and sewn into plastic obscenity knows that her natural state would be, if anything, even uglier. The dog's blood red dick that she licks. Pulled down from between its hair chewed haunch and stuck fully into her brighter lipsticked red maw. Makes the two younger men she sucks the same way more interesting. Gives them better choices. What not to fuck. Unlike her. What not to settle for afterwards with a beer and a snort. The beasts they had to watch and the one they got paid to do nothing more than get wet from. Until they jerked themselves onto and over and, open up sow, your makeup's slithered off slightly from your fat sweat and mouth slobber, into as much as they could aim.

The cunt who pirated it.

The original quickbuck edition for absolutely everyone in contact with the pimp and his camera and his little lucky idea.

Knew you'd be amenable.

You know who looks for these kinds of films?

Is it possible that you'll only consider it your worst moment when others complain or ask you about it. When you know what they're looking for and lie to type. The dog didn't get hurt. I'll try anything. I needed the money. And who gives a fuck. I've done worse.

I'm not the only one that is frustrated by the degree of deeply human stupidity in looking for removed videos of animals being tortured as stand-ins for thats with more recall, brains and options. The way new adults shift for very pretty children. Stripped and widened beforehand and put on the same bed they've watched warm-up mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters fuck each other first. I'm not so thick to think it's acceptable in the larger sense of just finally stopping when I've seen it all. I'll collect the animals getting fucked to see the women do what I prefer to think they'd rather not. And I'll fall off at the end when the dumb creature doesn't get dragged into an alley and get its dumbeyed skull smashed to pulped jagged red black and bone bits by the idiot cocksuckers who'll sell the slightest idea to the lowest smallest audience. A large horse being slashed to retracting ribbons with a large pair of scissors isn't far from the access or the impulse. I'm absolutely sure I'm not wrong. Tied to a farm gate and attacked and stabbed and dragged through fine shiny black muscle and green eyes and having its huge yellow teeth bashed in with a splattering baseball bat or old oil stained iron crowbar. The household pet having its barking whimpering growling head placed under puerto rican gymshoes into glass covered concrete so they can smash its ribs in with police billy clubs. Cats doused in motoroil and set alight so its gnawing fur and confusion and worthlessness can be extinguished by faggots with bricks, screaming that they can't take it and they need to put the fucking poor thing out of its animal misery.

Come on, faggot. What'd you think?

What's the best thing you've ever seen on film. It has to be on film. It can't substitute flesh for experience. Film is the perfect experience anyways. And it's small amounts of loose forgotten cash that's the way you get those poor niggers and chollo drops to do it for you and all the few others just like you.

Move from the pigeon to his nice drooped penis. He places his new cock into her leaning mouth. Smears her nighttime lipstick onto a thick enough knotted shaft. He cums quick. Her stolid fans applaud her willingness to do anything while he is nubbed as just another of them with money. Worse than them, perhaps. Since he's not worried about his neighbors or no longer lives with his parents or works with others who might give a shit. Her fans collate that she's humanly reduced, market ugly, fucked-up and that he's exactly the same. She loses important points because she does what he wants for money. The incessant kink screeds from his head. From his lonely desire to make a point or operate a control from his childhood. He may just as well be oblivious to anything other than what little he dreams about and his chance to perform the act. Not finally, not only once, fittingly probably, all the fucking time.

I know that on any day I can go to Mimi's and find as many men as I want who will stuff my face with cock while I press my fat eyes hard up against a slimy slick wall. If they have a bigger cock than usual, my face doesn't get as sore or pimpled later. If they have a smaller than usual penis, then my chances are that they'll cum quicker and be slightly ruder in a humanly grateful sense. Perversely enough. Usuals, trying to turn queer from what they've read, will spin around and press their asshole against the hole for you to rim. They'll be unwashed and short and greasy. Their stink will fill up your booth over the cum and sweat and, because Mimi's keeps the lights brighter than most ever have, you can muse to yourself that you can even smell the spent cum from the condoms left on the floor you try to squat and hunch just above. Do the same act at Banana's. Except that the men will most likely crawl into your booth with you. I sucked on an old fat troll with a huge belly and a thick mushroomed cock in front of the TV sitting area. You buy videos downstairs for closing price, looking for scars and HIV bodies, then upstairs for double the price and fill your head with little more than the soft meat in your mouth. Had another old fuck tell me he wouldn't be able to get hard when I went home with him. I licked his asshole and he expressed surprise: I didn't know you were going to do that. I couldn't cum when he finally let me beat off on his white hairy chubby chest because I had cummed about an hour earlier in a booth at Adult Fantasy on Broadway. I apologized and showed him the stains in my underwear. Next time we hooked up, he licked my asshole for as long as I could stand it and I cummed onto a tightlipped diligently shut mouth.

Don't do it for me.

You don't have to put the cum in your mouth from your chest after it's already hit the air, honey.

I don't expect you to take the shot.

The first part of the compilation dogfuck video that pig did has her and some thinner prettier addict sucking on the dog's red shapeless dick from behind its hind legs. The dog drips piss that the girls might think is excessive precum or animal biology. Ask it:

Was it piss?

What's the difference between that and the niggers and the old men who ask you to mash your chapped herpes screening tongue up their assholes.

One more faggot complains that he hasn't washed his ass before I drop to lick shit as if I didn't know what I was doing. As if he didn't want me to.

My reality hasn't been perverted by pornography. My real life hasn't become fused with representations or vicarious fantasizing. I spend more time searching for seriously destroyed mothers and fathers and images of dead preened loved children than I do washing the dishes, doing my laundry or cheaply eating. The fake reality of those specialized toddlers, swathed in more makeup than truth, fills my busier head than hands when I fuck something or masturbate up onto my sagging belly. I cum into my hand and then wipe it clean in my pants pocket. Then keep burning on Samantha Runnion's skinny mother getting filmed by CNN as they broadcast the entire length of her child's crystal palace funeral.

Cry a little more. Finally fucking breakdown, will you.

It simply isn't any better if I'm in a hotelroom with some dink telling me the whole affair and creating the images into emotional acting while I try and remember it later.

I masturbate into public urinals without thinking about children or men watching me. As soon as I take my cock out and place my fingers around the shaft or a single finger near the pisshole to shoot down into the drain, I see nothing more fleshy than what I may have touched a few times before that minute long day. I can cum into the urinal seeing nothing but the urinal.

I buy these videos and find these net images of pretty women with their legs splayed open for their photographers. I don't search like some poncy literature queen for cricks in the armor or mistakes in the genetics. I try my best to avoid them, in fact. Thinking I'm at all relative to the imagery and the purpose and the digging links others have skewered for less effect is far beside the point. They're hogs. You can't look at the troughing any other way, finally. You're not some lunk or student or artist so lost in his perfection that you'd compare yourself, are you? I dearly want what I've seen to infect what I do. Not as a pejorative. But to force my brain into closing all the possibilities that these pretend morons get lost in. And spread what I'm looking for away from the essential and into the complete.

Try finding a subject that you love so much that you beg for her to piss directly into your open waiting mouth and then retain the memorized encroachment as something not related to spiraling, authenticating self-loathing or brickwall masochism. See it as something other than ascendancy, abject transgression, brave admission or hideously cartoon oral gratification. See it apart from a drive to destroy it quicker than you destroy yourself.

I begged. I licked her fingers to calm her. I tried to tell her how to get over being piss-shy.

For just once. I wanted to see it hate me as much as it should have. Didn't want to look this bad or prove it, finally, to myself. But, just like these mothers who I watch talk about their husbands and children and then cry so naturally and convincingly. Just for once. I wanted to see that I was right. That I was in a willed position that all the others, whom I despise and prove it regularly to, fall in far more readily. It wasn't a rite. I just thought it would be good not to hope that I wasn't like that anymore. Not to think that somehow I deserved more or accepted only less. My entire life has been built on one simple fact. That a magazine of pictures of small children being raped contained everything I've ever wanted to use my eyes for. Everything else up to now has paled. Except for the times I've been able to find more. And, again, the work involved hasn't been wasted.

So let this pisshole tell me either how I fucking got it all wrong or that she doesn't fucking know any better.

Become perfect.

Show me something more.

I don't want to replace it.

Don't ever hope for a rebirth.

Won't believe that I've been wrong.

You chickenshit.

The young woman who opens her mouth and drops her head back to receive the cum from five well built sucked on men all circled around her pretty unstretched face masturbating, watching each other's hard performing hot cocks, ready on cue, one after another immediately. And I smell the contempt that isn't as correct as mine. The tiny actress that got taught how to be raped off screen so that she could convince her school chums and their mothers of her bravery and achievement requirements. The german fatpig that pays visiting performers to do a quick job for less money than they're worth and more commonly used to since fewer writers will see it.

I don't remember how exactly I got home last night. I know I was making out with the creep who kept hitting on me in front of my boyfriend though. Now, go on, it's at least something better to say you're protecting him.

How many faggots in bars have wanted to piss inside my mouth before I spat out their cum on the floor at their feet. How many did I let. How many more did I do it to before I wanted it from someone I loved.

Love would be what causes these men to snatch a stranger's child out of her bath one evening when everyone else important to her had hoped she would be safe alone in the same house. I'm not being glib. It's your stomach that tells your brain that it can't stand this anymore. I don't think it happens here. With me thinking I should move to the hotel carpeted floor instead of the bed where we might be more comfortable. But the act is designed for less than. I don't have a problem with that. Or my position.

I don't want to replace this.

Show me how I'm wrong about it.

I knew it. As soon as you put her in front of the camera, she'd try and produce something. Which is the single worst idea. I'd rather not face her, not ask her a question, not put any performance in her filmable personality at all.

I don't want these parents to be lying. I need to make that palpable. All the time. But I keep finding that they're cheaper than this. It is all perfectly connected and all the contradictions that critics and those that don't slide to the same levels that I'm always at are fucking hypocrites and worse, transparent, as only continual experience proves and insists.

Pluck memory and nostalgia into action.

You dumb cunt. You don't know enough to say no and reject it either.

Do you think they should bring the agony to an end?

Isn't it agony to listen to?

Your audience is sick.

It's the group that came to see you that requires you to reject yourself. To look for subtlety. To apologize and offer metaphor where the artist's main impulse is to avoid any such intrinsically repellant gameplay.

Because I'm forced to use actors, the work is alreay halved. Aesthetic intuition demands that you explode, not explore, theoretical discourse. The only actors I'm affected by are small children, mostly little girls that plant for legal insults.

All these miserable cunts who've found a better way to address the world and their worth now that they have a needful child to take care of. Like every fucking former heroin addict who now has a memoir or a caring friend who helped them finally see their unique worth.

I'm intensely interested in the rules one sets up for one's self and how they're so easily batted away. The way anyone ages. But, of course, I'm just as excited by those that aren't prone to anything better. I recently saw an amateur video by a woman mildly desperate to live out her sad little open part in a (ridiculously termed) gang-bang. She showed up with a list of rules that the miserable dogs could and couldn't do to her. No anal, must wear condoms. I think she was okay if you yelled at her a little bit. She was better if you complimented her cellulite sparked ass by pretending it wasn't nauseating. And the guys were certainly agreeable, given their chance to help her live out her brave fantasy. There's a contemporary understanding of self-respect that I find much more elastic in private than public.

Can you imagine what this poor child must be going through?

Talk about me. How you think I'm an angel.

So an angel he shall be, then.

Don't sell it. You'll have to tell some syrupy story about how thoughtful or helpful I was. And, without question, you'll shift vulgar. Do you think there's any way on earth you can try and live that moment without looking for salivating effect or some yank back towards yourself. About what you've fucking been through. There's no such life. You'll have to stop imagining that you're part of it. Full fucking stop. And you won't be able to. Talk like a maid.

The concept of juvenilia means a great deal to me. As does any technique whereby prurience is extracted or clumsily located from a self-conscious grasp of purity. Last time I was in NY, sometime last year, I spent most of my mornings trawling through Times Square for bootlegs of poor european women fucking animals. They weren't all that difficult to find. Some of the jerk-off booths even played them. I wouldn't want to think it was an acceptable way to construct your life and the recording of such obsesses me from that vantage. And I wouldn't even pretend that what I did – looking, masturbating, obsessing, selecting, counting my cash, preening, stalling – was in any way on the same level.

Research doctors keep footage of chimpanzees talking to themselves. They catch saved animals swearing to themselves when they're alone. Chimps can be seen in the closedshop night footage using rudimentary sign language at stuffed animals. Some doctors read these lonely events as the first proof of something like imagination becoming engaged. That the chimpanzees clearly possess more quality than a mere instinct response.

Another motherfucker tells me his taste as de-facto past. The kind of men he prefers, now available on the internet noting cock size and chest hair and prowess over proclivities. Or the previously sober women one can find anywhere. But especially in midprice nightclubs. I'm more used to the aging heterosexually stunted men who scour porn shops for videos of amateurs that they still couldn't fuck. They had no way to appeal to them, no idea of how to seduce them or make them as happy as what he could think to offer it. Ugly men who grew fat due to loneliness and laziness. Guess which follows what. The videos they finally bought had pregnant women being fucked by pointless puerto ricans. Women who'd fuck dogs after slow witted money men from local low rung strip joints. Women who'd dance for their pointed boyfriends and bar bouncers. Impossibly unaware that they'd be sold in places they could never find out about.

I say hello to one poor fat latina highschooler on my way to work every morning. So fat that she must be bullied constantly. All I have to do is ask. She looks forward to me being friendly to her. A thirteen-year-old hindrance might be better off with me than the men she'll eventually get some attention and diversion from. At least I know that she's not stupid enough to not know she isn't liked. I can spend all my time making her feel better. And fucking a youngster just because she'll like being wanted. Until her minders tell her that I've been manipulating her for my own disgusting obsessions. And the bellied whore'll start getting her dogpats from more than just me, finally.

The Hispanics fucked pregnants because of their constant access. They grew up around them and, like any locked fetish, they either grew used to the possibilities and shrug access or relived the mothered comfort past. They are genetically dim enough to follow the instinct through to the very first wall they hit.

The strippers were older then. The younger ones, then and now, still show nothing but stupidity and arrogance. A line from Buffalo features the sockets in their tired fluff outfits who demand condoms and drunk giggles. They suck like they've seen it before. They fuck lying on their backs with their makeup glistening and puffy hair not sweating in clumps and knots. Getting fucked from the back is libidinal, dirty within fantasy limits, and the safest, cleanest place to cum is on their white spines. Go on, pull my beautiful hair, call me a slut, take care of yourself. She cums better that way, gets it deeper, rubs her own clit, likes to feel a scrotal sac against her ass as if it wasn't sagging already. The men know they're showing off and the releases are found in gay mail order sites more often than the backs of porn stores.

Any other acts sift in from Germany with paychecks firmly in evidence. Preferences, out in front, waved far more vigorously. While the animal rape dispenses from sickminded males. Without exception. It is exclusively the arena of men who hate women. The mock attacks of the latter relate bodily capacities and employee stoicism; the former the degree to which all customers are willing to look.

They're damaged and always, permanently, alone. The scum that slink to these spots spend all their time looking. You don't want sex. You don't want instinctual succor. No quiet brain. No time stops. No relief. And, actually, you don't really want to hurt your body or make others pay for your fear. This nigger is there all the time and you still can't fucking find it. Do you spend fifty bucks on one bored beast getting stuffed into one poor beast. Do you find something that is enough till the weekend. It's not something you could perform, unlike so much of the other whores. You don't say it's the best thing you ever fucked – watching a scrag lick around the huge obscenely extended dick on a pasture ruined horse. And you beat off into the hay. While you looked at her take enough to fulfill what you imagined without all the life and politeness and custom swimming around your head and flied position. Next to the farmer who ignored it. Or didn't. A feeble in a nearby apartment should be convinced to rent his daughter to me. A landlord who knows when the parents aren't home and the ten-year-old is left alone. Just sell me the access. The decision not to call the cops, leave the door open, come and watch. Masturbate while you look at me. And when the old beery fuck gets his head smashed in with a baseball bat from a frustrated vigilante or his queeny drunker boyfriend or a very sexy open scarred meth trick, you can either worry that you're next or safe from confession. Maybe change your preferences and adjust your limits as you imagine how you barely made it through the connection without something horrible happening. I learned long ago that simply existing without wasn't worth the life. You're not looking simply for your next breath. Your brain works beyond every step the dysgenics slow back down from. Like bulking pasty men locked in jail for the rest of their masturbating lives, you know what little you saw offers huge returns in memory and phantom touch.

You don't masturbate as an adult looking at something. You can't help remembering what it is that you fucked that suggests you, at least, perform this little daily, hourly swat. The children I watch. The women I despise. The men that can no longer hide their need like the ones who can't physically disguise their temporal wasting. The photos. The immense muscle horses I see with their eyes slashed closed and their intricate heavy ribcages sliced open and crushed to dripping. There is a market for this. Just image after image of stupid animals losing their nonexistence for reasons that prove the twats who care for them are lower than the slugs who come in here looking for mouth and cock and, when younger, a nice tight ass to fuck from up high. The little girl gets to cry on a nice newly purchased documentary about losing her cat. Makes no difference how the piddle was removed from this earth. I'm not so silly to think I want to see it hanged next to her and I certainly don't wish to view her surprise and shock. Prefer her edging to tears. Well after she's calmed down and been told to talk out her learning feelings. I like to see her grow into tears, that's all. Takes a fucking minute. Red faced and sniffling but not uncontrollably manic as if you simply need to take care of the loudness. I want her to be young and descending, not into pain and animal stupidity or emotional picks and pushes but, rather, into reason. Just mildly upset and you'll get over it soon enough.

Fuck's sake, it's only a pet. You put it in a box when it dies and toss it in the garbage.

Dr. Fouts signed to his gorilla named Washoe: "What are they?" The ape was going crazy, screaming and frightened, the first time it had been placed in a cage around other apes. Washoe signed back: "Bugs. Black bugs."

The only conclusion is there has to be some ugly little part of something looking for something uglier. Therefore. What you look for is recognition. Some instance of proof that may or may not change later, with age, with experience, with luck, the right decisions and payoff. As long as the realizations or blockage get recorded and shipped direct and is ultimately convincing using the same criteria you profess to completely ignore.

I think you need to have a protective interest in the children you watched be generally abused. Your kindhearted interest will be disregarded due to contemporary psychological understandings on the impossible limits of fear, however. As if a primal wave got flushed backwards from your already erring brain. You don't want to know that you're overly frightened for the child. All children. Especially white ones.

Watch the skinny mexican crouching behind a large hardon, positioning a naked octogenarian mass for a difficult dried up entry fuck. And next the rape scene created by Gaspar Noe. Digitally faked the fat cock flopping behind the pretty victim so as not to offend her in reality.

You don't want to fuck everyone. Don't want to see them reduced or enlightened. True youth don't hide what they have. They never did. They crawl without you having to acknowledge it or enjoy it. I don't even take my dick out any longer. A queer blonde with a backpack at Manhandler who I let follow me into the restroom, keeping him away from the sex barn in the back. I sat on the toilet and faced the door. Waited long enough to let him know I wasn't just taking a piss. He pulled out a smooth long soft cock and let me lick it up and down, thin thatch and balls to pisshole. Pushed my tongue as far into his hole as I could slobber and slapped my fat red drunken cheeks with the stiff erection he established soon enough. Gagged loudly under the sign that said the room was for one person at a time only. His balls were heavy and tight and I sucked hard on the sac and each testicle just so I could pull his pants down all the way. Had every intention to stay there until he cummed inside my mouth. Knew that he would regress when I started to massage his asshole while I swallowed more and more of his cock into my mouth, then throat, then thrush. He pulled up on the shoulders of my shirt to get me to expose myself and get sucked. So he could cum as well. I just turned him around. Licked in the pink asshole to get it wet and kept my hand beating my spit down into his possibly sweating pubic hair. Bit his ass. Harder each time until he pulled away and leaned against the sink almost on top of the toilet.

If I asked:

Do you have a condom?

He would have started to mouth my cock.

So I just lifted his jacket and shirt and stood but leaned immediately back to probe out some more dirty hidden shit and offal stench. He was as clean and prepared as his big veinless cock had promised. Grabbed his hips and ran my fingers down his legs, squeezing when I reached all the way down to his ankles. This is when fags buckle. He didn't mind being with me. He didn't think of me as old and decrepit but wrongly as someone who would teach him and take care of him. Later on, it doesn't matter. He'd either know to get checked or dread it out to his friends. Kissed the top of his hair and tried to get at his neck, put my weight on him to make sure he didn't drop to his knees like I had started. When you lick your palm you taste what you do. You smell unclean. A response completely tied to memory, not chemical. I didn't think to ask about poppers. I didn't think there was anything above the immediacy of using the toilets for an act that had to finish as quickly as possible. Somehow. Pushed my tip in and sucked in my belly so I could see. Came out and licked my hand all over again. I'm dirtier than most. Let large puddles form into the middle of my hand and built a fist around my cock with it. Licked it again as quickly as I could to slide some spit into his ass and jabbed a finger inside that darling hole. Kept working his cock back and towards. Which so often goes soft while you fuck. I entered and pumped loudly. Went slow only briefly. I don't want to wait. Don't like being a monkey. It says: Don't cum yet. Before I think I was ready.

You want me to cum?

Not yet.

You want it?

He pulls off but doesn't turn around. Instead, he slumps further into the sink and starts to slowly massage his cock away from me. To give the old man a rest. I squat and stick my face into his bony butt, nose around like a fat bull, slap my cud against anything fleshy. His balls get grabbed and yanked back to my mouth. I lick up and straight through the slime dripping inside his ass, down his legs and probably off his back. He's opened up now and the smell of slim shit and my mixed with cock all over my chin and lips and fat cheeks. I kiss and back up. Protrude my tongue and go searching for my own precum now fixing his insides to nothing muddy. Stand up again and start to push a dried cock inside an only sweaty shrinking asshole.

Push his arms down so he doesn't turn around. I don't want to cum in his face. I don't want that mess of long blonde hair to be what I'm looking at when I cum. I don't want his face to perform the same act as his body, no impressing, no faggotry, no closing my eyes to help out.

Get me wet.

No, let's stop.

So many men tell me they don't want to cum after you started sucking on them. I'm going to wait. I don't want to cum yet. Thanks. Do you have a big dick? So that they can do what they really came in for.

You have to see it this way.

There are sex bars charging cheap for men to have moldy hardly anonymous sex. There are porn stores for fucking pornography. The men that go to the bars and slug in the backrooms and in the johns still believe they are accepting something less than what they were put here on earth for. If there's a difference between fucking and mating, in the societal sense, the gay experience, no matter how immediate, desperate and pigheaded, is entirely of the latter.

Special because.

Age. Or, rather, youth. Cock size. Your tired backfired self-loathing. Functionally different from the flatbacked blob the day before.

Laud Humphrey's chapter on age recounts the confessions of men who started giving head after years of only receiving, after they reached a certain unattractive age. The understanding is that age creates an identifiable crisis for those men that have persisted in having sex that, quite obviously, is the sole domain of the young and fit. Neglecting the more brutal fact that such a life may well create the problem in the first place. A certain aesthetic slump in one's outlook is more properly the devastating locale. Men don't have a judicious and predetermined right to sex. Unless they use it, see it, perform it as pornography.

I don't have illiterate family. So many of the niggers I work around do. I bring it up whenever I can. I lie and say my nephew can't read. I could also tell them he's a former crackhead and he's causing me untold problems. Let them think I care about what such scum could do to the family I would still be close to. They tend to share. My boy don't know how to read and he's going to be thirty now and don't work or nuthin'. He ain't really my son, he came to me with my new boyfriend. Can't get rid of either of them now. But I'd do anything for the boy. Don't give a damn about the man lying around my house.

I watched the withered bartender at Manhandlers unlock the back door of the grotto and let a wheelchair'd queer in. He left the front bar, where he works alone till later at night, and push the iron mess into the back over difficult gravel and carefully around the few wide tables. Every fucking standing scared mute faggot said hello to the cripple who smiled and shrugged and told the assembled to carry on. Just needed a quick drink and a look around. Just came by to say fucking hello. Bartender tells him one of these nice gentlemen will come and let him know if he wants any help getting into the bar later. But since it's so nice out today. And then he leaves to go fetch it a beer.

I wanted to watch it thin out. There was only four of us. But I fucked off first. Too much conversation would start. You couldn't ignore the rusty old monster, a former friend of the bar. And I would have watched the thing get face fucked but none of these animals where going to straddle over the tin weight to feed it unless he begged.

Couldn't bring crutches. Couldn't be moved onto a stool. Wasn't AIDS was it. Just old age and abandoned living.

A huge bullheaded nigger at the Ram stood in the doorway to my little booth and showily undid his pants. So I could see how long and thick around his cock was before I told him I didn't like black men just like every other faggot with a dexterous brain that comes here. Instead, I pointed to the wadded up toilet tissue still clinging in little clumps around his fat dark black balls. Now just over his down silk drawers.

Think you better clean up there, stud.

Gorilla hurumphs and takes just as long to fasten backup around his fully hard jutting ape prick.

Fucking Christ.

Doesn't formulate an answer. Doesn't know he's as disgusting as everyone thinks he is, even before they have proof.

Just not what you're looking for.

Suppose not.

The doctors assumed, finally, that the captive monkeys were hunching down in the corners of their single cages, rocking themselves into trances, and picking deeply into their bloody skin after ripping off their hair in piles, due to the lack of companionship.

I'm not beating off while I'm squatting in front of some wall hole. There's videos of women doing this. The men in here don't mind if I watch. I stood over a remarkably ugly tranny at Bijou and did. And quick enough let her suck me and the pig behind the wall in front of her, left to right. I watched her suck off a troll in the rack room, just before, and she waved me away when I thought my turn was next. She was coughing up the rest of the cum, having taken her mouth off the other cock purposively slow, to get the trill she didn't spit out immediately.

I started to masturbate as I watched her later in the screen area. She sucked on a fat white cock that was stuck through a partition that was the back of a booth, leaving her to do her work in full view of anyone walking to the back.

I wouldn't leave her alone, finally. As she sat on one of the platforms, I asked her if I could feel her fishnets. She had a face like William Burroughs, skinny and drawn and cracked and incomplete in dripping thick makeup. I sat on the floor and pushed her high black heels into my crotch. Basic stimulus and response. But she wouldn't dig in. I had to pull the skinny sinew tied up in old black yarn in harder and harder and only used my hands to feel her rotting thighs and nonexistent calves. I wanted to get at her dick but, if she was enjoying it at all, it had to be centered on her being a woman today. Never took my cock out. Never got hard. Didn't feel anything better than slipping my fingers underneath her panties for bony ass when she laid a bit to the side. Her tiny breasts were cardboard hard and atrociously faked. A simple transvestite, older and better for it than any aging monster who's done the treatments, drugs and surgeries.

Later on, she went and found me while I had a sit and a cigarette with a noisy faggot. She turned around, far too close to my face, and lifted her black tight mini skirt. Pushed the fishnets and panties further. And walked away, head turned back to me, so that I followed her. She wanted her ass eaten. Spread eagled standing against the cage that cuts off the backroom and pulled her panties through the net to expose her ugly sunken ass. I slumped hard against her back and reached to cup all the flesh there with both hands. Kissed her neck like a trained retard and made a slide to her balls. No. But wiggled her butt to try and tease me into continuing to flatter and praise. Shoved her miserable dick and ribs into the chainlink and rubbed up and down when saggy cleave caught my crotch. I'm not going to be able to get hard again this quick. Instead, licked my finger loudly and went digging into her asshole. She groaned and pushed back into my weight. Frigged her while I placed another hand around her waist. I could easily palm the entire side of her tottering body. Moved my hand down to her cock, limp and dead and thin and hung, and palmed it into her pelvis, yanking up on her drooping balls with my fingers. Her face darted back to start frenching. I suck tongues and was too drunk and stupid to look for the cum she took all night.

I wish I thought about suffocating her. My hand left her nothings and grabbed her chin and cheeks to wrench that makeup all over my own sweaty red fat face. Thought I might break her neck this way and started to pump like a dog, no erection, no welcome cockhole, my hand and arm in the way if I wanted to continue.

I dropped instead and jabbed my tongue through her mallwear.

You fingerfuck children.

I've seen more women wearing fishnet stockings and black panties than fucked-up men. I didn't mistake one for the other. My circular stomach churning masochism was hardly extreme or difficult to locate immediately. My compulsive odium was not part of any of the obligations. Including the personal dog pats and leads.

I paid to get in.

It wasn't new. The fact that my cock and balls and fur were reeking with another holewhore's spit and disease didn't add to the destruction of me or the monstrosity shoved by agreement into the campy faggy fake fence.

I would've replaced my finger with my cock if I could've raised a decent sized hardon. I would've fit in as many fingers as her asshole would've taken if she could get hard as well. My mouth was like an ashtray, no different than the stink of worker's cum in hers. I'm only calling it her since I knew the essential difference between us. It being less than human wasn't a possibility ever since I left highschool.

Been going to this place since then, frankly.

I've watched the joint cleanup rather than sink into the ghetto it abutted all these Chicago years.

She's not a nigger like the niggers that line the streets a few blocks away. Also cleaned up and re-paroled and renamed. A nigger at Mimi's followed me out of the booth area into the porn sales. Wanted to know why I didn't blow him. After he waggled his hung grizzled dark dick at me through the glory hole. I grabbed it because I like to see how hot these bulk meats get but tapped it back almost as quick.

You don't like blackmen?

I'm looking for the same thing as you, Doll.

Come on back then.

I'm going to look around a bit first. But I'll be there.

And the hulk, masquerading as an office moderate, tucked in and clean and cropped, very unlike myself, heads away.

Either I go back and find something else, not black, not repulsive, not monkey, or I leave. Or I accept the world music ethos and enjoy tacky, fraudulent cultures for self-discovery. An aesthetic choice would be finding Rwandan genocide photos not relatable. A distinct lack of sovereignty and empathy in degrees and education. It bores me to tears. A philosophical approach would be to recognize the truth that indexes animal testing photos just as boring unless there is a labcoated professor in the shot as well.

A repetition of single frames. Each next frame proves the lie of the one just before. The sole image, out of sync and frozen, always presents a more sexually harrowing experience. Still, it is assumed that filmed minutes capture the truth of events. The context of each single voyeuristic frame is predicated on the acceptance of other's insistence that you'll somehow find a narrow enough hole to widen back up to equanimity. Most successfully through self-projection.

Fucked some niggers in the past. I'm thinking all were female though. I knew the earmarks back then. I might have given into the popular lessons that there wasn't an important difference when I was younger. I proved the general consensus wrong by consorting with the things more than I should have, I suspect. Knew that I didn't want to fuck nigger hookers in their assholes. Or their cunts. What they talk from is mildly different than where they shit from or where more exactly like them slip out from. As if sliding your hard cock into either orifice created for dysgenic expulsion was somehow better than the one built around proving animal stupidity. You know where I've seen crackhouses with shit drooled directly onto walls instead of pooled and forming on the floor? Documentaries sold by crackhouse owners. You know how I know why they shit on walls instead of floors like other blackmeat? From the documentaries that interview crackhouse zombies who can explain that the floors are too dirty to shit on. So the whores with dilated assholes can drop their sweatpants and lean black and gray and mottled naked against smoke smeared walls and splatter shit that is better there than finding a patch of old rug or wood that isn't cluttered in pipes and roaches and stinking clothes and newspapers and sucked dry reusable crack vials and dust.

I've had black as death hookers try to encourage me to spend more money so that I could partake of the more special pits. The breasts they tug out like old men removing dentures are supposed to mimic the white women available to you for far more money.

You don't give them the same neck as women. You don't see yourself fucking women. Until you find yourself looking for them, masturbating while you watch them, waiting for a rebound, finding yourself hard and able to mimic what you might do with something far more legitimate just as easily.

The reasoning becomes either select or settle. While each disproves the other.

A book like **Gimlet Eye** by Donigan Cumming that sheers elderly white women into bent nudity as if there may be a sexual response for anyone sensible. As if the disgust that comes from the sight has more to do with your own mortality and self-realization rather than simply being a proper reaction to what is their sick decisions and, if slightly undereducated, their bravery and foreshadowing.

My friend doesn't understand the difference. Doesn't question my worry for him. He takes nude and worse photos of the homeless women he picks up and takes home. Dangerously shifted the color of the pain he wanted to watch.

J. That should be good – so where do you want to start?

P. What are you trying to achieve?

J. With my photos? ...I'm not sure yet – I'm not sure yet. With the photos.

P. What would be the point of releasing them?

J. Uh...beside feedback? I think maybe to see them in another way. Other than just seeing them the way I'm used to seeing them which is either on my camera or on my computer, again, which I actually don't do much.

P. Do you care about feedback? Do you care about someone else's gaze?

J. From others... uh... from particular people? Of course, yeah.

P. What do you mean "particular people"?

J. Friends.

P. Yeah, but you share your photos with friends You're–

J. Yeah, but it's a little different... But, I mean, wouldn't... Text that helps it frame it? I mean, this is... I'm talking about it from an exclusively personal point of view.

P. It doesn't sound like that. It sounds to me, like you just said, is that you actually want feedback. So it's not personal.

J. No, the feedback would be on the pictures. But I guess I jumped already. But I also like the idea of having the pictures adjacent to text. For me! Because I've never done anything like that.

P. Well, okay, so then back to the original question then. What kind of text are you hoping to have? What kind of context are you trying to create?

J. I don't know... I was thinking about it before, is it worth like... I mean, of course, you could say that there are stories behind each one of the pictures. Involving a person in the picture or what was going on or where this person is from.

P. Of all the photos you have, which is the most interesting person? Which person has the greatest amount of effect on you?

J. I don't know if I can pin down one. I think... um... each one, well, I'd call them more like sets. Because there's a number. Very few of the pictures are just of, like, one. There's a picture of one woman. Maybe some of the trannies are like that but the homeless women and the prostitutes from Atlanta are... in sets. Are in sets, right? Where I just took as many as I could.

P. So do you lump these people together? Do you think actually…

J. No.

P. Well, let me finish…

J. Okay.

P. I've found… I've found that you can't help that. I've found that–

J. You can't help what? You can't help lumping them? Together?

P. I try very hard to actually see these people in specifics. I really try to give them the benefit of the doubt. But, like, today, actually, in the peepshow – we both had old men, didn't we? You can't see them as anything else – like they act like they aren't like every other fucking old man that comes in who wants to suck cock. They absolutely are alike. Is this the kind of lumps you're trying to put these people in? Or am I putting words in your mouth?

J. No – Yeah, in that sense you did. Because what I wanted to say was… on the surface, just like the peep shows, they can easily be lumped together. They're either prostitutes or, how do you say this without sounding pretentious, I prostituted them because they were homeless women. There was some kind of exchange. But they weren't necessarily looking for money, working the street, right? A shower or whatever.

P. Is that what you offer them? You just offer them a shower?

J. A couple of them, yeah. The homeless women – that's how a couple of them started. 'You wanna go and just have a drink or take a shower or whatever'.

P. So define prostitution.

J. Well, the kind of exchange, working sex for money.

P. You don't think these people were prostitutes before then?

J. Some of the homeless have been, I think. Some of the homeless have been. But not all of them.

P. But you don't think now?

J. You could look at some of those pictures and you'll know.

P. Do you think they're not prostitutes, absolutely defined as prostitutes, just because they're so ugly and hideous?

J. Well, now you're getting – no,no,no, absolutely not. You know, c'mon…

P. I don't know. I'm asking.

J. No, I mean, I think that's silly…

P. I really don't know…

J. We've seen you, you know–

P. What?

J. Prostitutes are anything. They look like anything.

P. Prostitutes, traditionally – you know – women with pimps, are there actually working a business, right?

J. Yeah, but I think drugs fucking took care of that.

P. What's the difference? I mean, honestly, people aren't… Is it because they're mad?

J. The homeless people?

P. Yeah.

J. No, most of them that I've encountered haven't been mad at all. They've actually been far more friendly than the prostitutes.

P. I mean "crazy."

J. Oh – Mad!

P. Fuck's sake.

J. Um… I don't know whether they're mad either.

P. You think these homeless people are reasonable?

J. Reasonable? I don't know if they're reasonable. But I don't know if they're crazy per se. But what I… going back real quick to the idea of lumping. What I was going to say is that because of the situation. That it was a very personal situation. That it lasted longer than a blowjob. Because of the drive back to my apartment. And in my apartment – you talk. These people talk. And if they're ones that I had been with before, then we know each other. They're 'I remember you, you live in that apartment, whatever.' They fuckin' just – they talk. So there are very specific memories, like stories. That I can pin to each one. Like the one – one of my favorite pictures is the one with Fran.

P. She's seriously hard to look at. It's sickening.

Baby looks into the camera and can't speak from the correct learning age.

How long have you been here. And she's blank. Tired, stupid, inferior, pale.

Do you want momma to put some blush on your cheeks? Would it make you happier if you looked a little prettier?

I have footage that an asshole shot of her mother rubbing lipstick into the back of her grizzled hand. To test the right shade. So she'll know how gently to apply it. But I refuse to show it to anyone. I prefer the drugged up slump to exist in only this isolated frame. There's no reason to pretend she's been living a more painful grind growing up. Not in neglect. But under the glassy ignorance of scum less worthy of her. All of them.

Wild animals try to suffer through illness in silence. It's instinctual, defensive, as a weak sick animal is easy, inviting prey. Doctors who don't immediately tear into their bodies in captivity have a difficult time weighing response and effect. The animals fight against crying out in pain and their bodies often hide much more damage than is evident or guessed.

They're distressingly ugly women. That's what you're looking at, for. You don't think you're fucking homeless women because you're tired of being beaten up by what you're told are good-looking women… it's not as if you don't care. Do you secretly want to fuck young pretty women? The kind you see everywhere but home? Men? Worried about what mom and dad think? Do I sound like every other idiot who thinks getting laid is a problem or a natural drive? I assure you, I'm not that young or stupid. You're not particularly good looking, are you? Do you think you are? Worked out some contingencies? How much mad money do you keep regularly? Think it'll ever be worth it? It's only ever about money, isn't it. About how much money you're willing to spend. Nothing, ever, more than that. Can't go to porn stores and stick your little priapric problem in women, can you? Pretty women, late teens to early twenties, all made-up. TJ's has a sign up before the booths in the back that says no women are allowed behind this spot. Which is there to discourage prostitution arrests against the place's owner. Fat fucking pig. Well over ninety percent of the mouthfaggots back there would pay to fuck a woman rather than any man. They'd pay to suck nigger tits stuffed barely through the glory holes. And then stick hard cock through as if they could tell the difference between fat lipped females and drawn in faggots. There's no difference. But you're thinking there is. You get more diseases from women than you ever have from men, right?

You understand that my bourgeois hold on these sicknesses is kept separate. You have to understand that I don't take these things home with me, I say it all the time. I don't turn them into people they weren't, can't, be. I'm turning them into people I can't afford. I'm not getting anything from old positions anyways. These animals seek out the same places as I do. I'm never surprised or impressed. And I don't really think the complaint that sounds as if I'm looking for others just like me makes much sense either. I'm not lax enough to think that these places were formed, constructed, planned, adopted for anything but cunts picking pennies off of sidewalks. I don't do anything but go and hardly select using the fewest discriminatory cells I can collect at once. What I do is turn non-humans into humans, in fact. Nothing different than pornography. Within the appropriate first guess definition. I don't go and mistake bar anecdotes for larger relationships later. My education is built on at least a few decades worth of seeing the entire world roll back on its self nearly without exception. The split between experience and voyeurism is impossible to navigate after a certain age. You have to ply these animals with nature, with property; accept for them that they're more than acting and Morrising rats. But the backwash from watching, and perpetuating, is distinctly, brutally formative. Pornography is exact. You don't make mistakes as you watch others do in science and medicine. You don't move through it to enlightenment and personal whatever growth. Any logical collector of pornography possesses child pornography. Any drone who collects the history of pornography and suggests that there is a truth in entertainment amid mores willfully ignores the explicit offer of what sex replicates. Every book by every 8mm historian denies the facts as they carefully explore phony personalities and blunted socially acceptable fables. The history of pornography is simply more lies whittled from different lies. It shouldn't be reductive unless you're talking about the nature of education. It shouldn't be tragic unless you're looking to fit a marketing prop inside an excuse that won't get you yelled at. It fucking absolutely should be loose change instead of penny pinching, you desperate moron. What could anyone there possibly have to offer. How dare these ugly plugs and sockets use that sort of language.

For example.

A pornstandard offers her blonde reasonably voluptuous body to her fans through a website. The video series that lasted seven or so episodes before retirement, sold Christie wiggling in front of the sort of men you see hiding behind gloryhole walls. Balding, fat, short cocked workmen. Frequently too arrogant or grateful to acknowledge that the young woman was selling the difference between them. She acted too much. Pretended to orgasm or enjoy more than she edited, folded and helped. The men sucked in their bellies or straightened their backs. Tried hard to get their hair in place before giving themselves over to the producer. Those that were comfortable in their bodies, who swallowed sex as a universal right over a private embarrassment, came off worse.

She became ugly and opportunistic. They became uglier and self-satisfied. The market was niched to her pretty petty degradation and his atypical display. I want to see more of the men I find quickly, darkly hidden, grunting and huffing as they mimic what porn has created inside their vitiation. These filmed and sold sweating middleaged fools fuck the exact same interiority. And the teethbleached thing they stick their troublesome, plastic encased cocks into sells her age.

How'd you learn to talk like a thirteen-year-old? Just remember how you were back then? Surely the language has shifted in the ten years that have passed. Do you study? Is the entertainment of that age group still somehow relevant to you?

Easier to market. You don't ask adult questions. Just apply your good intentions and perfect nature and settle into the grand grown-up world of accomplishment and relevancy.

I made a film of her talking like a new preteen. Interviewed as herself, after national success, she would still pinch her thin lips, smirk and bitch. Stay close to a character of immaturity. She pretentiously flits between her difficult work ethic and her greater moral duty. Feeds off her peers' encouragement, doled out as collegiate irony. She's unattractive in the primary sense, being pearshaped and beady, and her answers to easy questions are thirdparty contemporaneity. Seems to have no idea who she works for. And deflects jealous accusations of corporate whore by citing a cause that's universal. Doesn't look to grasp her position as an old biddy censor. Written in her yearbook:

Will grow up to nothing more than a satire'd culture reference.

Yet another recovered memory hound.

Snitch.

Chances are half and half for her finally turning on the media that praised her when she can sell a book on late prescription drug addiction and early daterape sometime after her ratings fall.

My collection of her little spots have nothing to do with an attraction to older actors playing little girls. It is entirely rooted in what ugly women will do to uglier men.

One reject knows it's desperate. The other doesn't. She gets worse as her footing loosens and her reasoning ceases to be tolerated.

Pick murdered girls.

That other men have sent you.

If I have a preference. Manipulated, positioned, penetrated. But all with the caveat that they're being profoundly, maliciously, selfishly injured. I'd be there, eventually, to clean. I want to comfort them and wash them up. And tell them I simply couldn't. It doesn't help, much less exist. That's exactly how I fuck myself.

A website dedicated to finding online men who wish to turn their fantasies into obscenity. A high profile television series, compiled from footage of the scrupulous working keyboards, cellphones and webcams under the lie that they're offering inadequates their chance at a thirteen-year-old juxtaposed to the few actual arrests and fish-in-a-barrel interviews. Men who, when told that they're being filmed for worldwide broadcast, almost always respond with "this is my first time." The sponsors and their gloating philistines relish this as a chance to reiterate either their success at stopping crime, before a child got hurt, or proving physical guilt by dragging up sparse rap sheets. The men, in most cases, aren't lying. They're almost always flat examples of the lower castes to whom teens are closer to possibilities since they're not yet as demanding as those adults that have rejected them since their own teenage years. Not bright, not attractive, not social; these gentlemen seek out young girls the way tired hets take to gloryholes. The jump isn't from adults to toddlers but barely from page to act. Tortured ephebophiles aren't represented in these cages. Which is why you have baseball capped dudleys spitting out their disgust and shivering on screen when only talking about pedophiles. It's easy to sell superheroes to americans glomming on pornography. Comes from the same idiocy that defines pornography as something everyone can masturbate to. Something you side with and build touchable fantasies on. Or as something that does harm to someone else.

The arrested weren't offered help or dissociative compassion, being labeled as impending danger only. Presenters and hawkers refer to the men as slime and creeps whenever they get to explain what it is that they think they're doing for the betterment of community. Typically, the broadcast scrubbers operate by ignoring the hypocrisy and inconsistencies of those who mingle in conservative pejorative when creating pornography. These cunts who also pick racism and exploitation of the poor and ignorant as evil since whatever is done must come with a charitable selflessness to be properly sold. There is worth to be found in what these decoys do. Not in pointing out their failure to understand what it is they're working in. Or the tacky sadistic undercurrent of watching stupid men twitch when finally faced with what little they were looking for all their miserable lives. Not in the cheap backdrop that forms the impulse to dedicate one's bullied life over other's possibly cheaper lives. But by creating and disseminating mutt pornography. Men, alone and rejected, solace minded, falling back into themselves. What I've been looking for constantly and finding in abundance.

Del Harvey's moron webcrew feed out lowgrade pornography through a special link on their justice fantasy website. The men who chat at chimeric teens often masturbate for themselves while at their computers. They then encourage shills to send back photos of what they should look like. Hoping they'll be pretty and guessing that they'll be clothed. Wants them to be surprised or excited or simply as desperate. These images and the words the liars employ allow the men to forward more webcam footage of themselves displaying hardons and pulling out cumshots for the little girls and boys maybe seeing it for the imagined first time since their father the night before. Del saves these screengrabs and shares them with the public. The fact that she's dumbing down the collection to a simple argument of humiliation for the victim and reality for the learning only removes the chance that legal council will shut them down eventually. Like DVD sales of bums caught fighting and beggars and crackheads grabbing any chance to sell personal humiliation, like dogfuckers selling details, the access to intensely safe and worthwhile documentation is often mired in political besting patois.

Hustlers display their hard cocks for a man who's been selling the photographs and interview audiotapes since the fifties. Moved into mail-order videotapes that combined the interviews with more graphic access when technology finally surpassed taste. Faggots who start off looking for cock, for naked ass, for hard muscles, skinny boys, bony hairless chests and big eyes, end up looking for dirt. They're soaked in meth these days. Sunken jowls and dirty hair, fucked-up teeth, big limp dicks. Old fat hogs with small cocks and a repulsive lack of self are harder to find, sweetie. But, you know what, maybe they can come over and look at themselves when they were attractive. When they were cute and strong and arrogant enough to think their life was more than just the job they didn't mind for awhile. It doesn't always get worse. Maybe it'll help them get better, maybe not. And maybe they just want to see how they once were. It doesn't have to depress them. There's a missionary theory that photos of you as a child abuse victim continue the abuse for the rest of your life. You think it carries? Would you prefer to see it different? Do you wish they'd shut the fuck up. Leave you alone. Tell me.

White (screaming and crying)

Film: "What's amatter?"

White (crying, howling hysterically)

Film: "Need help?"

White: "I keep getting raped! And raped and raped. All the time but there's never any people around me!"

Film: "Who?"

White: "I don't know! I don't know!! ahhurgghhh…!"

Film: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

White: "Yeah! I need something to drink – some water or somethin'! I'm thirsty. I'm so thirsty!"

(Film members try and give her their water, offer her an apple)

Nigger: "Girl ain't – now, now, see how she snapped out of it? Now, she don't cry now. She would just – "

White:(yelling) "This is what I'm talking about, now you could call the police. Now you could call the police"

Nigger: "No, no, no. "

Film: "He didn't rape you. "

White: (yelling)No but this is the kind of attitude that I have to work, live, deal with every day!"

Nigger: "Rape you? Rape you?"

White: "What!"

Nigger: "Rape you? I don't want your pussy. I'll knock you out for fun."

White: (shrieking)"You're going to attack me!?"

Nigger: "no."

White: "(shrieking) Why are you attacking me?!"

Nigger: "I'm on camera."

White: (shrieking)"So you're acting?"

Film: "He's not attacking you, calm down. "

White: (shrieking) "Why are you doing this to me?!!"

Film: "We're trying to help you, just sit down."

Nigger: "You better go sell that pussy to someone who want it."

White: (shrieking) "I'm not selling any goddamn pussy! I'm going through hell, goddammit! I'm going through hell!!"

Do you think you're better than pornography? Ask the little girl grown up now.

Do you think you could have done something better than create pornography? Ask the man who sold it after he filmed it.

More than one documentarian ends each interview with him getting sucked off by the crackwhores he questions. One in particular keeps asking: "You like sucking that big fat cock?" And "How many tricks did you do today?" And "What about yesterday?" when they answer only one.

The script requires that the actress comes up to a park bench where he's already sitting. Sits down next to him, looks up to the trees and opens a diary:

Actor: "See anything interesting?"
Girl: "Not yet"
Actor: "What are you writing in that book?"
Girl: "It's my birdbook. I've identified sixty-seven species of birds this year alone."
Actor: "Wow."
"Where are your friends?"
"Do you have any friends?"
Girl: "I have friends."
Actor: "Pretty girl like you should have alot of friends."
Girl: "I'm not pretty."
Actor: "Well, not in the common way."
Girl: "What does that mean?"
Actor: "It means that... uncommon beauty is commonly overlooked. You know like – people only notice birds with the brightest colors."
"What's your name?"
Girl: (ignores)
Actor: "Oh, see... LInda? Susan? Jennnnifer...? Jaaackie...? You tell me your name and I'll tell you mine."
Girl: "Robin."
Actor: (laughs)
Girl: "Yeah, like the bird."
Actor: "How old are you?"
Girl: "Twelve."
Actor: "No you're not."
Girl: "I will be in three months. I can't wait. I hate being eleven. It has to be the stupidest age in the world."
"What's your name?"
Actor: "Walter."
Girl: "Do you have any friends?"
Actor: "No."
Girl: "How come?"
Actor: "Long time I was... sent away for... uh, when I came home, all my friends were gone."
Girl: "Sounds like you were banished."
Actor: "Banished, yeah."

Girl: “Birds are my friends. They know I watch them, they don’t mind. ’Cause they like being watched. If they know you won’t hurt them.”
Actor: “Robin…”
Girl: “Yes?”
Actor: “Would you like to sit on my lap?”
Girl: “What?”
Actor: “Would you like to sit on my lap?”
Girl: “No thank you.”
Actor: “–Kay. Doesn’t matter.”
Girl: “…Do you want me to sit on your lap?
Actor: “Yes. I’d enjoy that.”
“I know this place that’s… really quiet except for the sounds of these tiny little birds.”
Girl: “Sound like finches.”
Actor: “They might be finches.”
“Do you want to see?”
Girl: “My daddy lets me sit on his lap.”
Actor: “Does he?”
Girl: “Yes.”
Actor: “Do you like it when he asks you?”
Girl: “…no.”
Actor: “Why not?”
Girl: (starts to choke up)
Actor: “Are you two alone when he asks you?”
Girl: (chokes)
Actor: “Does he say…strange things?”
“Does he move his legs in funny ways?”
Girl: (cries)
“Walter…do you still want me to sit in your lap?”
“I will.”
“I won’t mind.”
Actor: “No.”
“Go home, Robin.”

And the appended “deleted and expanded” version, most likely the originally intended version:

Girl: “My daddy lets me sit on his lap.”
Actor: “Does he?”
Girl: “Yes.”
Actor: “Have you told your mom?”
Girl: (shakes no)
Actor: “What about at school? Do you have a favorite teacher?”

Girl: (shakes yes)
Actor: "What's her name?"
Girl: "Miss Kramer."
Actor: "You gotta tell...Miss Kramer what your dad does."
Girl: "I can't!"
Actor: "Yes, you can."
Girl: "What will happen if I do?"
Actor: "Someone will...talk to your dad and he'll stop doing those things – those things that you don't like."
Girl: "How do you know?"
Actor: "I know be – I know because I just know."
Girl: "I don't want to hurt my daddy."
Actor: "Robin – listen to me. At first, he' s going to be upset. Very upset because... he's going to realize that he's been a bad dad. And then he's going to try really hard to be a good dad. And people... are gonna say some things about him that are mean and hurtful. And that's gonna be hard for you. But then one thing I know for sure. He's always going to love you."
Girl: "Walter...do you still want me to sit in your lap?"
"I will."
"I won't mind."
Actor: "No."
"Go home, Robin."

Does no longer having anonymity make a recovery process even more difficult?

There's a difference between the one with the camera and the website and the one in the viewfinder, yeah? The audience, however, is both at once. The actor complains that the script needs his contribution to tie up sensitivity in service to reality. The fantasy capped flasher looks for real life sympathy that the shill facetiously yanked back. The pornographer reduces any evasive, worthless, expansion back to the base requirements of his audience and employers. Anonymity is impossible since all efforts depend on the reaction of those who, once enlightened, should cease to be strangers.

Are you worried about exposure?

I have to pay. And I wouldn't offer money to something I didn't expect something more exact from. I can blame the stupid liars for not delivering. But not myself for hoping it's what I really want. I can't imagine it's going to surprise me more than it's going to disappoint me.

People knowing what you've been through? Who you are.

I almost always know what I'm getting.

Do you enjoy what you do?

I'm just as sensitive.

Do you find yourself quoting yourself? Is that the difference in what you do and what the others that sell less or better do?

Film: "What, your boyfriend's bisexual?"
Maria: "Yeah, mmhmm. He likes sucking dick as much as I do (laughs)."
Film: "Get out of here!"
Maria: "Uh huh. (laughs)"
Film: "That's gotta be scary."
Maria: "And I have a four year-old. I had to – I had to leave 'cause I was afraid he was going to – yeah, if I cut him off of getting dick, he was gonna... turn to him so–"
Film: "What now?"
Maria: "I was afraid that um... if I cut him off of, you know, going out and getting dick – that he was going to go to my son. You know, my son is only four years old."
Film: "You thought your boyfriend–"
Maria: "Yeah."
Film: "–was going to go after your four-year-old son?"
Maria: "Yeah, you know, eventually. You know–"
Film: "If you – if you kept him from sucking other guys off?"
Maria: "Yeah, eventually, I'm sure he would have."
Film: "So, you broke up with him?"
Maria: "Yeah, we were together for three years. We were going to get married..."
Film: "You like the fact that he sucks dick?"
Maria: "No, every time I close my eyes, I see it, you know? Because he put me in the middle of the mix. So... And that's what killed our love."
Film: "What, he'd have you drag 'em home and then he'd suck 'em off?"
Maria: "No."
Film: "Like have you pick 'em up and shit?"
Maria: "No. He had an old man that he had been doing for the past ten years, his godfather, and um... He had a relationship with him for the last ten years... And um, he took me over there one night and that's what killed our love. 'Cause I really loved him."
Film: "Oh – he made you watch him suck the old man off?"
Maria: "Mmhm – well, we did it together, yep, when I close my eyes I see it–"
Film: "Who caught the nut?"
Maria: "Huh?"
Film: "Who caught the nut?"
Maria: "Um, he probably did. I didn't."
Film: "Yeah?"

Maria: "Yeah, mmhm."

Film: "So, how long you been out on the street?"

Maria: "Three weeks."

Film: "Three weeks?"

Maria: "Yeah, the week before christmas."

Film: "The week before christmas?"

Maria: "Yeah – cause there were no jobs. Nobody was hiring at the time, you know, and–"

Film: "So, what, you just got out of work and turned into a crackwhore?"

Maria: "No, well, I wasn't working. I had a beautiful home. I had a computer. My kids had their own room and…"

Film: "Who was paying for everything?"

Maria: "I had a boyfriend at the time."

Film: "The guy that was sucking the dick?"

Maria: "Yeah, you know, but… I had everything. But I was miserable. You know, because of that fact. You know, like us in bed, he's two minute man, you know. I'd suck his dick for a couple minutes and that was it, you know, he'd turn around and go to bed."

Film: "He was a two minute man?"

Maria: "Yeah."

Film: "That's a bummer."

Maria: "Yeah, it was. (laughs) 'Cause I love sex."

Film: "So you like alot of freaky shit out on the street?"

Maria: Mmm, no. I just… do it…"

Film: "Do alot of black guys?"

Maria: "No, not too much. 'Cause they're too big, they hurt."

Film: "Yeah?"

Maria: "Yeah, it hurts."

Film: "You take it in the ass?"

Maria: "Sometimes, you know…

Film: "Yeah? What's some of the freaky shit guys ask you to do?"

Maria: "Take it in the ass, Find them little girls for them, you know."

Film: "What? Find little girls for them?"

Maria: "Yeah. Little nine-year-olds. Eleven-year-olds."

Film: "What?"

Maria: "Yeah…"

Film: "Some guy… you pick, some dude… picked you up and asked you to find him nine-year-old girls?"

Maria: "Yeah, yeah. He started at thirteen, you know, can you find someone thirteen, you know, 'Oh I don't know, the youngest one I know out on the street is sixteen.'"

Film: "Show me those titties, baby."
Maria: "Huh?"
Film: "Show me those titties."
Maria: "Show you? They sag now."
Film: "Do they? They're not. "
Maria: "Yeah. They're not too good now, you know, 'cause I been losing alot of weight."
Film: "You been losing alot of weight on the crack, Dale?"
Maria: "Yeah. I um… I started on the crack about two months ago."

The would-be satback child molesters took deliverable photos of their nice cocks themselves. To change the context from dangerous to instructional, you need to increase the audience. To change the context from pornography to documentation, you need a philanthropic purpose. To shift it again from mere gossip, like running a mildly and temporarily successful porn series line, the artist needs to establish questions she can't answer.

Remember when you were better?

The public exposure of these images is, by community standards, intended to viciously advance insidious privies into the same angular reasoning that swears adults will be tortured by recall made physical, insurmountable, perpetually mysterious. Switch victims by using the theoretical language and systems set up by pornographers and jurisprudence.

Remember that all desire is the same. Indulgence is defined only by the outside.

It's not rejection, abstinence, eschewal or any other rigid form of tempered empathy that changes your perspective from top to bottom. It's arrogance. The same system that told you not to be penetrated before your brain melted memory into nostalgia. Blurred want into fantasy. Seared lies and fear into something more fucked-up than mere experience. Watching these wrecks suck up cum and turn around to take more filth into small or big unclean assholes hardly qualifies as acceptable, or denial, since you now know what the act feels like, tastes like. The hammered animals that suck on physically repulsive, rude, fucking stupid carefully washed cock doesn't change from contempt to brutal recognition without fingering the exact same brand of mined pornography I've always searched for.

I've been collecting photos of men masturbating all my life now. I watched an old hunchbacked beast jerk-off to the ads in the back of the giveaway **Gay Times** while he waited for cock in the darkest corner that Manhandler had to hide in. Jerking off there is allowed as it's understood that he was only showing what he had to offer those who peeked in the right direction. Waiting for one to proffer both mouth and dick. And the others who could move in for a share of same. When I did. I tried to adopt the rhythm he used to idly stroke and pose and ignore. I tweaked his nipple through his shirt with my other hand and waited for him to face me and drop or back up and spread his legs wider, away from the big oak table where he laid his fake pornography. Kept, instead, staring down at the muscle boy ad that either sold another bar or virus control treatment. I stopped squeezing his hard standing prick to undo my belt buckle and pants. Pulled my balls out as well as my cock, tugged over the underwear I slimed down to mid-thigh but kept my fat ass as covered as possible. I could wait for the next faggot to come over and play with it, lick it, cup it, spread it for a finger before anything else would have to shift. I got closer and more insistent since he didn't say anything like fuck off and, before I could press our cocks together, and get my tongue inside his mouth, moved my palm to cover the image he was pretending to stare at. Since I'm no teenage girl. I knew blocking the porn completely would be less obnoxious than turning a page quickly to find something we'd both enjoy. I preferred the medicine and counseling ads. I never don't have specific photos of little girls, close to me or dead, in my wallet and pockets. I was fine jerking off with him but refused to go side to side looking down like a pair of retarded freaks. He backed up and let me suck him. It was my move. I jerked myself off while I licked up the sides of a warm white cock and darted my tongue like a fat hideous monster into his pisshole. This lets these plugs know you have as much disease as they're ever going to give you.

They're looking at photos of children, of early teens talking directly at them, while they masturbate.

Repetition is key. Perhaps this is something new. Comes from bad teachers only eager to formalize bad excuses. I cum on the walls that other men put their faces on. Just after I had my face there.

The best you're going to get is three dogs on leashes sniffing at each other through backyard fencing. You don't pinpoint arrogance, you defect, like you don't pinpoint humility. The applications don't clean up the evidence; wallowing it into decisions that don't include transparent standards might give you art but doesn't get you beyond pornography. Which is, always, perfect.

The ugly twenty-three-year-old Del Harvey that advertises herself as spearing pedophiles through chatrooms also has a personal blog. Lists her favorite music and writers and clowns herself as more interesting than the badly paid cops she works with. Made the wrong choice. Swallowed up protection and far more TV ethics training. A lastpick who, instead of complaining that she's forced to wear even more makeup for her MSNBC interview, might be a tad better off taking a cue from the men she helps permanently arrest. Learning that she's unneeded and nondescript. Eventually, she'll get it. The boyfriends she listens to, that say they respect her, admire her, won't keep her fooled. Her inundation will prove greater than her alibis. The truth that she's wasted her formation in a fully equipped circus and never once looked straight at the stage will come harder later as she